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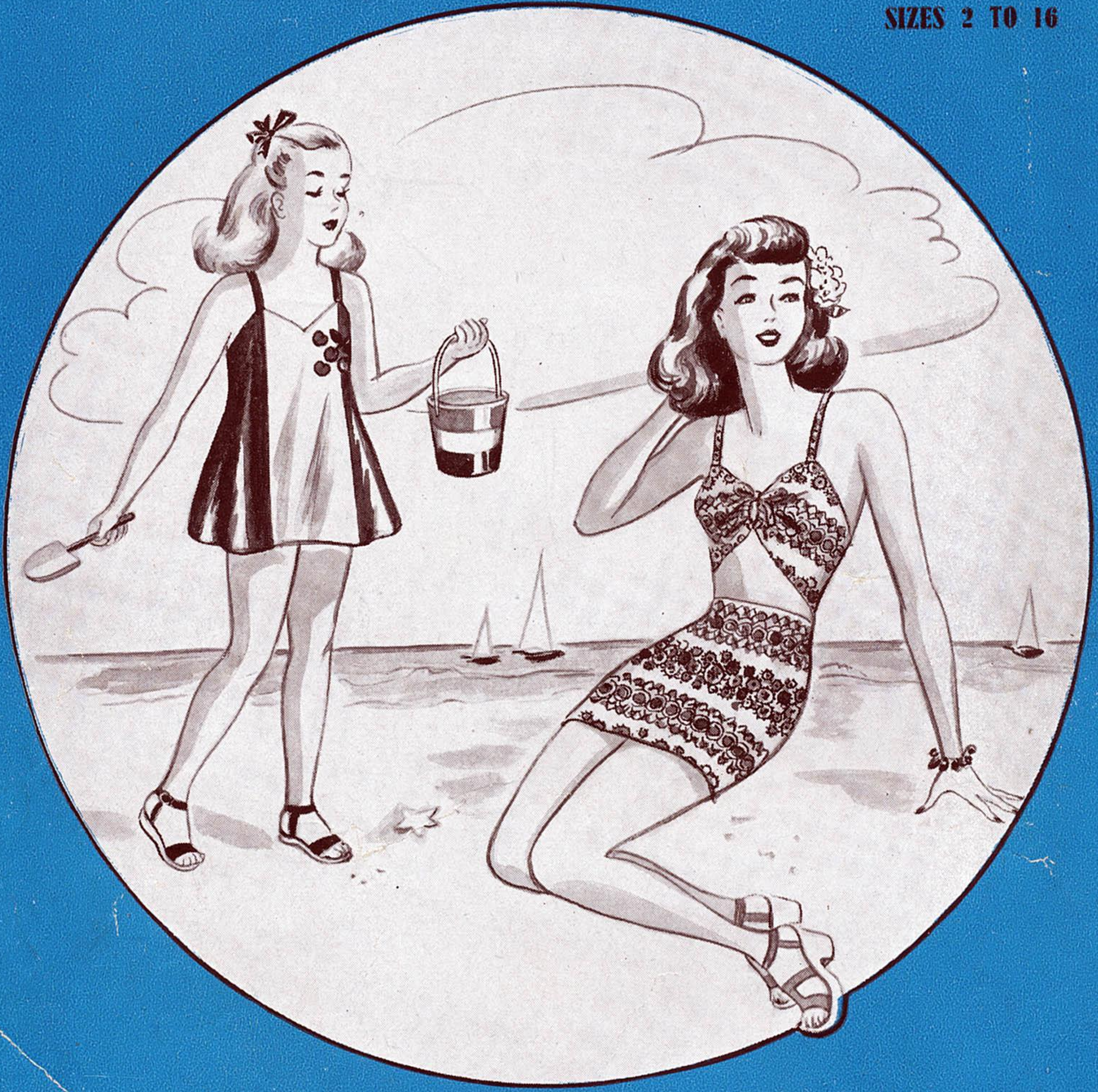

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Miss America

JULY, 1945 • VOLUME 2, NO. 4

MARTIN GOODMAN, Publisher • BESSIE H. LITTLE, Editor
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HELLO, GIRLS:

I WISH you could have been one of the lucky girls who had a chance to hear Pauline O'Sullivan, our fashion editor, in person, when she gave a series of "Charm Chats" to the keen teen-age members of that very wonderful organization, the CDVO, in Brooklyn, New York. Before I tell you more about the "Charm Chats", I want to say a few words about Pauline.

I know you're going to gasp in surprise—and pleasure—when I tell you that Pauline is the artist who draws adorable "Patsy Walker"; also the pattern page. "Patsy Walker", according to your letters, is one of your favorite features in MISS AMERICA. I think a great deal of the credit for "Patsy's" popularity belongs to Pauline.

You must be wondering how a fashion editor has time to draw Patsy, select and draw those precious patterns, and comb the market for styles that are designed exclusively for teens, and, highly important, priced to please your budget. You'd have to know Pauline, see this petite bundle of loveliness in action to understand her vast achievements.

This talented member of our staff looks like a teen-ager and is pretty enough to be in pictures—in fact, a few years back, Pauline actually made a screen test for RKO, but finally decided against a film career because her art and fashion work were—and still are—her great loves.

I want you to know that, every dress featured in our editorial pages, plus the fashions shown in our advertising columns—such as Petiteens, Teentimers, Rainbow, Lor Togs, etc., have the approval of MISS AMERICA. Before any item appears in your magazine, Pauline, together with other staff members, checks the product for quality and good taste. So keep this in mind when you go shopping and buy brand labels—names that mean fine quality. As time goes on there will be many other items that MISS AMERICA will recommend as GOOD BUYS in her editorial and advertising pages.

You can be certain—and so can your parents—that our endorsements of—say, powders, lipsticks, soaps, skin creams, food, and other packaged goods, means—to repeat a word—quality.

My! how I managed to trot from one subject to another. You know how it is, girls, when you've got so much to say and only a small corner to say it in. But I still haven't finished telling you about Pauline. In her spare time, she paints portraits in oils, makes her own clothes, and, hold your breath, keeps house and cooks dinner for her husband! Isn't that amazing? On the other hand, it isn't—not when you know Pauline.

Goodness—here I am at the end of my page and I see I am running out of space. I wanted to tell you more about those "Charm Chats"; maybe some other time, because I know Pauline will be giving others.

Affectionately,

JEAN GOODMAN.

Cover: Kodachrome by Hal Reiff

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE is published monthly by MISS AMERICA PUBLISHING CORPORATION at 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Price 10c per copy, $1.00 per year, $1.20 in Canada. Vol. 2, No. 4, July 1945 issue. Copyright 1945 by Miss America Publishing Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., September 7, 1944, under Act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Chicago Advertising Office: William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Illinois; New York Advertising Office: Allen F. Quigley, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A.

Little items about nice people...

Hollywood's YOUNGER SET...

By May Mann

WHEN the glittering special award night took place at Carthay Circle—with arc lights swinging into the skies, myriads of movie stars swept up the flower-decked aisle, and fans cheered from the bleachers.

And modest me, slipping in the back way, observed a curious and interested group of Hollywood's younger set excitedly chattering away alongside a large gray sports sedan.

"It's Bob Hope's car," exclaimed one of the boys. "We're going to wait right here until he comes out."

"Bing Crosby's inside and he'll be slipping out early—to make a broadcast," I confided. "So watch that back door!"

"Gee, thanks," they shouted gratefully.

Inside, Miss Dream-Puss Shirley Temple in a stunning black chiffon dress she got specially for the occasion, took one of the awards and a bow. And Jeanne Crain with her best beau, Paul Brooks, was as interested in seeing Shirley walk away with an award as anyone.

There was Greer Garson in a violet gown with vivid green and rose insets, and Ingrid Bergman in a plain brown peasant type of dress with matching low heel slippers, and Janet Blair with a huge rose atop her upswept hair-do. And, I almost forgot, Jennifer Jones in an Irish green satin suit. And pretty as they are in pictures, all of them!

Those young Hope faithfuls were still waiting by the big gray sedan after the show. And I saw a crowd (*Continued on page* 53)

It's a big night for darling Virginia Weidler because now that she's in her teens she can dine in the places she's always read about—such as Ciro's. Escort is Leonard Sues—trumpeteer.

Jeanne Crain and Dick Haymes relax between scenes of their new 20th Century-Fox film, "State Fair." They play brother and sister. Dana Andrews and June Haver are also in the cast.

Fudge Face...

COMING out of history class, Pamela Jordan crumpled her returned examination paper, dropped it distastefully into the hall wastebasket.

Plump Georgia Miles caught up with her, hazel eyes round with concern.

"Bad as last week, Pam?" she asked sympathetically.

"Worse," croaked Pam. Her blue eyes were glazed, her pretty mouth drooped, a lock of curly auburn hair straggled dejectedly over a blue eye.

"But Pam! History's your best subject—"

"Was," corrected Pam, "before—" she choked off. A pink tongue came out to moisten her lips.

Hastily, Georgia produced a package of Lifesavers from her jerkin pocket, popped a circlet into Pam's mouth. She watched anxiously while Pam shifted it on her tongue and sucked.

"Does it help?"

Pam shook her head sorrowfully. "No," she said. She stooped to the front hall fountain, took a desperate swallow.

"Then look, Pam, come on down to Duffy's. He's got some super new candy bars in—"

"Ersatz," said Pam bitterly. "I know the kind. Raisins, peanuts and sawdust, thinly coated with something that looks like, but doesn't taste like, chocolate."

"But you could have a sundae—that would help," urged Georgia.

"All right," said Pam dully.

Three candy bars and two sundaes later, Pam sat, elbows propped on Duffy's shining counter, head cupped in hands, staring wearily into space. Her mouth drooped dejectedly.

"Pam!" wailed Georgia. "Don't look like that! It's just like having a sleepwalker or somebody for a pal. You've just got to snap out of it. My goodness, you have to. You're failing in practically all of your subjects—"

"I know," Pam admitted sadly, "but I just can't help it."

"But, Pam, if you don't pull up your average, you won't be allowed any extra-curricular activities, and you know what that means—"

Pam nodded. "No debate team."

"And you're our star debater! If you don't debate, we'll be licked sure. Don't you care at all if—"

Pam seemed not to have heard. "It's getting so I can't sleep nights, even," she said. "I dream I have a big luscious batch bubbling on the stove and then—just as I get ready to take it off—I wake up. It's—" she shuddered—"awful!"

"Trouble is, Pam," said Georgia, shaking her head, "you think about it too much. You—brood."

"I suppose I do," admitted Pam. "But you don't know what it's like. You can eat anything and like it. Fudge isn't—isn't the necessity to you it is to me. I just can't do any serious thinking until after I've made a good batch of fudge. No sugar, no fudge." She shrugged tragically. "No sugar!"

Scowling, Georgia sucked the last of her third soda, removed the straw, and bent it into a Z. This helped her think. After several painfully mental moments, she sat up straight, tossed back her pigtails excitedly.

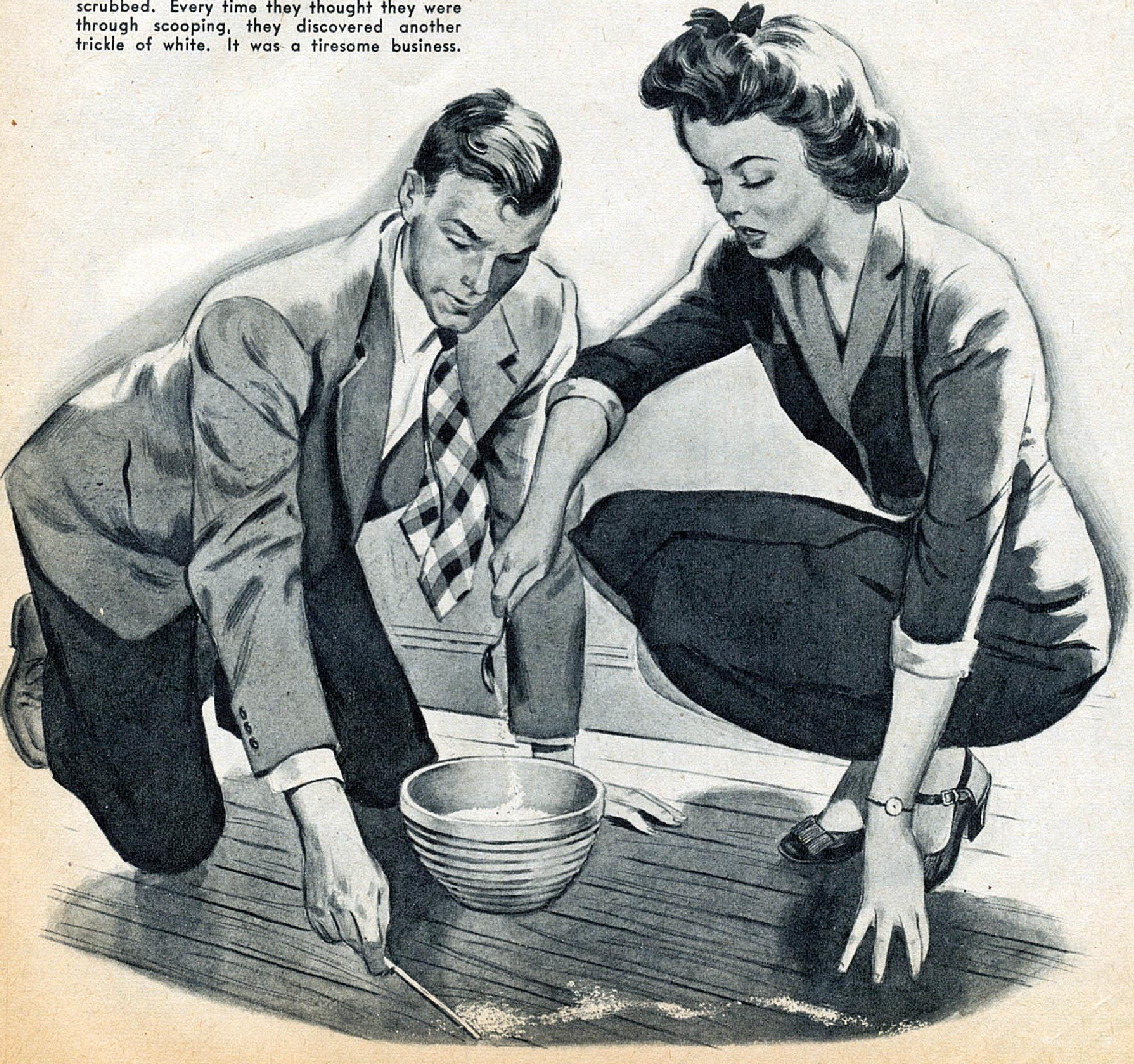
"I've got it!" she (*Continued on page* 63)

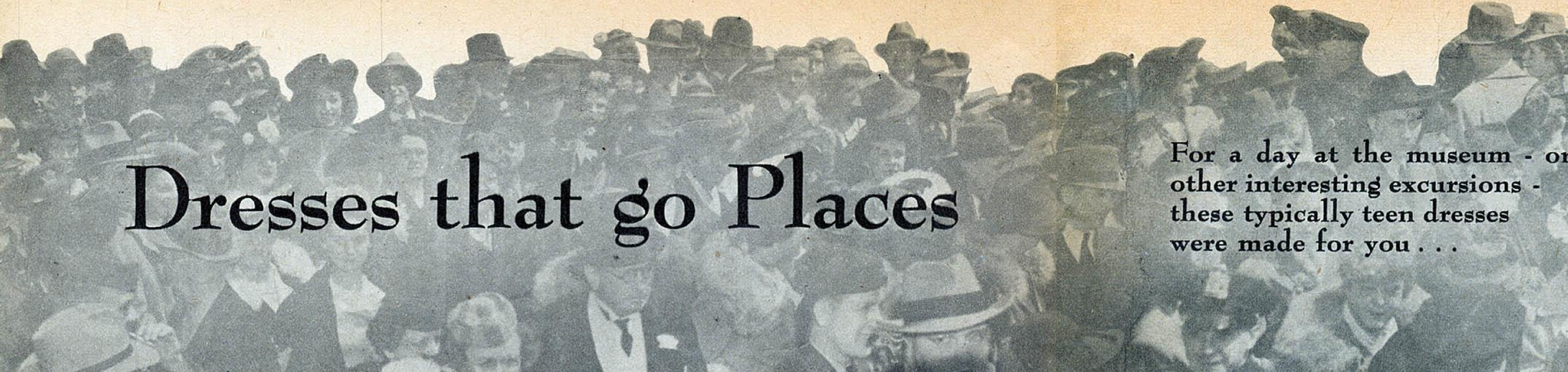
Pamela was in an agony of despair... Nothing mattered, not even boys--
that is, until Bobby came along...

By Maxine Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

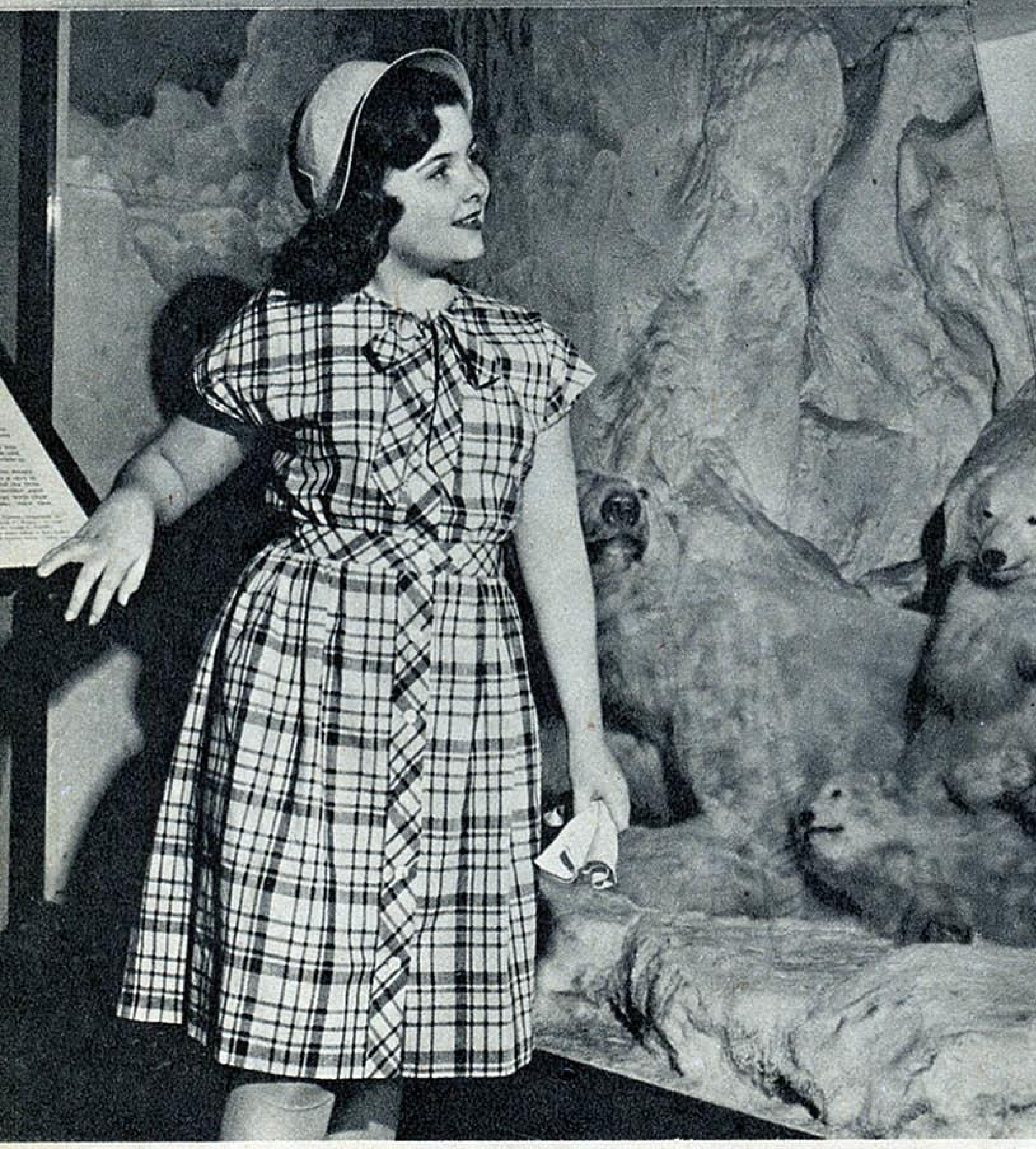
Bobby scraped. Pamela spooned. They both scrubbed. Every time they thought they were through scooping, they discovered another trickle of white. It was a tiresome business.



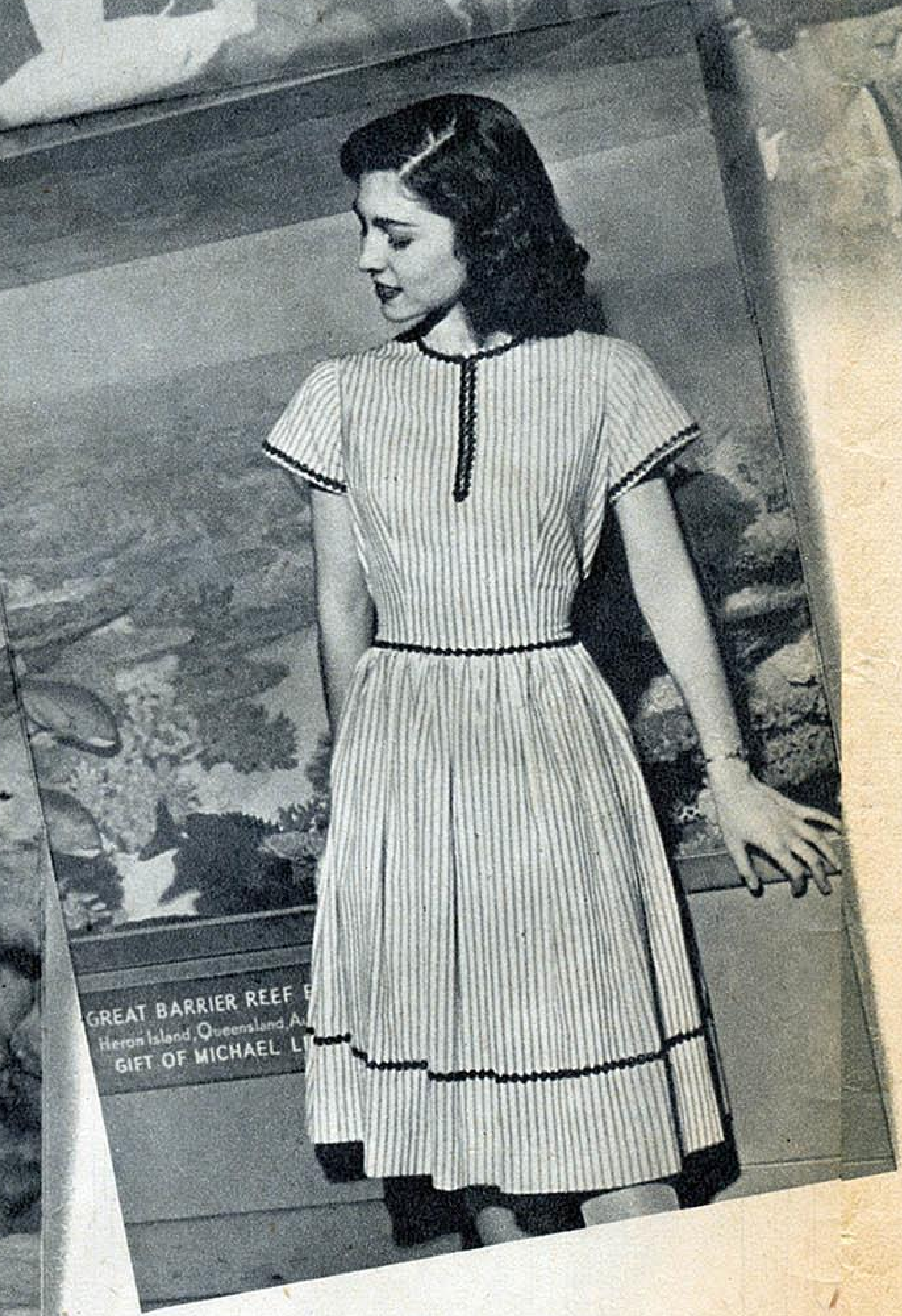


Dresses that go Places

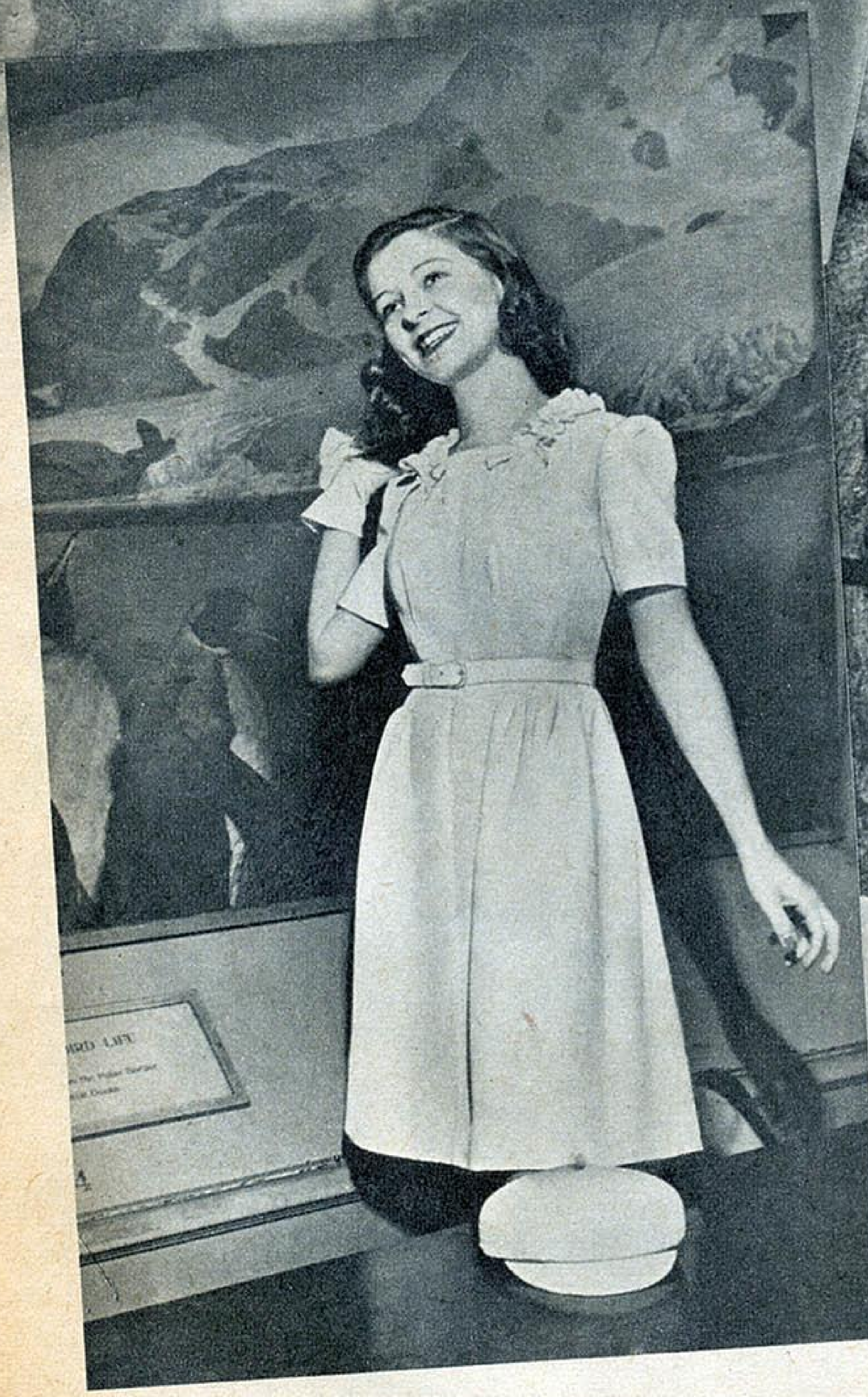
For a day at the museum - or other interesting excursions - these typically teen dresses were made for you . . .



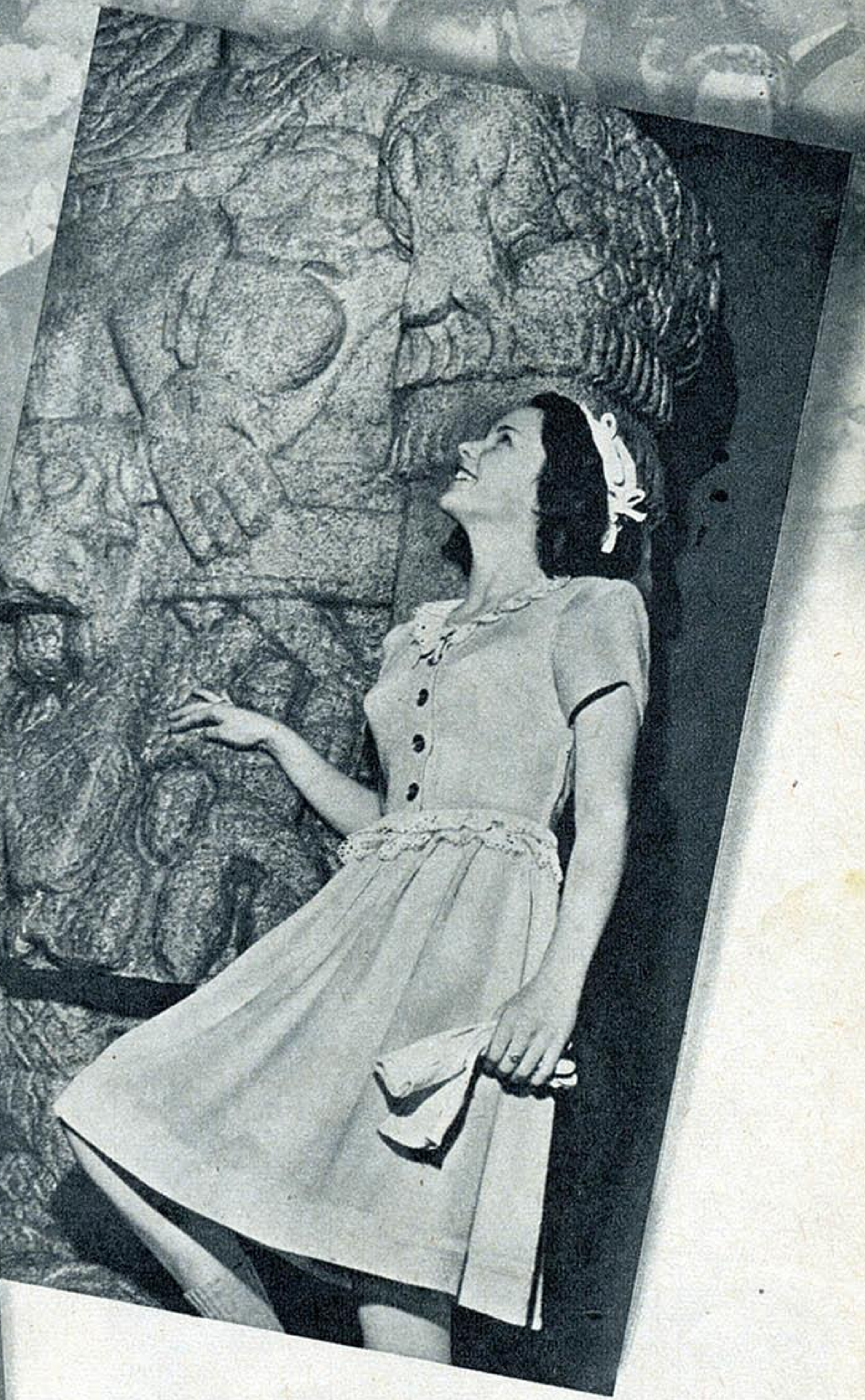
For chubby teens—a "Chubbette." This one is of Dan River Star-spun plaid on pastel ground, buttons down the front, has a bow at the neck, cap sleeves. Aqua, pink, light blue. Sizes 10½-16½. $5. James McCreery & Co., New York. The open-back linen cloche is a "Park Ave. Jr." hat. Pastels. $4. Abraham & Straus, B'klyn, N. Y.



Crisp 'n' cool corded chambray "Sandra Lee" frock with dressmaker detail: dirndl skirt, contrasting black rick-rack trim, tie-back belt. Rose, peach, aqua, blue. Sizes 10-16, $5. Ideal for warm weather. Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.



Charming "Petiteen" of cotton rayon shantung, for graduation. Shoulder ruffle ends in darling little bows. Side gathers give fullness to skirt; white only. Sizes 10-14A, $8. O'Neill's, Baltimore, Md. "Salfair" Play Topper visor beret of lacy straw; white only; $2.98. R. H. Macy & Co., New York.



"Juniorette" of mesh cotton, with eyelet ruffle trim at neck and waistline. Pastel colors. Sizes 10-16, $11. Lansburgh & Bro., Wash., D. C. Calot with perby bows is a "Salfair" Play Topper of white lacy straw, $1.98. R. H. Macy & Co., New York.

**All prices approximate.*
***Gloves of string net are "For Teens" Nolan Gloves, in teen sizes. Yellow, white. $1.75.*
****These pictures taken at the American museum of Natural History, New York City, N. Y.*

Sinatra's Swoon Songstress...

"I'm so thrilled I still can't believe it happened to me!" That's how Eileen Barton feels about singing with Sinatra... Can you blame her?

By Ellen Mae Weisse

IF YOU met her on the street, you'd think she was an average American girl—well, maybe not quite average, for she's a little bit prettier, a little more poised and a great deal luckier than an average girl. Her name, oh yes—Eileen Barton.

Eileen, as you know, was the junior partner on the Frank Sinatra show, and a feminine singing star in her own right. Although she is often thought of as a "star overnight" or a real-life Cinderella, Eileen garnered her greatest claim to fame as a child prodigy. She simply withdrew temporarily from the spotlight for a goodly part of her adolescence, and then returned with a bang!

Or rather she returned to the entertainment world with Frank Sinatra, which adds up to a good loud bang. And when you ask her how she feels to be singing duets with "The Voice" (*Continued on page* 27)

A candid of Eileen and the inimitable Sinatra before CBS broadcast time. Frankie looks like he's in radio-heaven.

Hurray for Brooklyn—that's where the talented teen-age songstress, Eileen Barton, was born.

Wishing on a STAR

Want to know a secret about a certain screen star by the name of Jane Powell? We'll snitch by telling you that she's—well, just like you—a typical teen . . .

By May Mann

LIKE Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Susanna Foster and Gloria Jean, the diminutive, wondrous-eyed Jane Powell was no sooner signed than she became a star. Success in her first picture, "Song of the Open Road," was followed immediately with "Delightfully Dangerous" and now she will be starred under the MGM banner.

This is Miss P.'s first interview before production of her next and third picture. Dressed in a trim suit of canary yellow with a perky red felt hat and bag, carrying a white teddy-bear coat, she might have popped straight out of a fashion page for teen-age Misses.

"There's Laraine Day," Jane's blue eyes widened with interest. "If Nancy Lee (she's her girl friend back home in Portland) knew I was in the same room with Miss Day, she'd wonder why I didn't get her autograph. I (*Continued on page* 61)

Yep, Jane has herself a "night cap" before bedtime—and we do mean milk. The pretty singing star was borrowed by United Artists for "Delightfully Dangerous."

Picnic Pleasures

NOW is the time for all good girls to come to the aid of the picnic! What with balmy days coming on your doorstep, with sunshine overhead and meadow flowers popping up to bask in the warmth, you will be getting ready to take to the woods to enjoy all the bounteous beauty they supply, come spring and summer.

A barbecue party is not only considered smart these days, but extremely gratifying to young appetites whetted by the hike to the picnic grounds.

A picnic pattern is set out here for you pictorially,

1

2

3

1. June, left, who can be seen in MGM's "Son of Lassie", and her girl friend, Gloria, now appearing in "Without Love", do their wienie shopping early. **2.** Our picnic planners know the hike up to Griffith Park, near Hollywood, means sharpened appetites, so—they pack a generous lunch in a easy-to-carry suitcase. **3.** The spot is perfect for picnicking pleasure. The teensters select a flat surface to spread out their blanket on the good earth. The scenery is rugged, rustic. **4.** The girls set the "table" before roasting their hot dogs. Be certain

Surely you're not going to let the summer slip by without taking advantage of glorious picnic weather. MGM's cameraman trailed two of their loveliest starlets, June Lockhart and Gloria Grahame, around the picnic clock . . . Let's follow —

By Dorothy Day

showing what two of Hollywood's young glamour girls did on a recent picnic of theirs, how they shopped, planned, packed, set the "table" and cleaned up.

June Lockhart, whose healthy young beauty is displayed in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Son of Lassie," and Gloria Grahame, one of the newest glamourines to reach the screen, are your models for this festive affair. If you haven't seen Gloria as yet, you can catch her in "Blonde Fever," in which she plays an important (*Continued on page* 52)

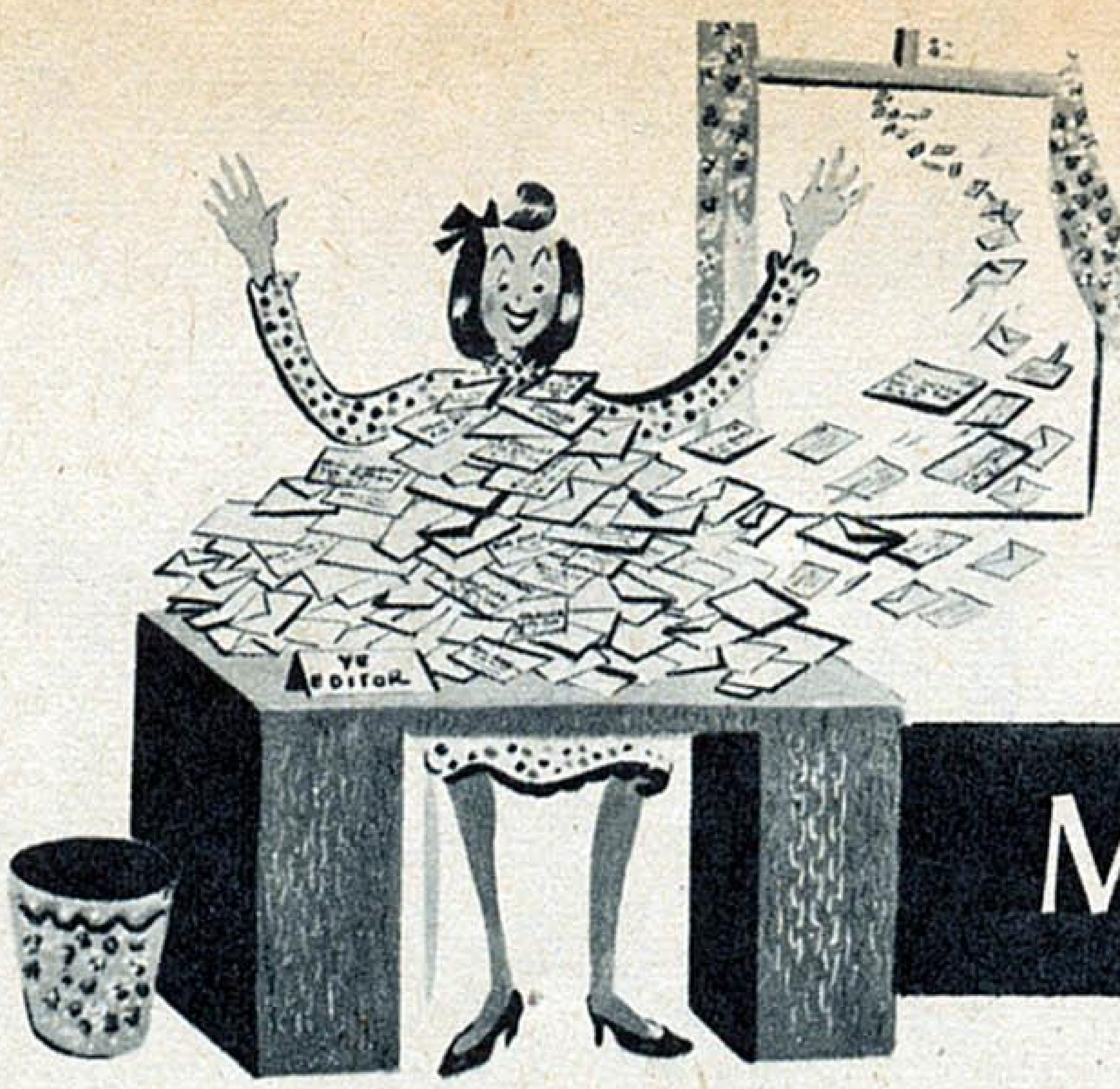
5

6

4

7

you include the correct utensils, such as a long fork. And do wear comfortable clothes. **5.** After starting a fire with paper and dry twigs, June and Gloria have a glorious time roasting the doggies over the friendly flame. Mouths are watering now. **6.** Yum-Yum! Young appetites made keener by the sharp clean air and hike in the woods, the pretty girls do justice to the outdoor-sy food. They'll sleep well. **7.** It was a wonderful day and the typical Miss Americas pause for a while, on their way home, to toss pebbles into a small creek.



MISS AMERICA SPEAKS...

Once again we gather in our nifty nook to share ideas.
Keep them coming, girls, and remember,
we pay $1.00 for every letter published . . .

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

1. Margaret McGuckin of Montreal, Canada

2. Anne Mahoney from New Bedford, Mass.

3. Meet Ernestine Jakeman, North Chili, N. Y.

4. Here's Dorothy Ann Mehn, Pittsburgh, Pa.

5. Lee Groves hails from Spokane, Wash.

6. Bonita Keathley of Richmond Hill, Georgia.

"MISS CANADA", Margaret McGuckin, of Montreal, Canada, writes MISS AMERICA a very delightful letter:

"Just a note of thanks from a Canadian girl. Thanks for your wonderful magazine, MISS AMERICA. It is just the type magazine we teen-agers of both Canada and the United States have been waiting for, for a long time. It is just packed with things that all teen-agers are interested in. MISS AMERICA can do a lot to keep American and Canadian teenage girls in closer contact. My best wishes for your continued success."

Thank you, Margaret, for your good wishes. And thanks, also, to Anne Mahoney, New Bedford, Mass., for her nice letter:

"Orchids and more orchids to MISS AMERICA! It's just tops. I have read almost all the teen-age magazines and I think MISS AMERICA beats them all. Hats off to MISS AMERICA and keep up the fine work!"

Many of you have written, asking details on how Shirley Temple keeps her lipstick on so long. First, she draws the outline of her lips with a lipstick pencil or brush. Then she fills in with lipstick. Next she blots it with cleansing tissue and then applies a light film of powder very gently with her powder puff. Then another application of the outline and the lipstick and a final blotting with tissue.

Anne Elmer, of Canandaigua, N. Y., sends in two slick suggestions:

"When the gang is coming over, put their names on their glasses with colored nail polish. It can be removed afterward with polish remover. Also, sew ball-fringe around the edge of your old beanie. Plenty snazzy!"

And to match your cotton summer skirts Bobbie Bomar, Milan, Tenn., tells us how to make a lovely Dutch bonnet:

"Use cotton material, preferably chambray, starched stiffly. Cut out this pattern first—take four pieces of paper, each 5 inches by 7 inches. Place three of these together along the 7-inch sides on a large piece of paper. Take the fourth piece along the 5-inch side and place it end to end with the center piece. Trace (*Continued on page* 52)

Modern Mermaids

Whether or not you go near the water, daughter, you'll want one of these duckie "Teen-age Beachwear" suits . . . and the price?—just as attractive as the suits! . . .

* All suits about $5.00
* Teen sizes from 10-16

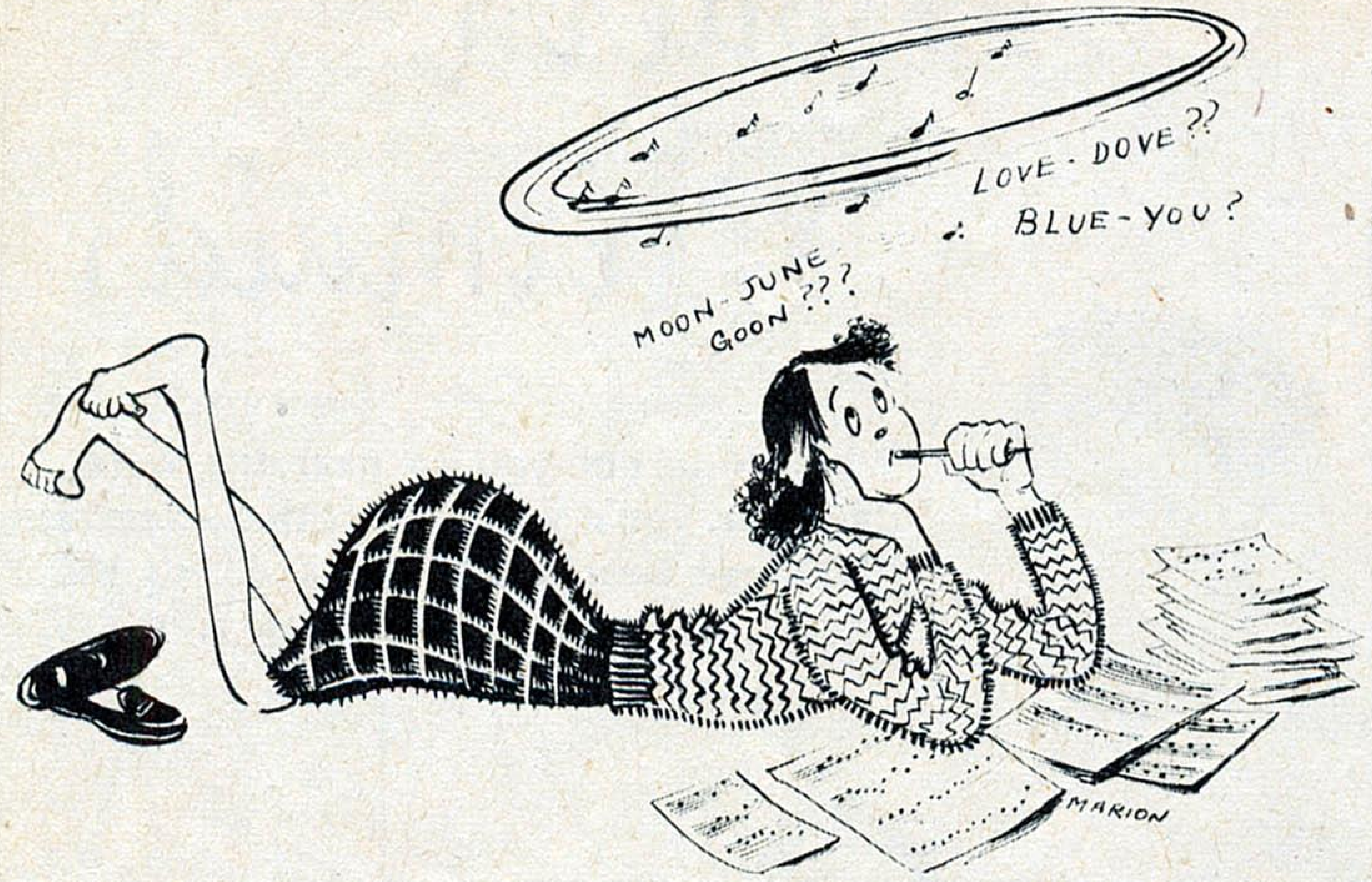
1—Double exposure—cotton bra-halter top and sarong skirt trimmed in contrasting binding. Royal, chartreuse, shocking. At Abraham & Straus, Bklyn., N. Y.

2—Vitamin D suit! Wide midriff and low back for sun worshipers. White rayon faille front, colored velor back, felt flower trim at side. Tie-front bra is adjustable! Royal, red, sky, maize.

3—Nautical 'n' nice. Two-piece rayon faille sun-swim suit. White sailor lacings on shirred shorts and brief bra top. Royal, red. Bloomingdale's, N. Y. C.

4—Water nymphs, please note! This cordette skirt suit has built-up shoulders, net pockets to let the water out! Red, royal, maize, sky. Saks-34th St., N. Y. C.

by Hoagy Carmichael


LOVE - DOVE ??
BLUE - YOU ?
MOON - JUNE
GOON ???
MARION

So you want to be a Songwriter...

I WISH I could tell you exactly how to break into the business of song writing. It's a matter of having the talent, finding the "super tune", and getting the breaks.

The only way to be a song writer is to *write songs.* Naturally, unless you try to find the "super tune", you won't be able to take advantage of the breaks if they come along. So, if you've got an idea for a tune or a yen to write one, don't sit around talking or thinking about it or humming it to other people. Get to work and put it down on paper.

Recently I told a group—when you write your first song and think it's pretty good, put it aside and write fifty more. Then when you go back and play that first one, you'll find just how good or bad it was—usually how bad. If it's terrific you'll know it, and so will the world. If you're going to develop into a great song writer, your first song should at least be pretty good.

You're your own best judge. Don't kid yourself. Of course if you turn out anything that isn't out-and-out horrible, your pals and parents are going to pat you on the back, tell you it's great, and that it'll be a bigger hit than anything Cole Porter ever wrote. But you're the only one who can judge. If you've got the real feeling inside you, you'll *know* if you've hit on something.

Naturally it's much easier to write songs if you learn to play the piano or some other musical instrument. Get an intimate knowledge of music, a familiarity with it so that it's not background but instinct. Playing in school bands or orchestras is excellent training.

The mechanics of song writing can be learned through courses in high school or college for foundation and background. Counterpoint, harmony, arranging, construction, appreciation of different types of music, and the study of the science of

Super Scoop! Hoagy Carmichael, composer of "Stardust" and other hit tunes tells Miss America the secrets of song writing. There's plenty of meat to chew on here in Hoagy's article His wise words of advice should be an inspiration to all young people who want to write—music and lyrics . . .

Humphrey Bogart and Hoagy harmonizing in Warner's "To Have and to Have Not". Hoagy's next film is RKO's "Johnny Angel".

The tunesmith smilingly poses with his two bright-eyed youngsters, Randy Bob and Hoagy Bix. They're sitting atop Dad's luggage 'til the train arrives.

music patterns. For music definitely is a science. It's a lot of things rolled into one, I think—art, color, architecture, mathematics. These foundation courses can't teach you how to "feel" music or dream up a song, but they can give you a technical basis on which to build your melodies if you have the talent and ideas.

So now you know the technique of writing music, you have an instinctive familiarity with music, and you have an idea for a song. If you've trained your mind to the point where you can paraphrase or improvise certain chord structures, and sing or whistle arpeggi, you're on your way. Writing a song is simply "noodling" with chords, then working out new tangents on an original premise.

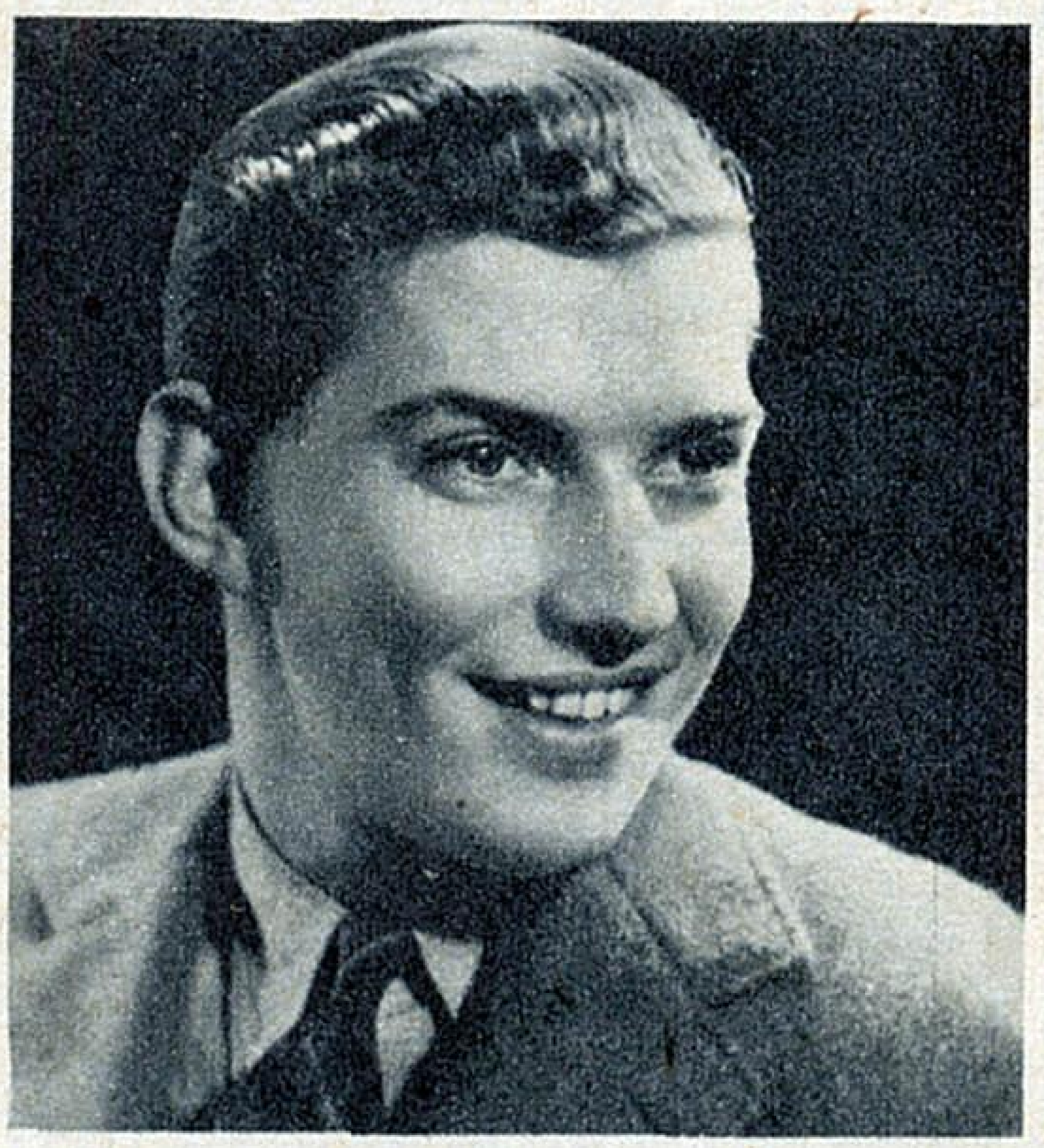
When I stumbled across the original strain of "Skylark", I realized it was very reminiscent of Bix Biederbecke who was a close pal of mine back in the jazz days. After I got into (*Continued on page* 62)

Talented Hoagy and trombone-tooting Tommy Dorsey, talking music, of course! Maybe it's about a change of tempo or phrasing. Looks serious, all right!

Jam Session

On-the-record stuff 'bout singers, baton wavers, music matter, movie chatter . . .

Jo Stafford, a lassie who knows how to handle lyrics. Jo worked with Frankie S. when they crooned with Tommy Dorsey's band. Both have gone far in their field.



Let's wish handsome Bob Allen, ex-band-leader-singer, lots and lots of luck in his newest and greatest role—a private in the U.S. Army. We won't forget him.

IDOL CHATTER: It takes a thief to catch a thief, the saying goes . . . and thereby would hang a tale, except that in this column we discuss music, not thievery. We therefore alter the adage and say . . . It takes a singer to choose a singer.

And if you ask Frank Sinatra to do just that, to pick his favorite femme singer, he'll name Jo Stafford, the lass who once sang with him in Tommy Dorsey's band.

When we called upon Jo we thought her younger sister had answered the door. Certainly the country's leading girl singer wouldn't submit to an interview *sans* make-up and wearing a simple sweater and skirt . . . but she did! Furthermore, she looked swell.

"This is the day I give my face a rest," she explained. "No make-up!"

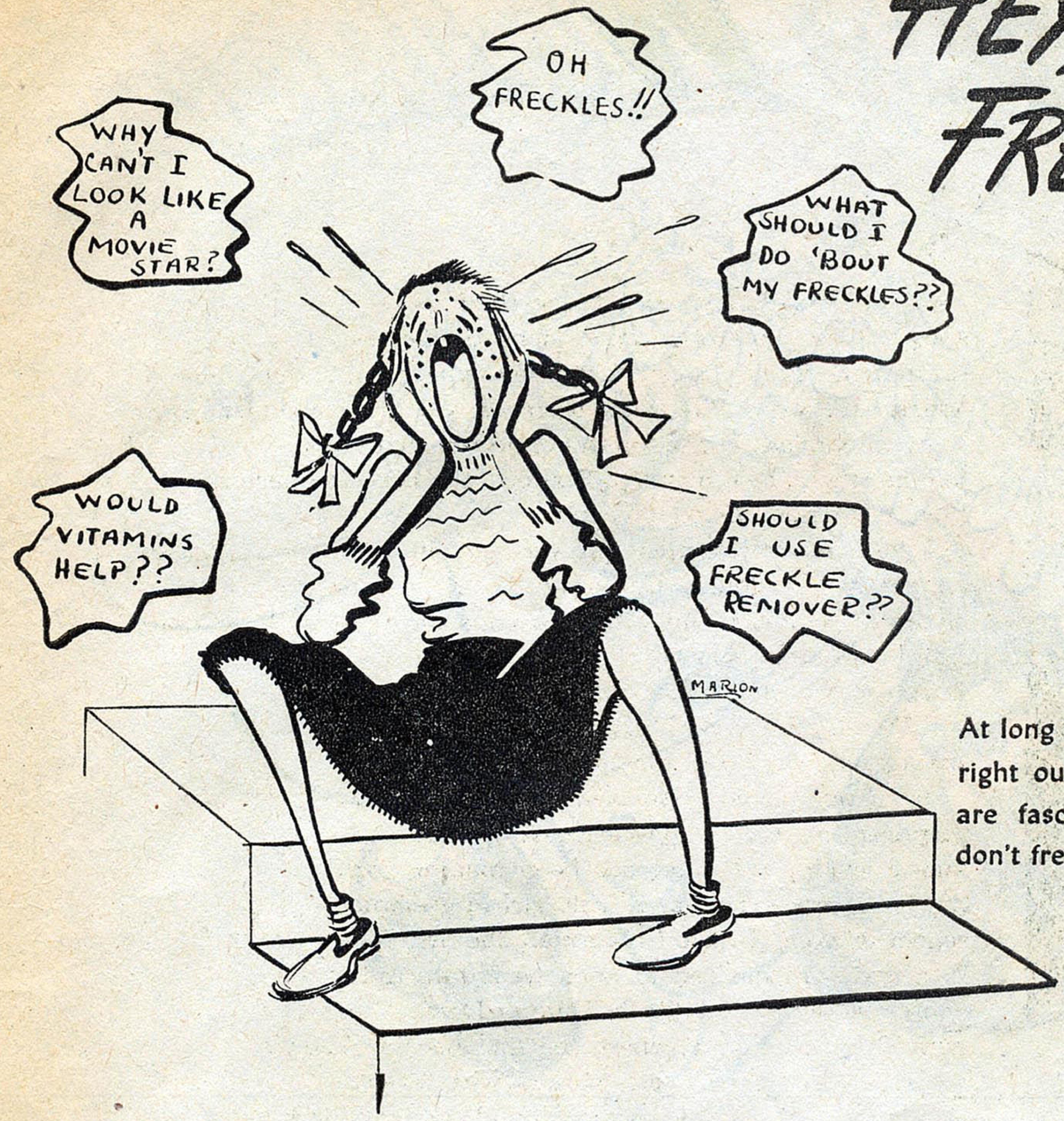
Jo is unaffected. However, she's not at all surprised at her singing success because she knows singing well and has been making with the lyrics since she was a little girl in grammar school in Long Beach, California. She first sang in a trio with her sisters, then went into radio chorus work, and finally to Tommy Dorsey's band with the Pied Pipers, where she first became known as a soloist. It was there she worked with Frankie.

"I *know* singing," she tells you, "and even though I understand everything Frank does and how he gets his effects, I still think that he registers tops in ballad singing. He's (*Continued on page* 54)

By Pat Parks

HEY, FRECKLES!

by S. Kaye


WHY CAN'T I LOOK LIKE A MOVIE STAR?
OH FRECKLES!!
WHAT SHOULD I DO 'BOUT MY FRECKLES??
WOULD VITAMINS HELP??
SHOULD I USE FRECKLE REMOVER??
MARLON

At long last—someone has come right out and said it—Freckles are fascinating . . . Honest—so don't fret, freckle-face . . .

SO—you're unwilling royalty, are you? You're a Freckle Queen—and how you hate it!

Ever since the day you first heard that brat across the street yell "Fre-e-eckles!" at you, you've regarded those little brown spots as hateful intruders on an otherwise pleasing little physiognomy—face to you.

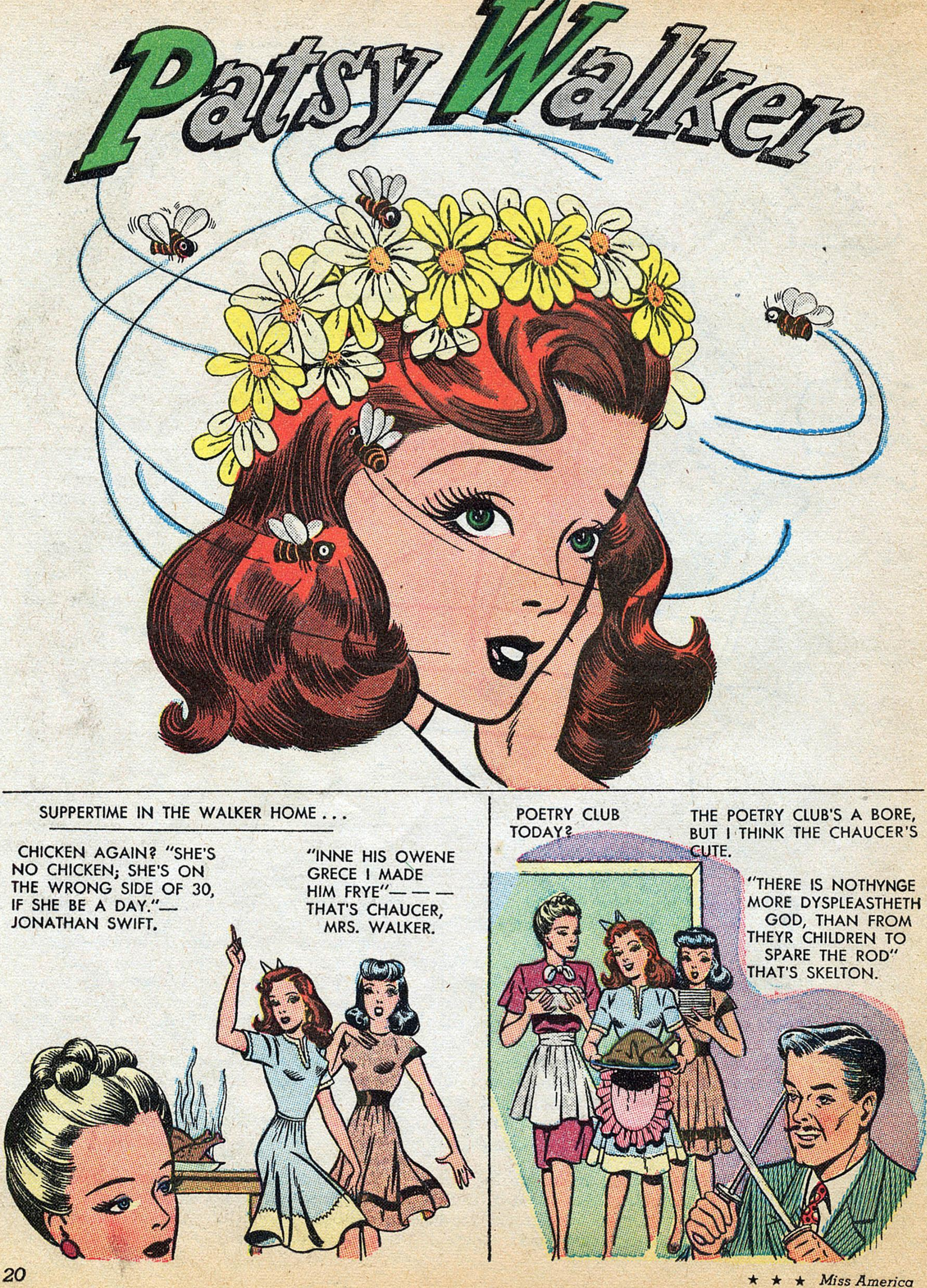
Maybe mother comforted you that they'd disappear if you ate your spinach, but now that you're in your teens there just seem to be more and more of them. You simply slough powder over them, but they're just as visible.

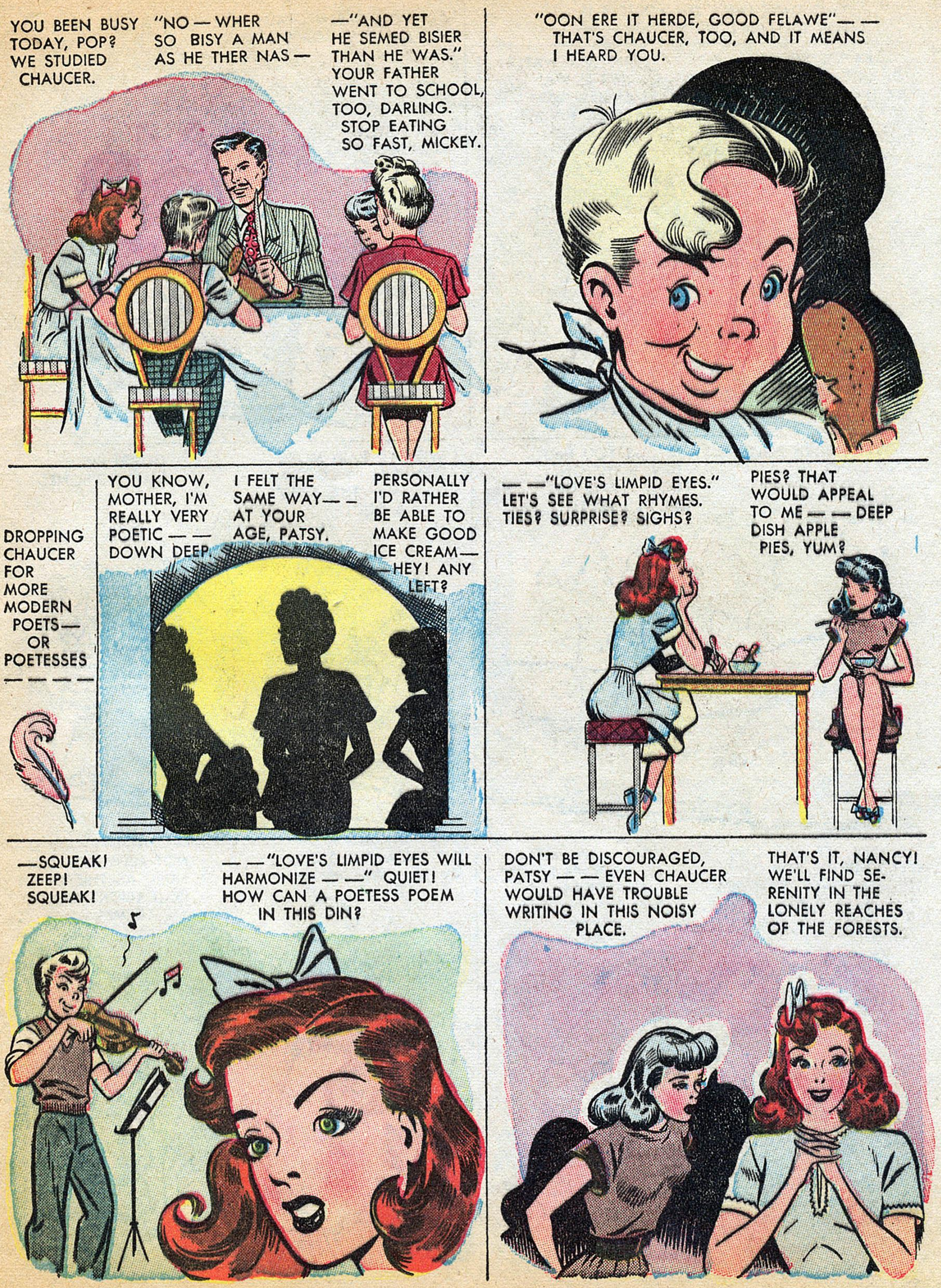
Well, before you get an inferiority complex over it, stop and think about it. In the first place, do you know what freckles indicate? Nothing less than that most important thing called zip (they used to call it *oomph*)—which if you've got it, it doesn't matter what you haven't got, and if you haven't got it, it doesn't matter what you have got!

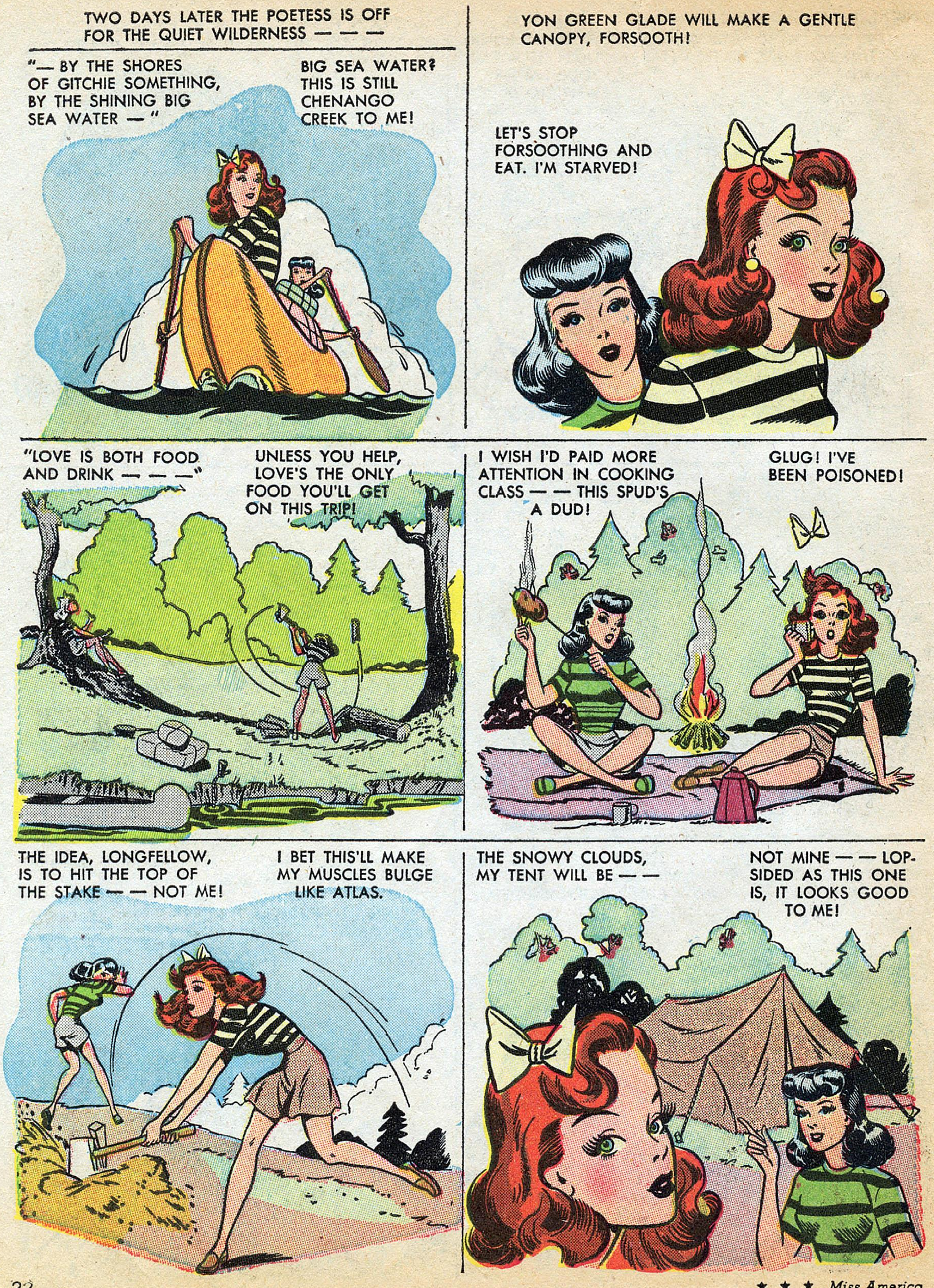
Every freckle packs a wallop of zest and vitality—and this is a scientific fact! When the glands which build vitality are specially strong, they create an oversupply of their product and it shoves up into the skin in the form of these tiny brownish bits of pigment. These vitality glands are so essential to health and charm that no one in her senses could prefer an undersupply to an over supply!

Yes, Vitamin C *plus* is what you've got, my freckled fair one, and believe me that's no disease. A pale, dull person is not attractive, no matter how

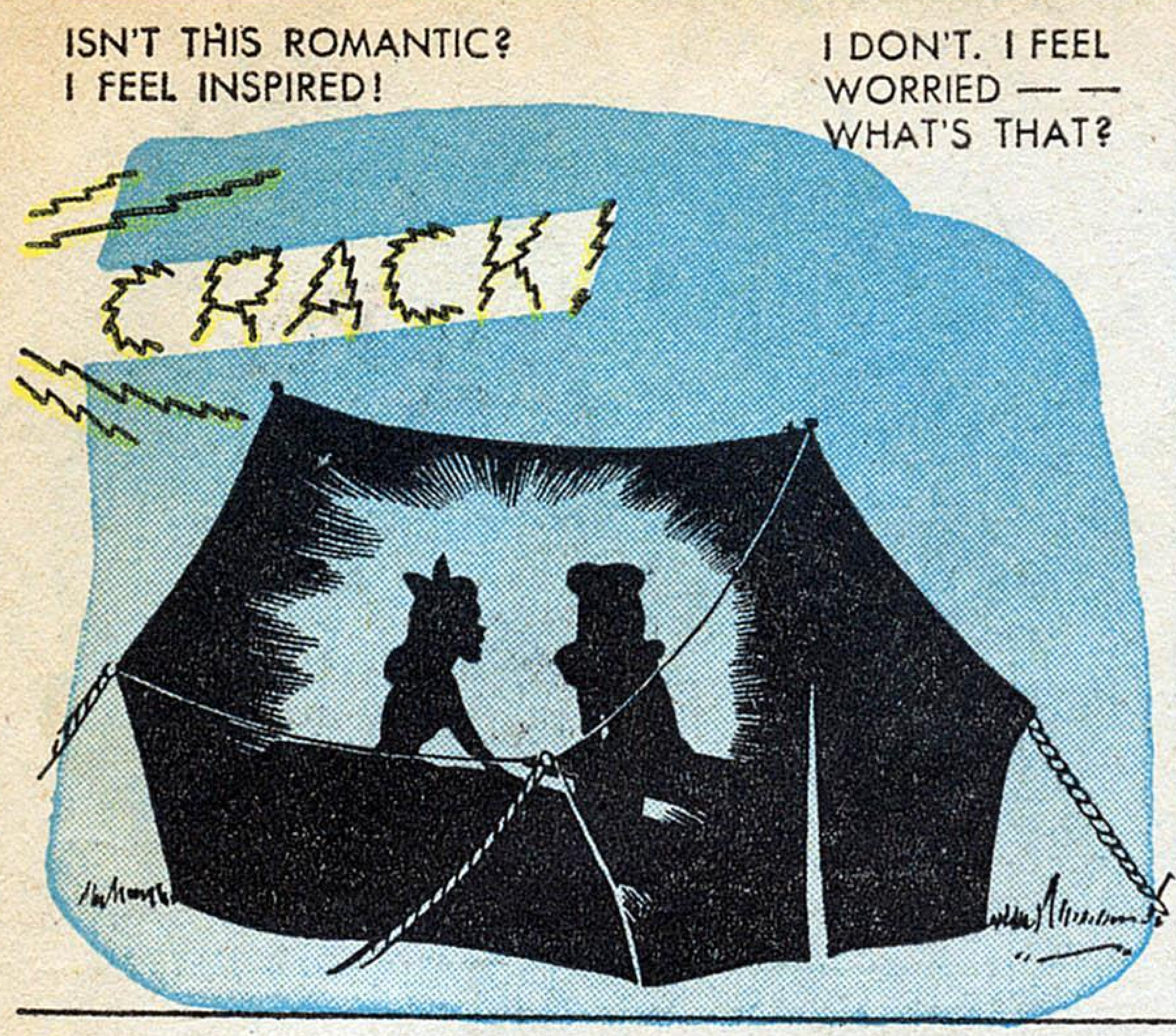
(*Continued on page* 30)


Patsy Walker
SUPPERTIME IN THE WALKER HOME . . .
CHICKEN AGAIN? "SHE'S NO CHICKEN; SHE'S ON THE WRONG SIDE OF 30, IF SHE BE A DAY."— JONATHAN SWIFT.
"INNE HIS OWENE GRECE I MADE HIM FRYE"— — — THAT'S CHAUCER, MRS. WALKER.
POETRY CLUB TODAY?
THE POETRY CLUB'S A BORE, BUT I THINK THE CHAUCER'S CUTE.
"THERE IS NOTHYNGE MORE DYSPLEASTHETH GOD, THAN FROM THEYR CHILDREN TO SPARE THE ROD" THAT'S SKELTON.

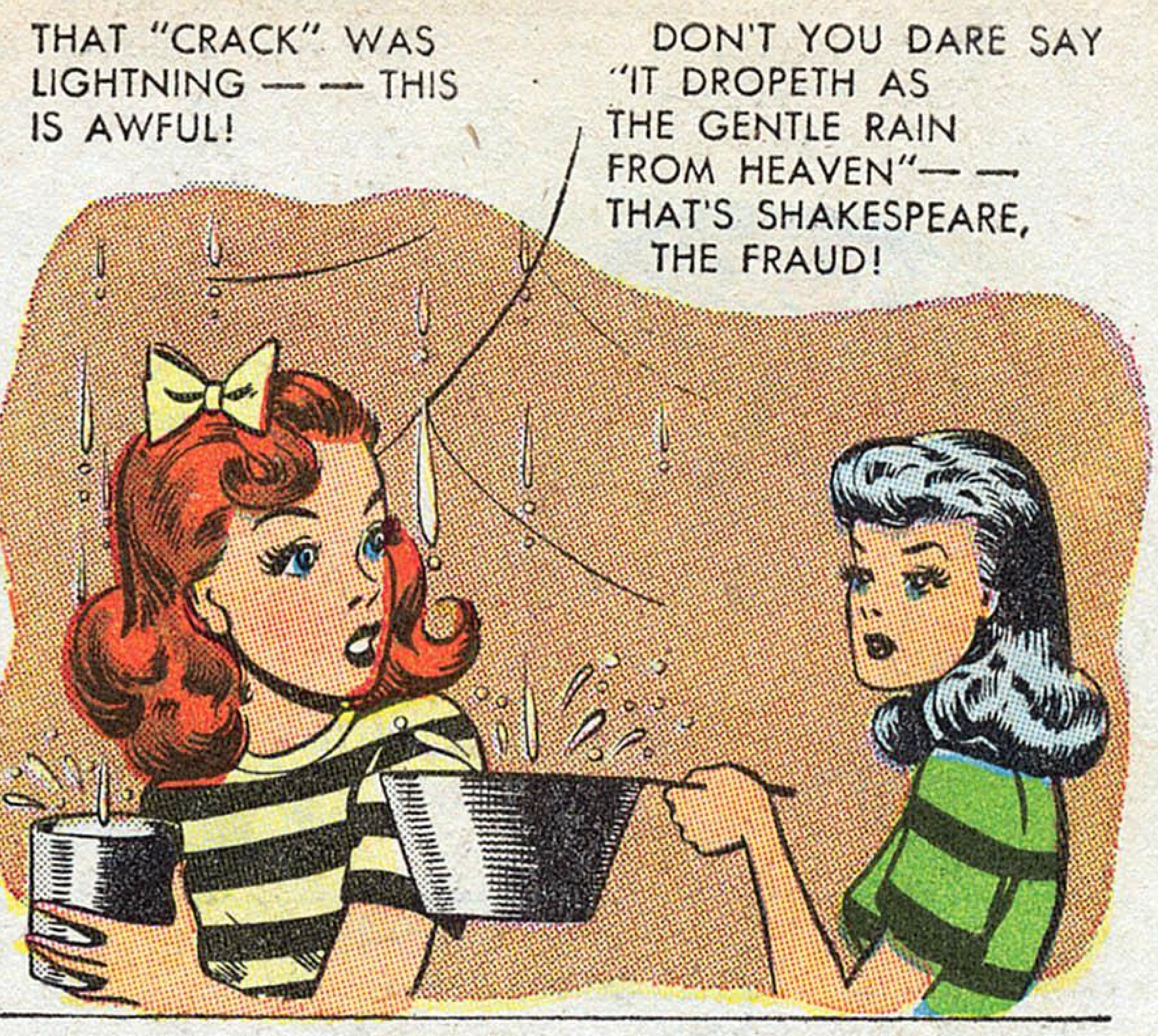

YOU BEEN BUSY TODAY, POP? WE STUDIED CHAUCER.
"NO — WHER SO BISY A MAN AS HE THER NAS —
—"AND YET HE SEMED BISIER THAN HE WAS." YOUR FATHER WENT TO SCHOOL, TOO, DARLING. STOP EATING SO FAST, MICKEY.
"OON ERE IT HERDE, GOOD FELAWE"— — THAT'S CHAUCER, TOO, AND IT MEANS I HEARD YOU.
DROPPING CHAUCER FOR MORE MODERN POETS— OR POETESSES — — — —
YOU KNOW, MOTHER, I'M REALLY VERY POETIC — — DOWN DEEP.
I FELT THE SAME WAY— — AT YOUR AGE, PATSY.
PERSONALLY I'D RATHER BE ABLE TO MAKE GOOD ICE CREAM— —HEY! ANY LEFT?
— —"LOVE'S LIMPID EYES." LET'S SEE WHAT RHYMES. TIES? SURPRISE? SIGHS?
PIES? THAT WOULD APPEAL TO ME — — DEEP DISH APPLE PIES, YUM?
—SQUEAK! ZEEP! SQUEAK!
— —"LOVE'S LIMPID EYES WILL HARMONIZE — —" QUIET! HOW CAN A POETESS POEM IN THIS DIN?
DON'T BE DISCOURAGED, PATSY — — EVEN CHAUCER WOULD HAVE TROUBLE WRITING IN THIS NOISY PLACE.
THAT'S IT, NANCY! WE'LL FIND SERENITY IN THE LONELY REACHES OF THE FORESTS.


TWO DAYS LATER THE POETESS IS OFF FOR THE QUIET WILDERNESS — — —
"— BY THE SHORES OF GITCHIE SOMETHING, BY THE SHINING BIG SEA WATER —"
BIG SEA WATER? THIS IS STILL CHENANGO CREEK TO ME!
YON GREEN GLADE WILL MAKE A GENTLE CANOPY, FORSOOTH!
LET'S STOP FORSOOTHING AND EAT. I'M STARVED!
"LOVE IS BOTH FOOD AND DRINK — — —"
UNLESS YOU HELP, LOVE'S THE ONLY FOOD YOU'LL GET ON THIS TRIP!
I WISH I'D PAID MORE ATTENTION IN COOKING CLASS — — THIS SPUD'S A DUD!
GLUG! I'VE BEEN POISONED!
THE IDEA, LONGFELLOW, IS TO HIT THE TOP OF THE STAKE — — NOT ME!
I BET THIS'LL MAKE MY MUSCLES BULGE LIKE ATLAS.
THE SNOWY CLOUDS, MY TENT WILL BE — —
NOT MINE — — LOPSIDED AS THIS ONE IS, IT LOOKS GOOD TO ME!

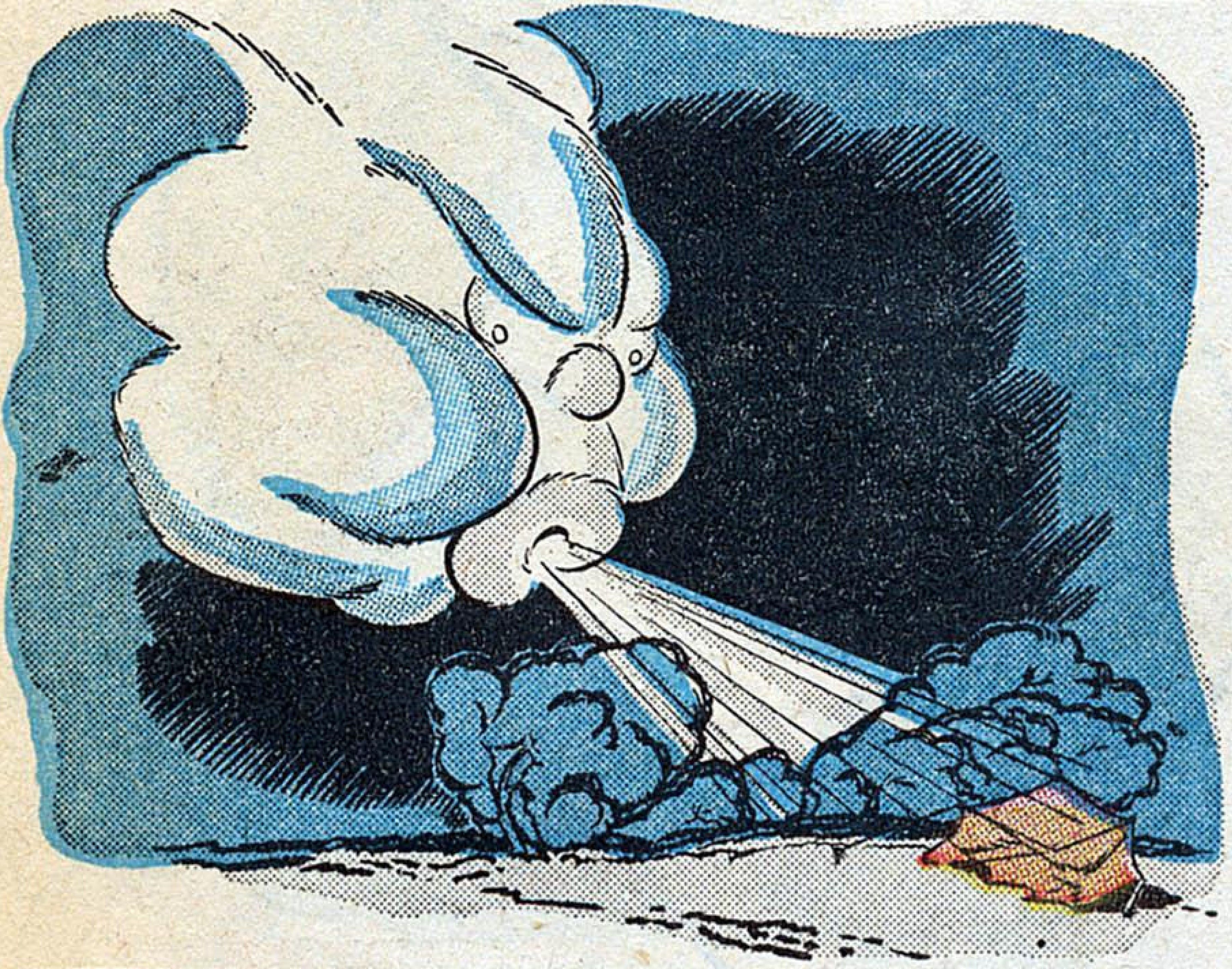
NIGHT, IN ITS EBON CLOAK ———


ISN'T THIS ROMANTIC? I FEEL INSPIRED!
I DON'T. I FEEL WORRIED —— WHAT'S THAT?
CRACK!

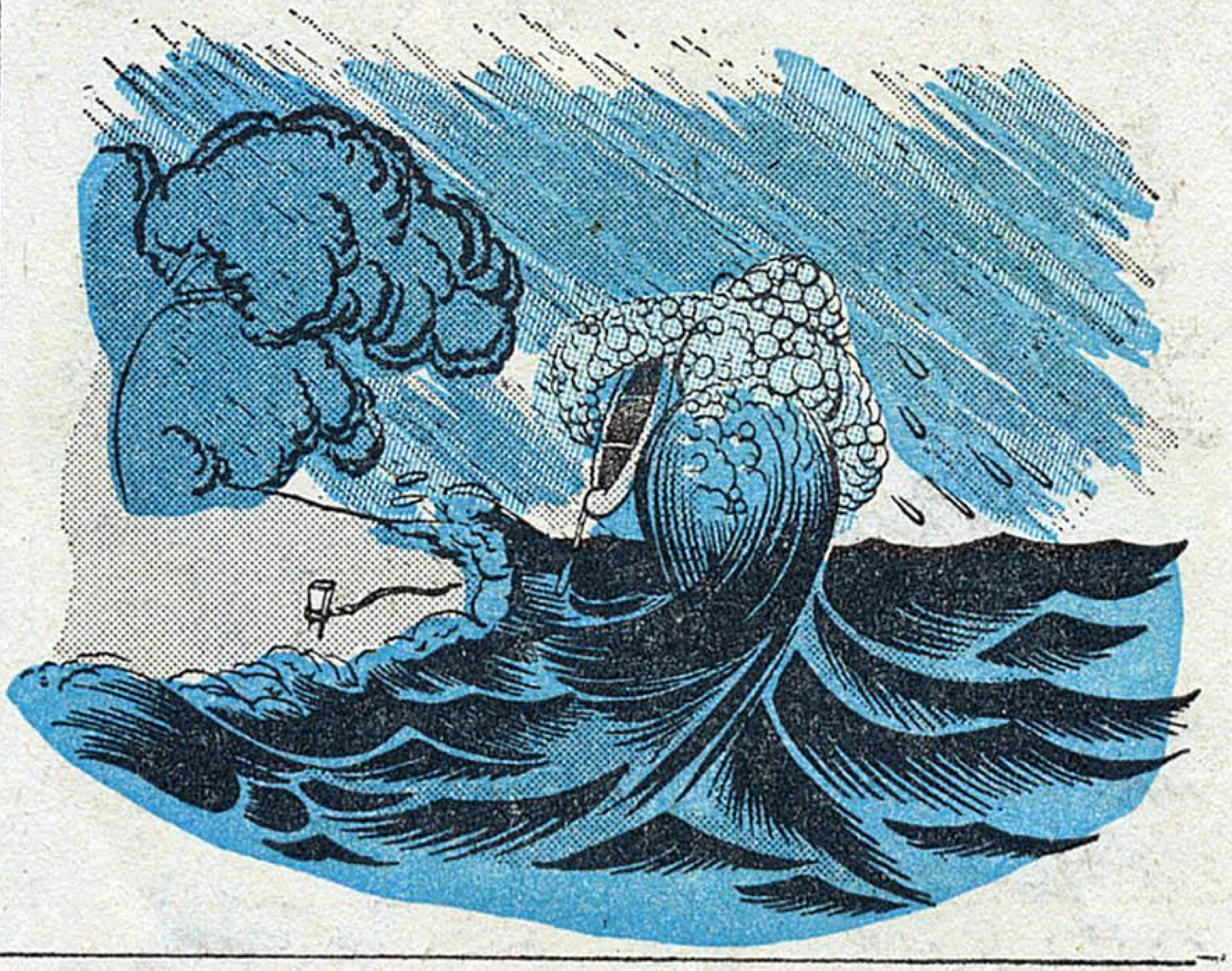
THE RAIN COMES ———

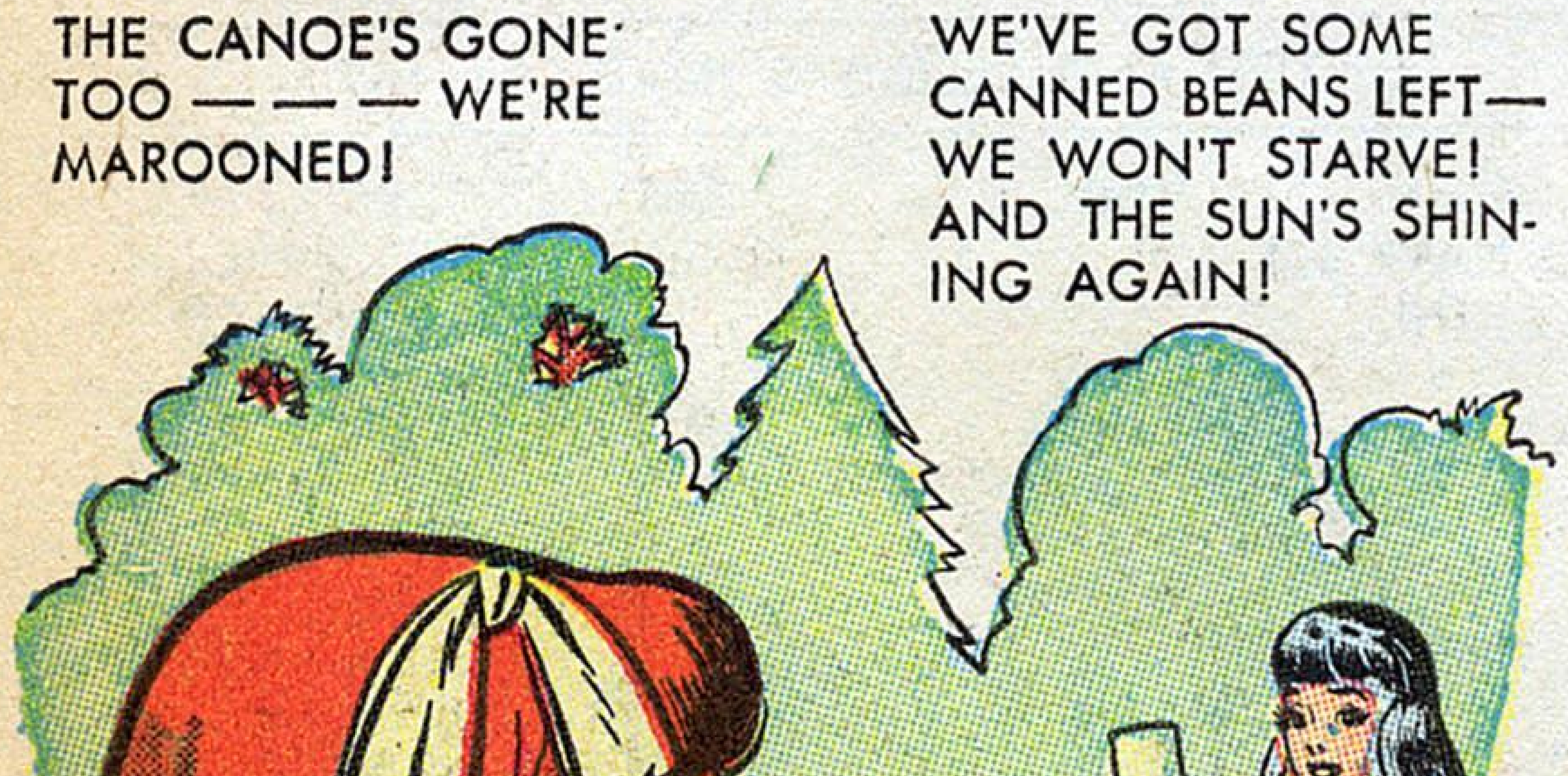

THAT "CRACK" WAS LIGHTNING —— THIS IS AWFUL!
DON'T YOU DARE SAY "IT DROPETH AS THE GENTLE RAIN FROM HEAVEN"—— THAT'S SHAKESPEARE, THE FRAUD!

— FOLLOWED BY AN ILL WIND ———

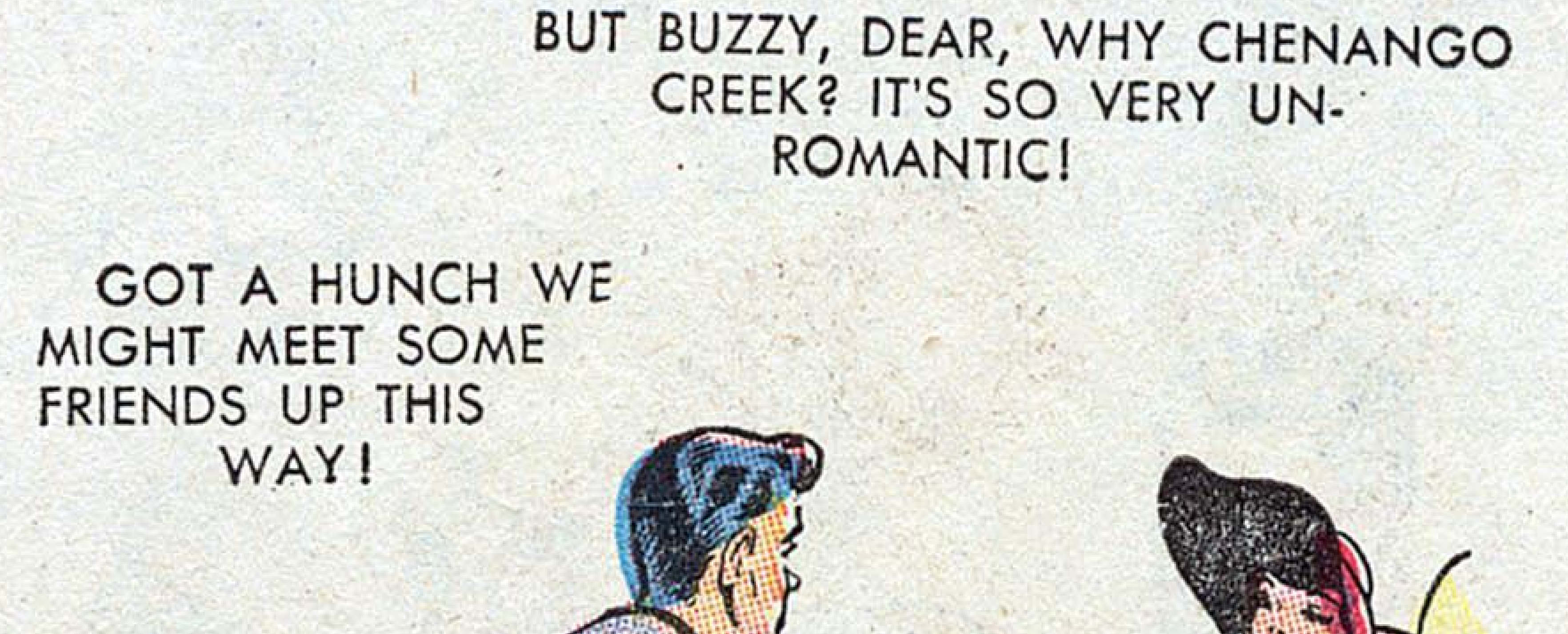


— AND THE WATER ROSE AND CARRIED THE CANOE AWAY!



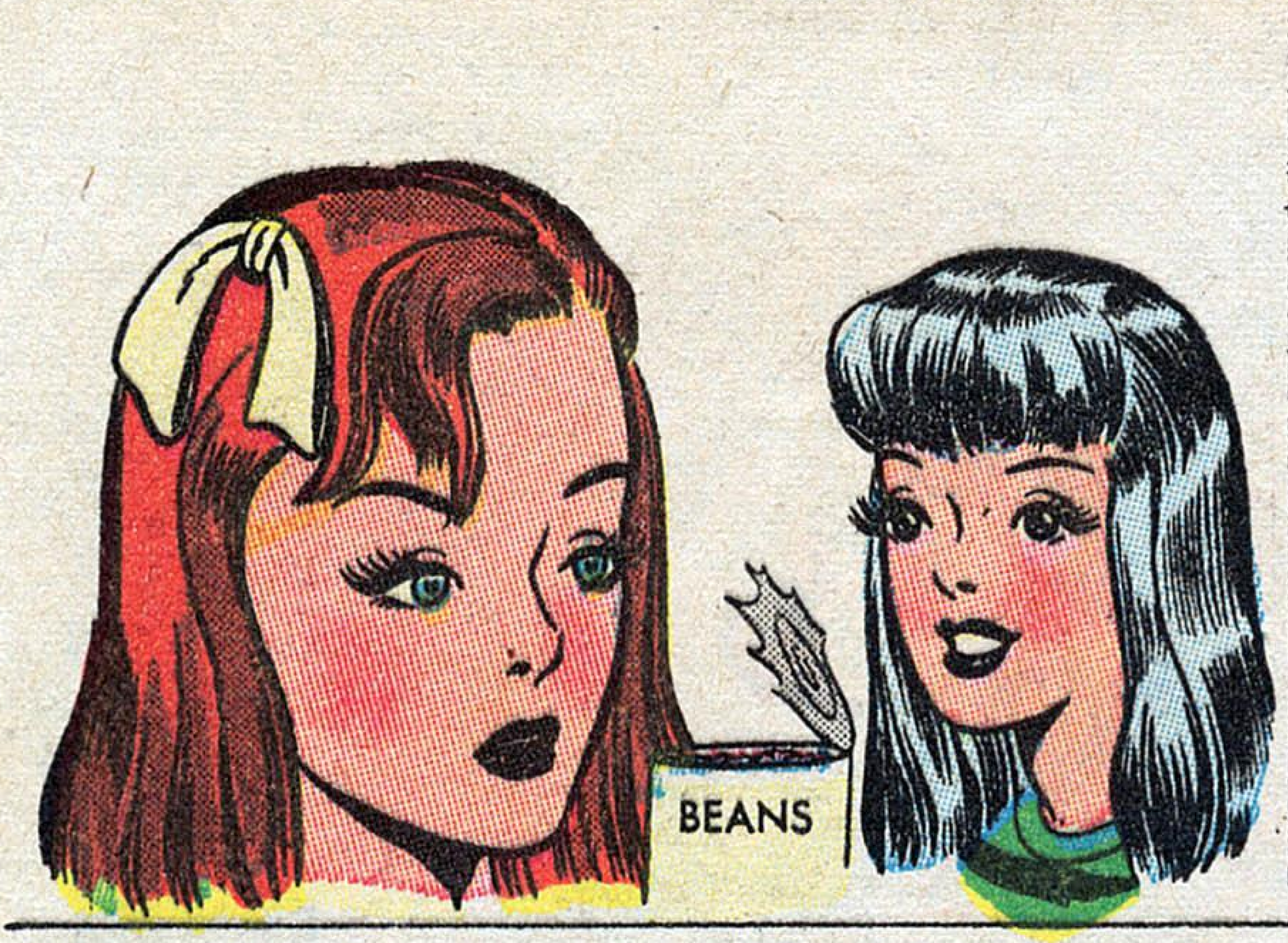

THE CANOE'S GONE TOO ——— WE'RE MAROONED!
WE'VE GOT SOME CANNED BEANS LEFT— WE WON'T STARVE! AND THE SUN'S SHINING AGAIN!

MEANWHILE ———


BUT BUZZY, DEAR, WHY CHENANGO CREEK? IT'S SO VERY UNROMANTIC!
GOT A HUNCH WE MIGHT MEET SOME FRIENDS UP THIS WAY!

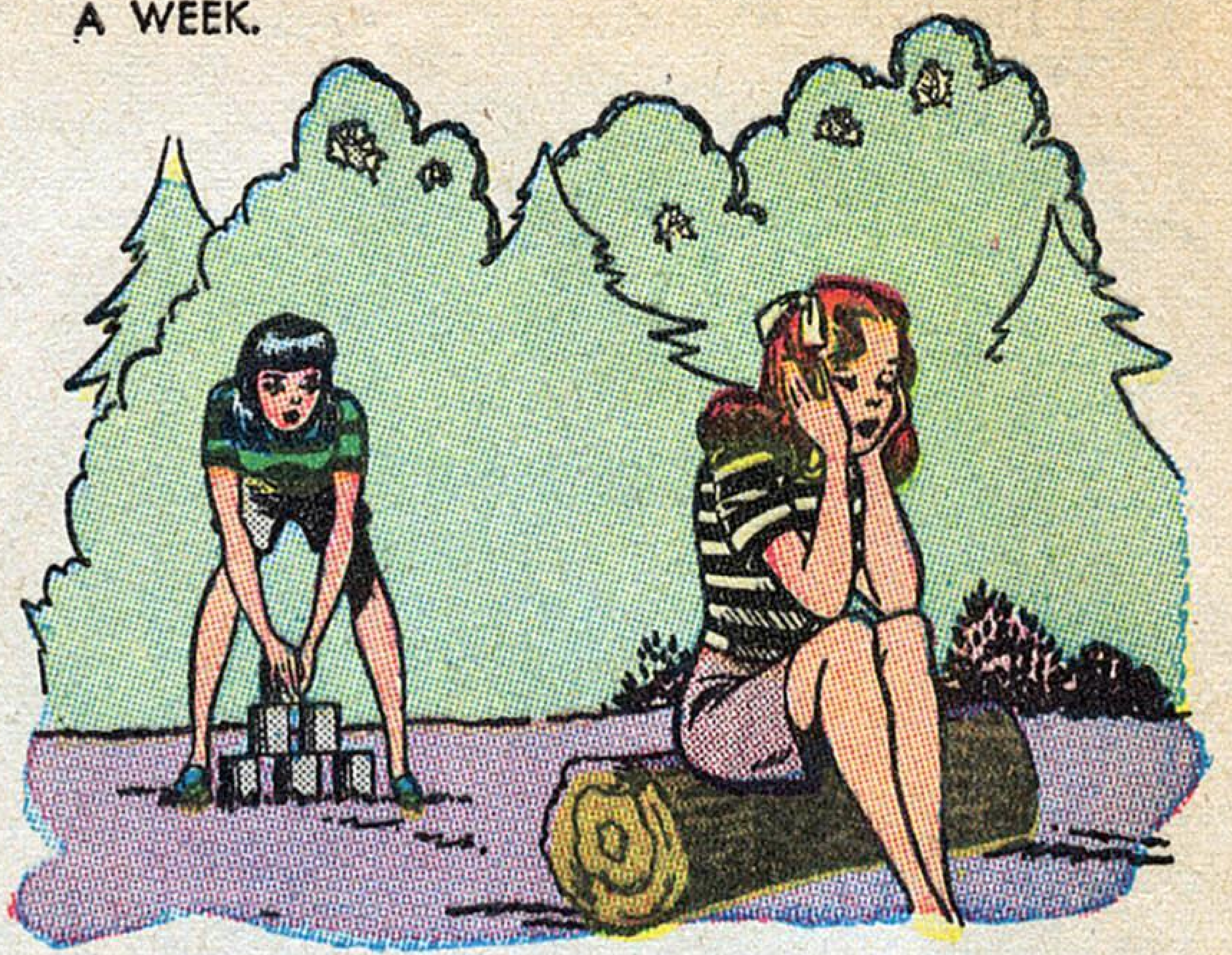
COLD CANNED BEANS FOR BREAKFAST—UGH!

WHY EAT THEM? YOU ARE THE ONE WHO SAID LOVE IS BOTH FOOD AND DRINK.



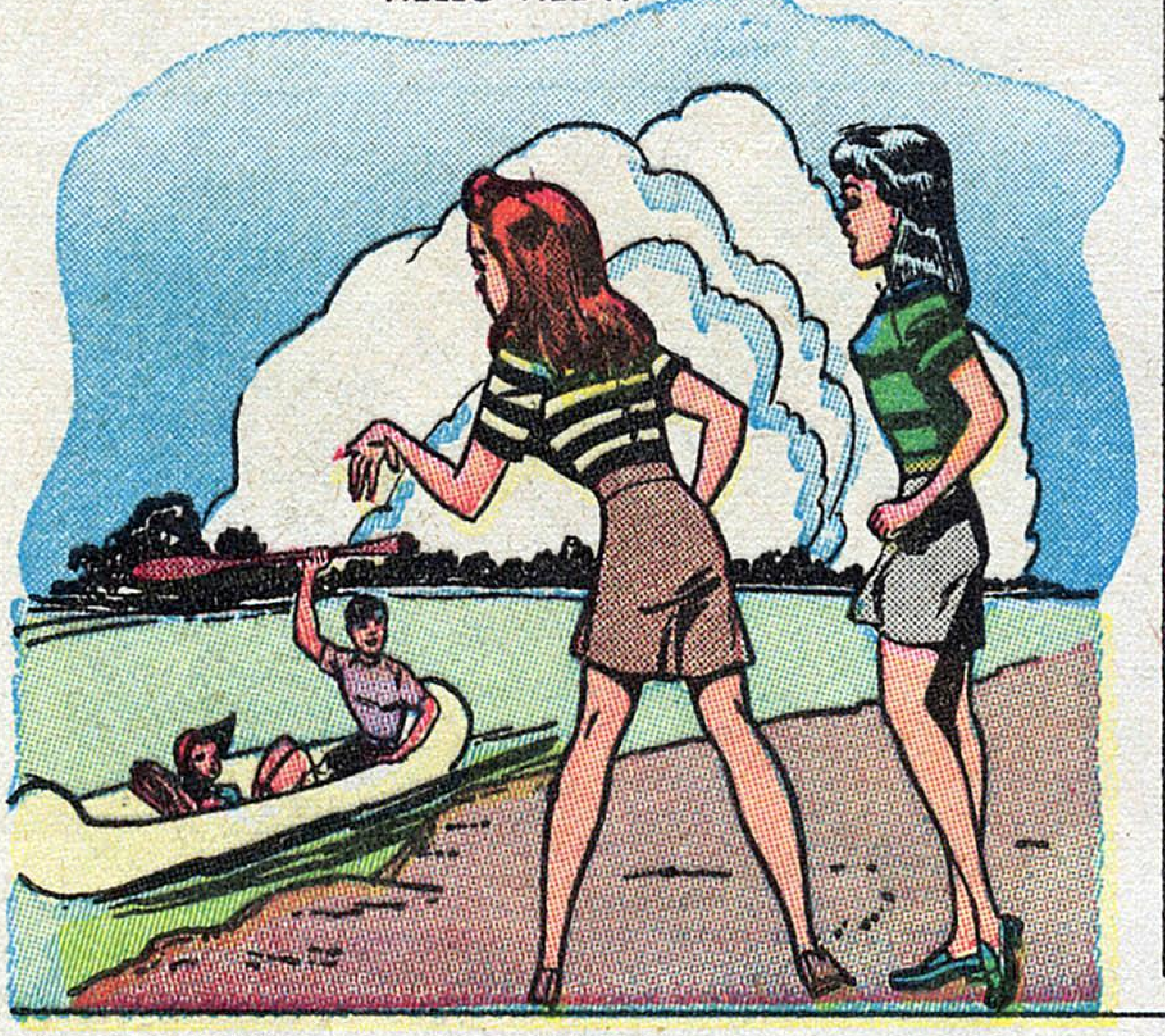
WE STILL HAVE SIX CANS OF BEANS — — WE'LL LIVE MAYBE A WEEK.

I WISH BUZZ WAS HERE.

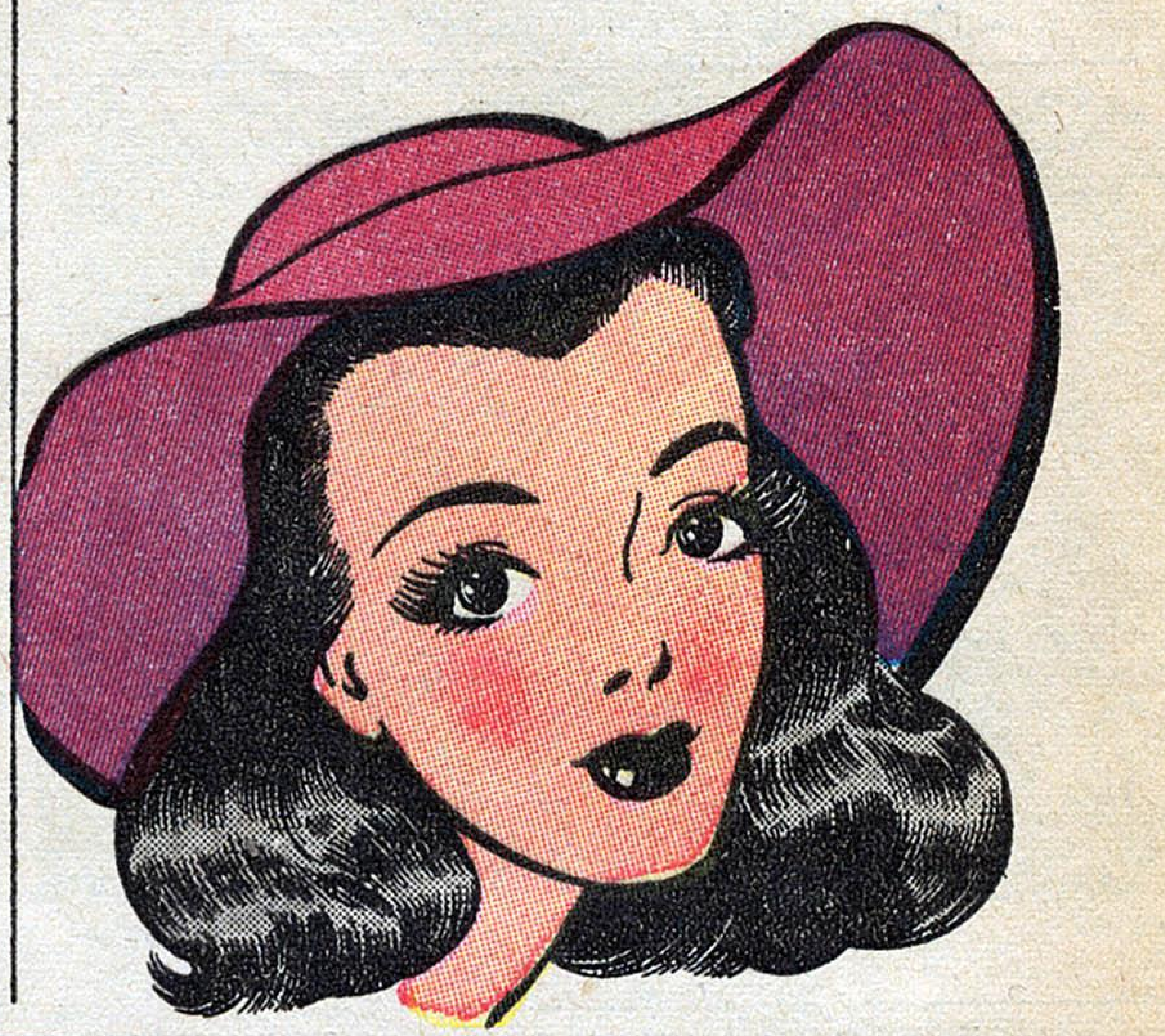


HELLO, THERE!

OH! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, BUZZ — — OH, HELLO HEDY.



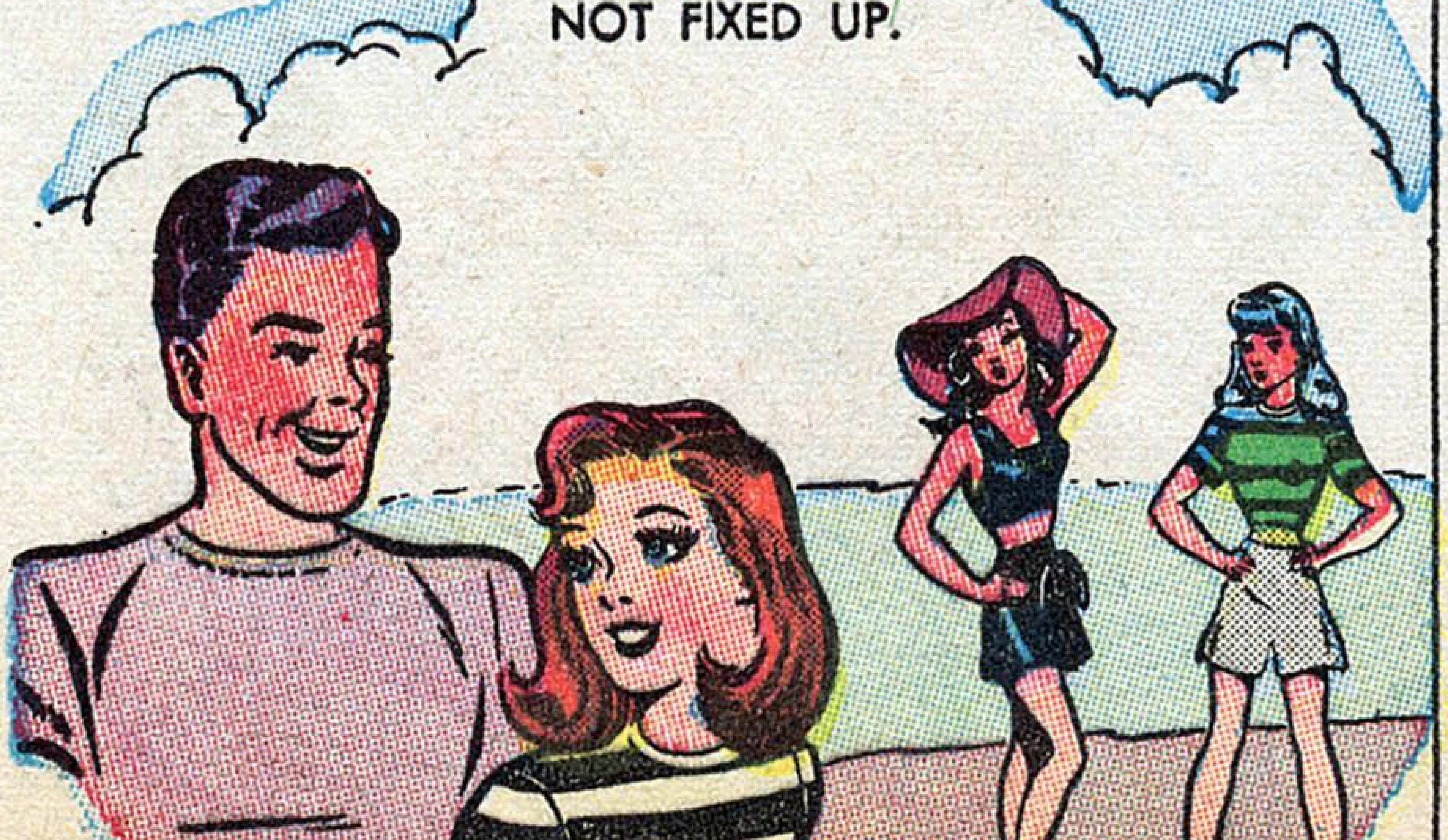
WHY, YOU POOR DARLINGS — — YOU LOOK PERFECTLY, HORRIDLY AWFUL.



I'LL GET THIS STUFF TOGETHER AND WE'LL HEAD FOR TOWN.

IT'S SURPRISING HOW HOMELY A GIRL CAN BE WHEN SHE'S NOT FIXED UP.

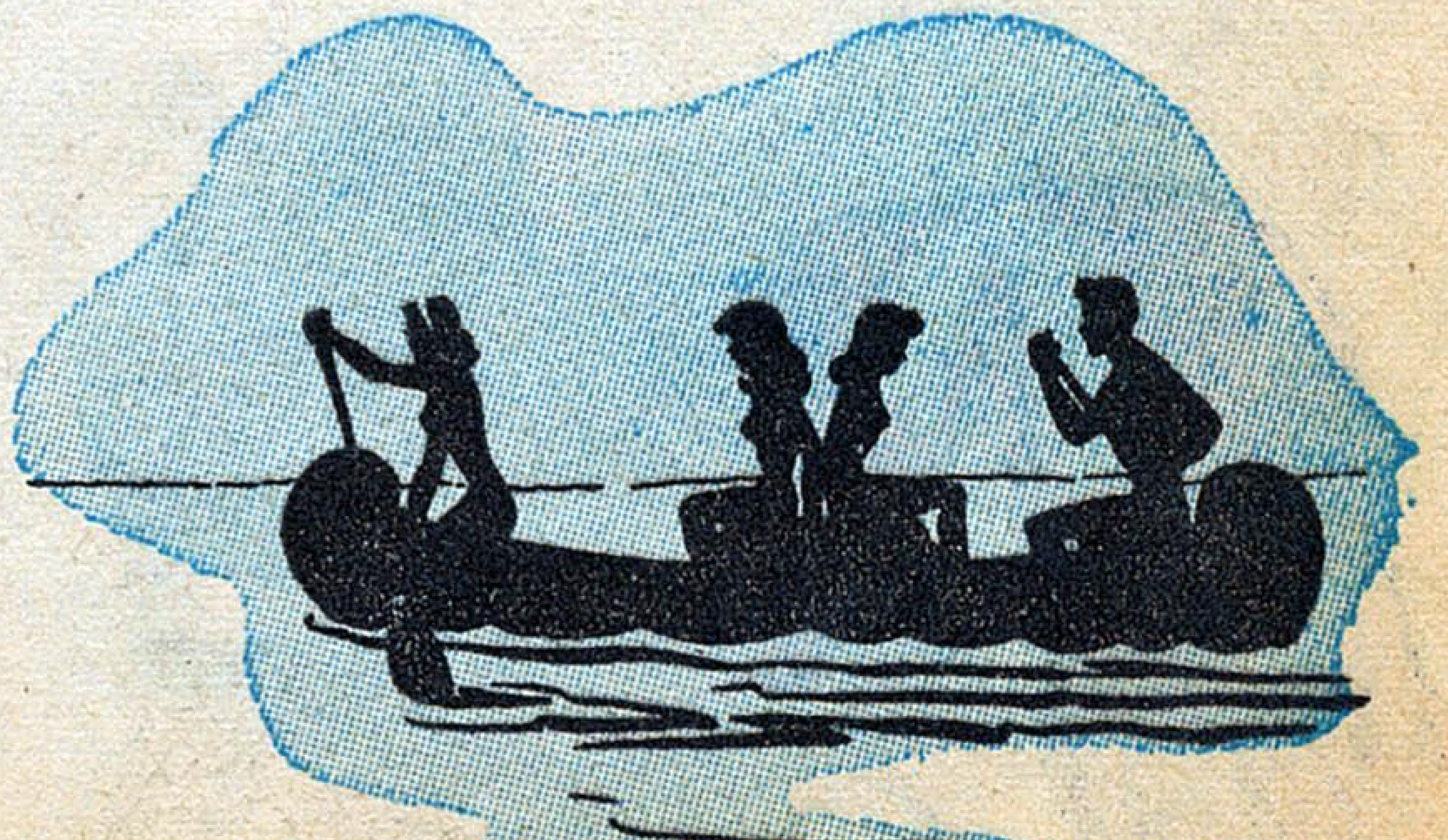
IF I WASN'T A LADY I'D SAY "KITTY, KITTY".

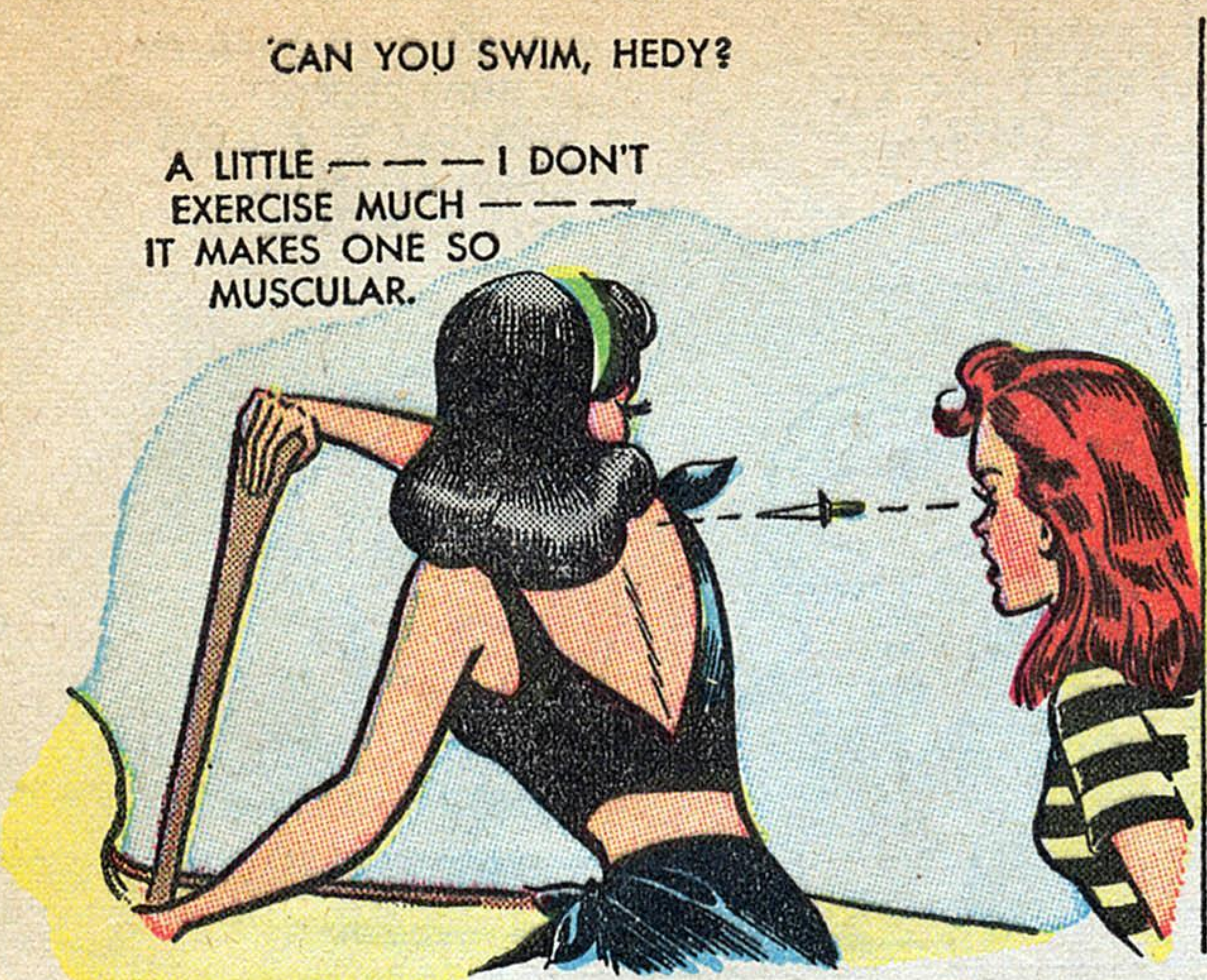


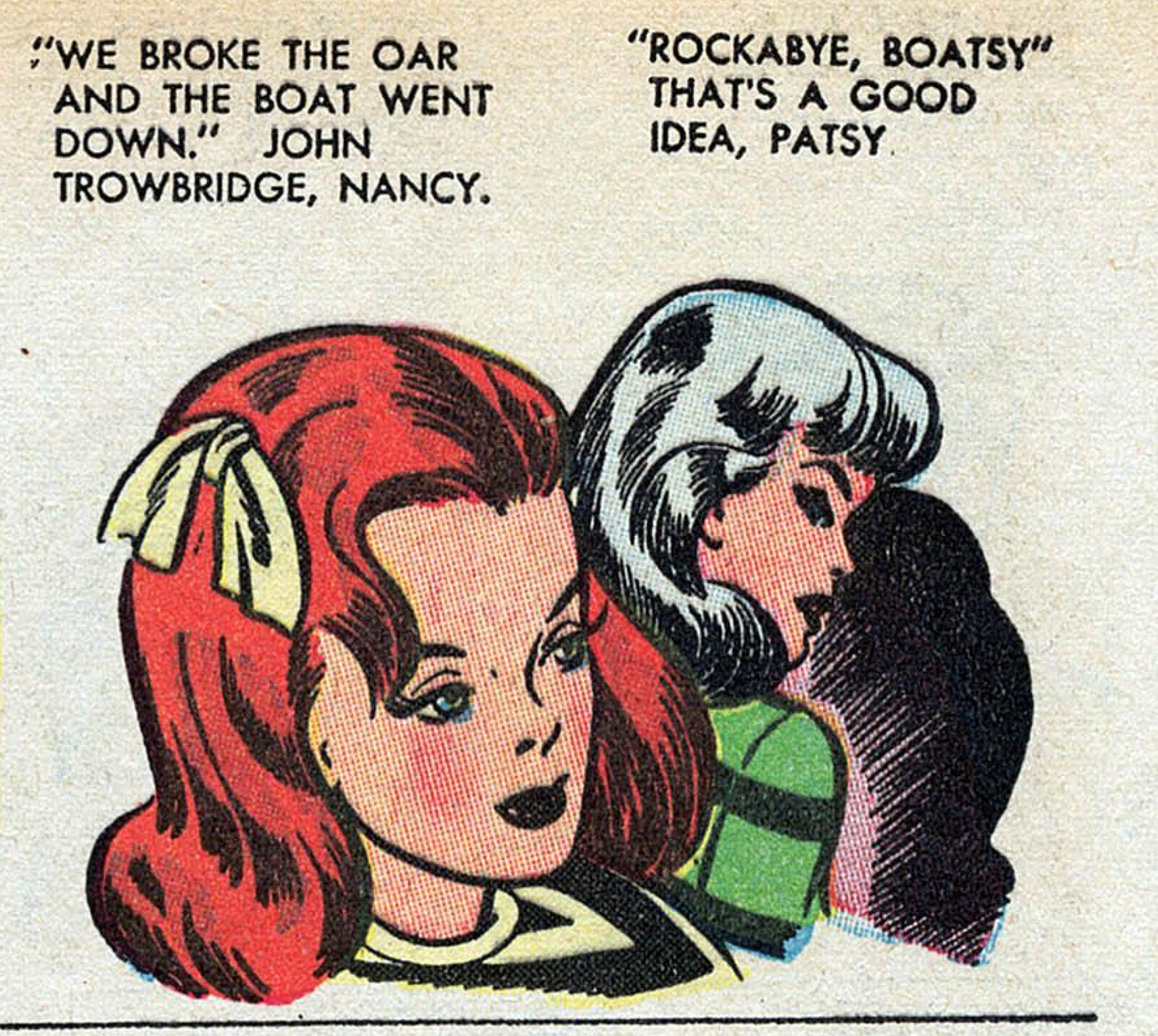
RESCUED AND RESCUERS HEAD FOR HOME!

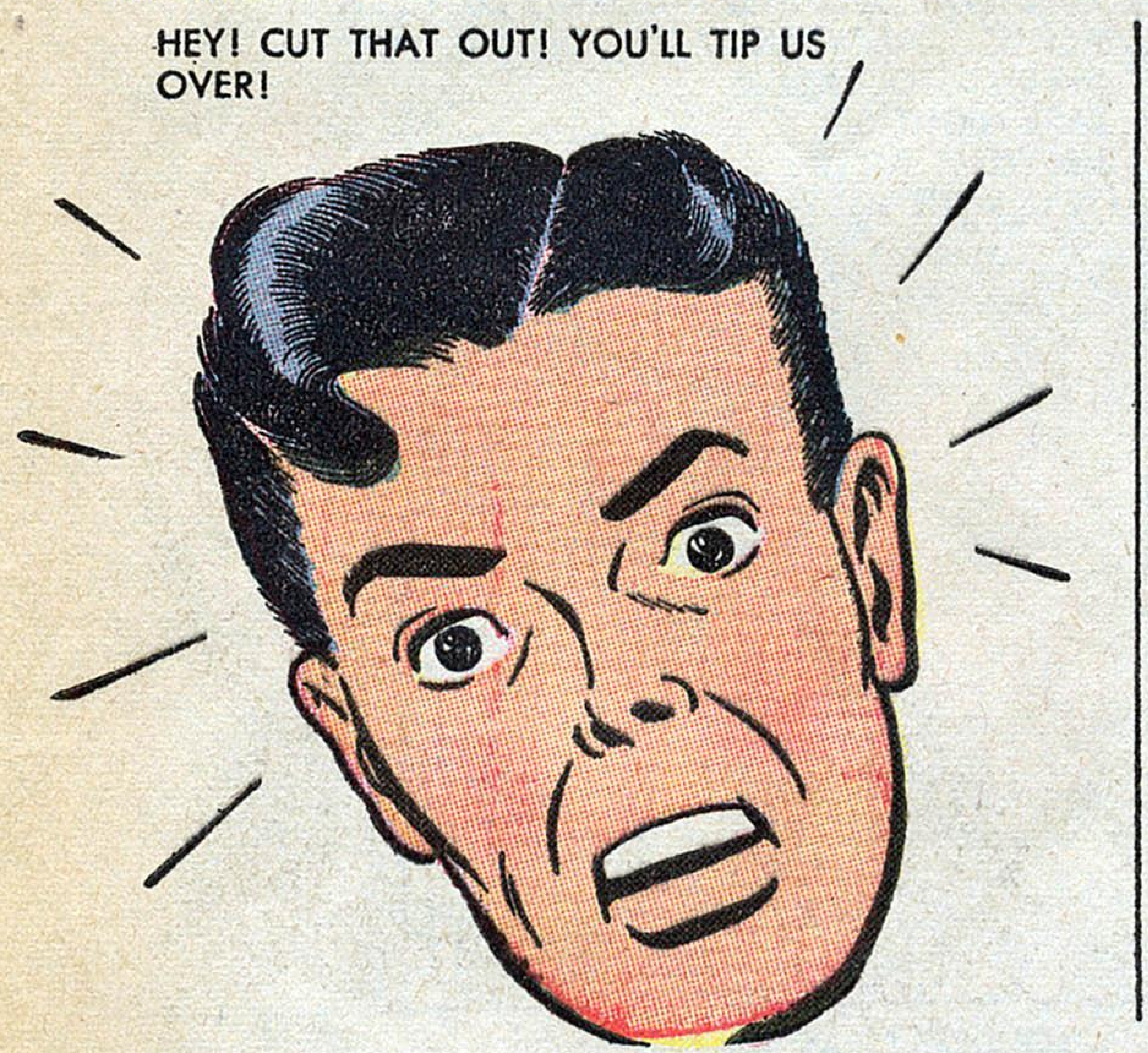
I DON'T SEE WHY I HAVE TO DO THIS.

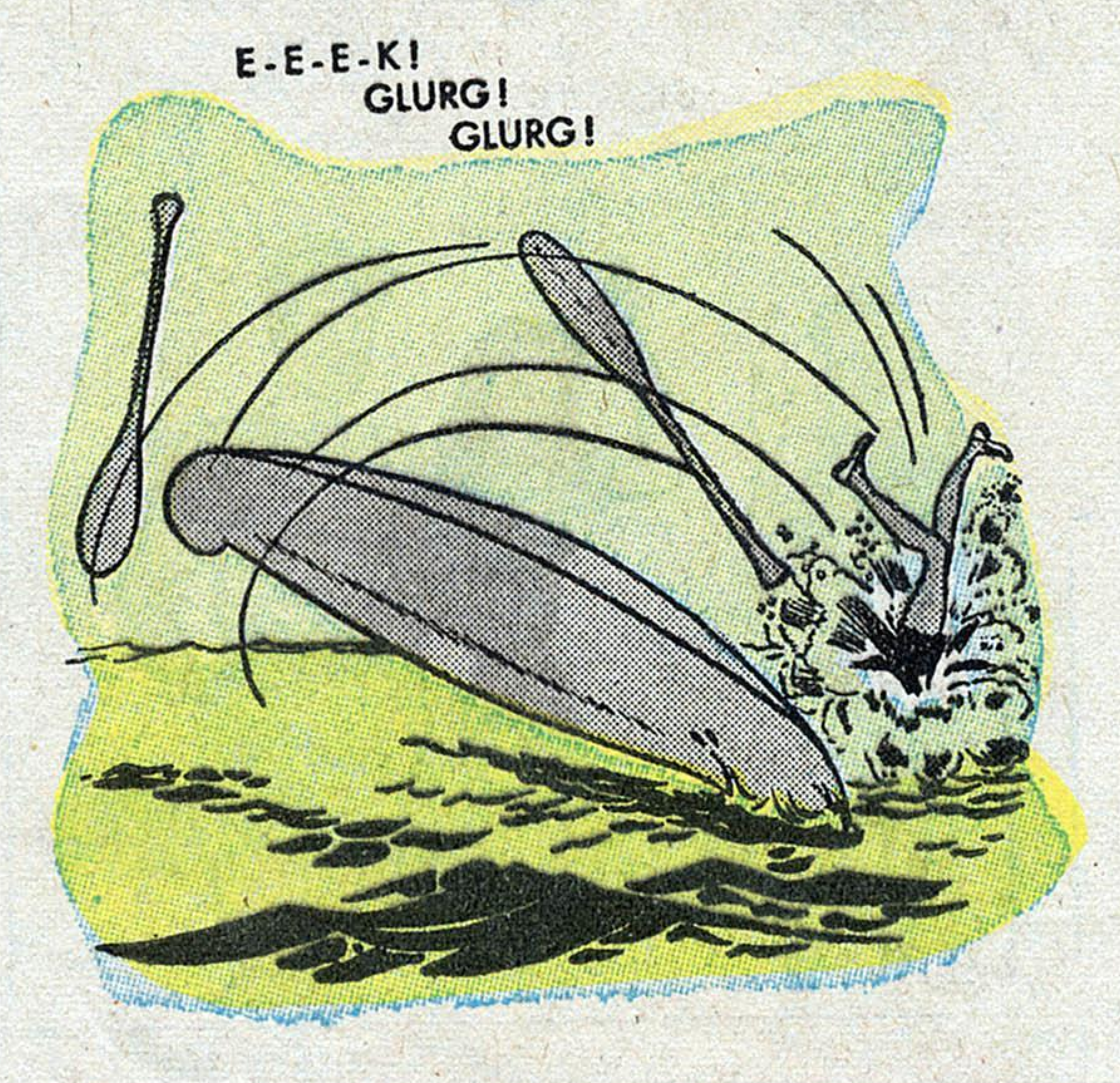
BECAUSE THESE TWO KIDS ARE TOO WORN OUT TO PADDLE!

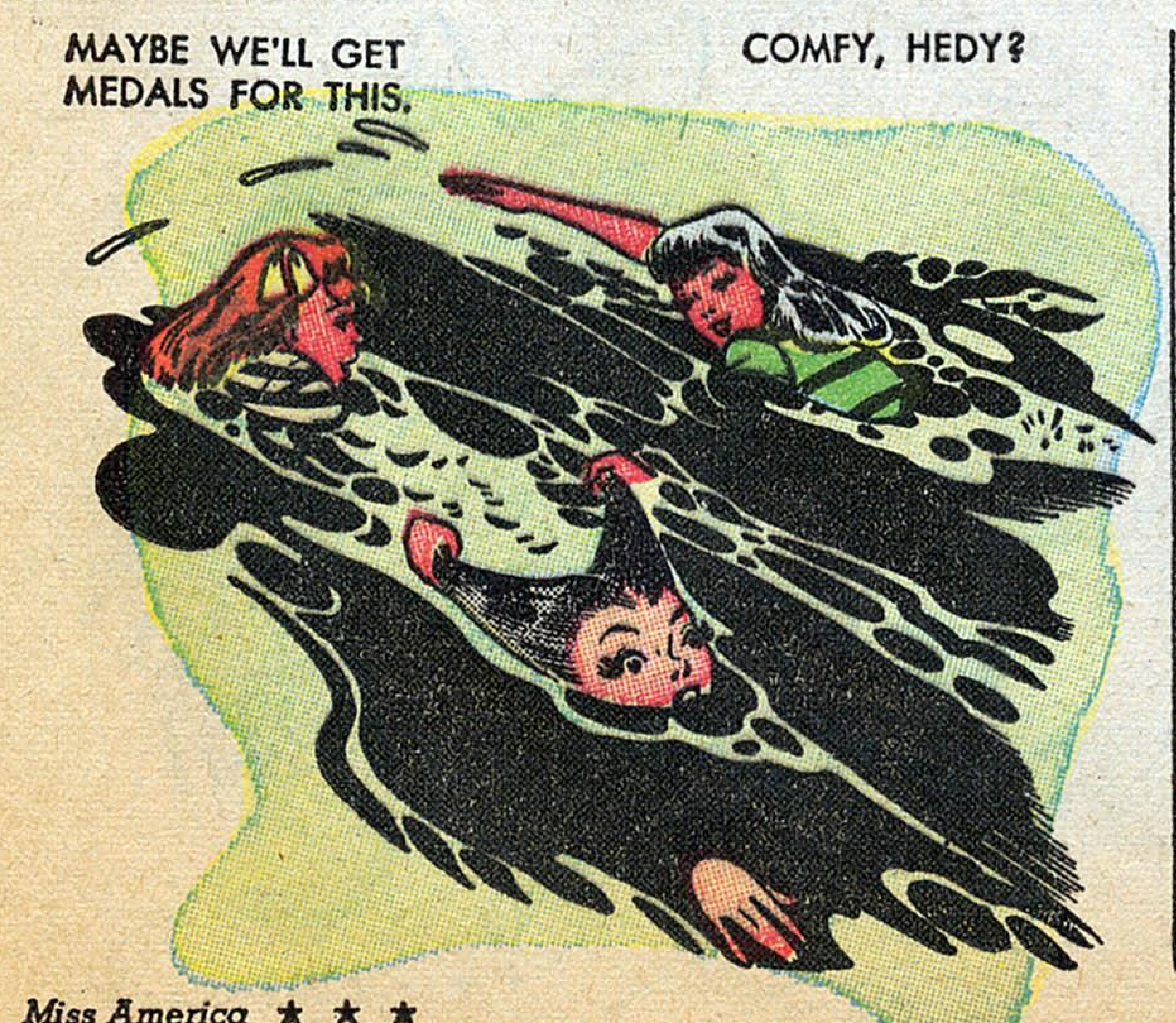


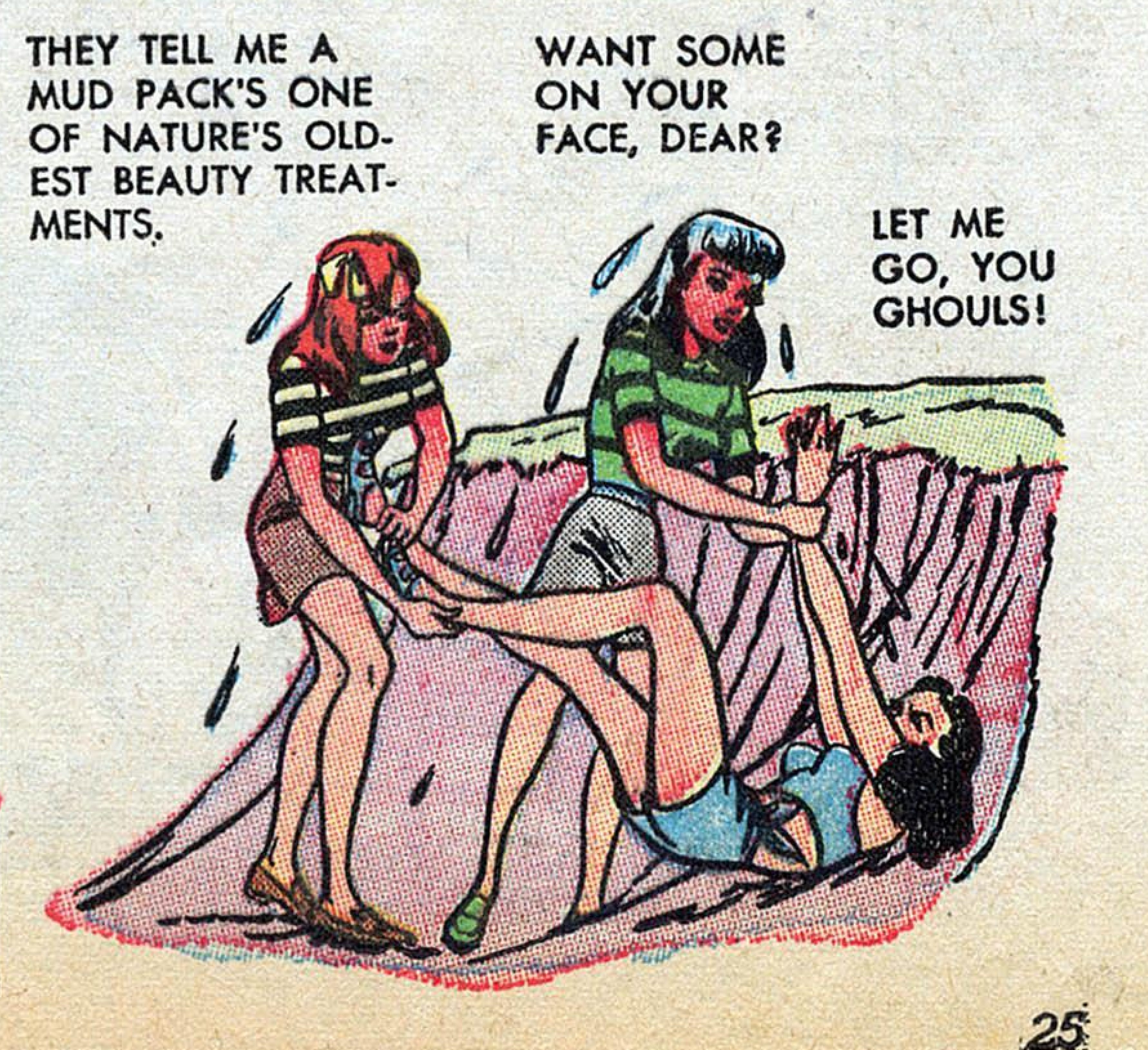

CAN YOU SWIM, HEDY?
A LITTLE — — — I DON'T EXERCISE MUCH — — — IT MAKES ONE SO MUSCULAR.

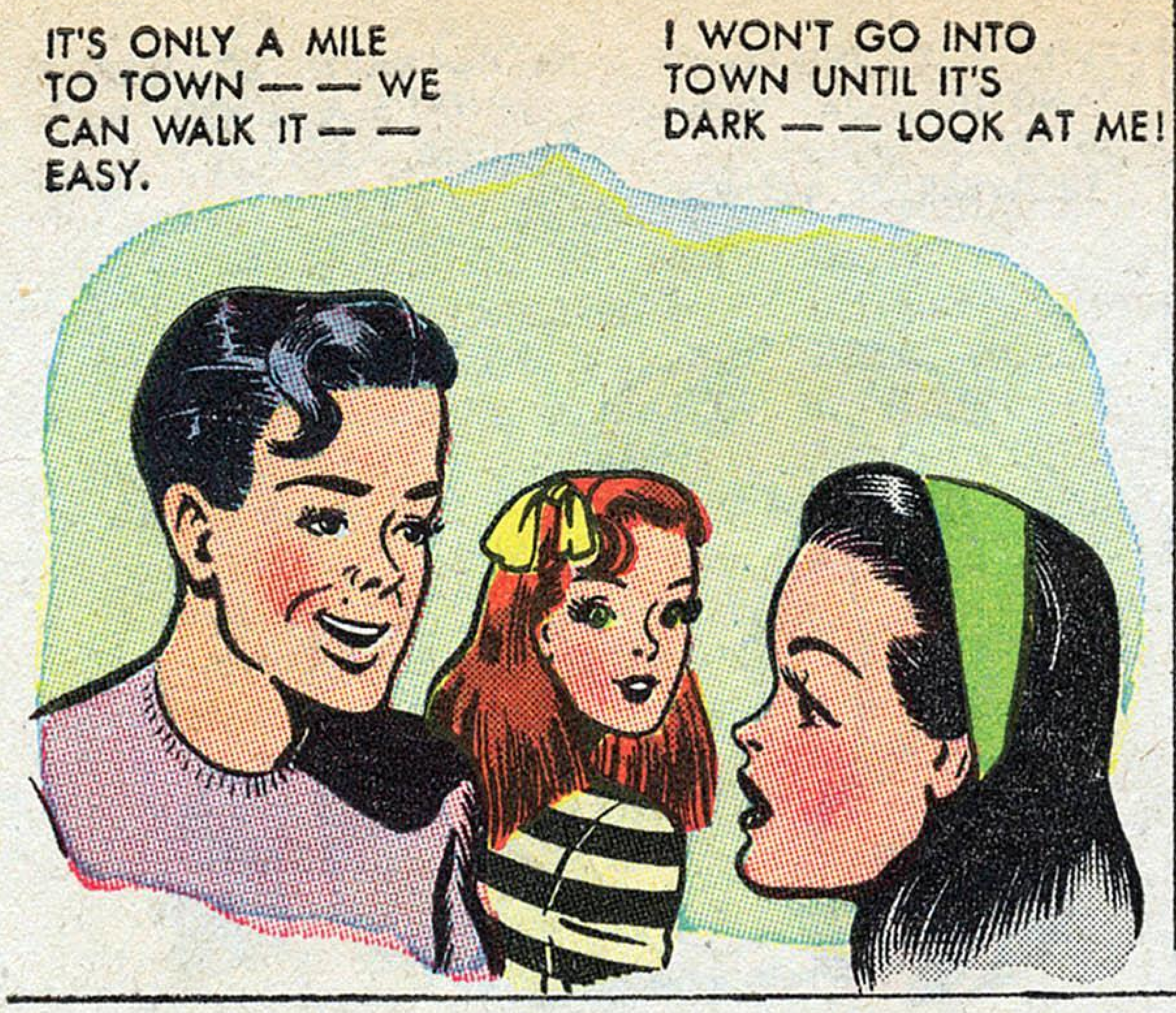

"WE BROKE THE OAR AND THE BOAT WENT DOWN." JOHN TROWBRIDGE, NANCY.
"ROCKABYE, BOATSY" THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, PATSY

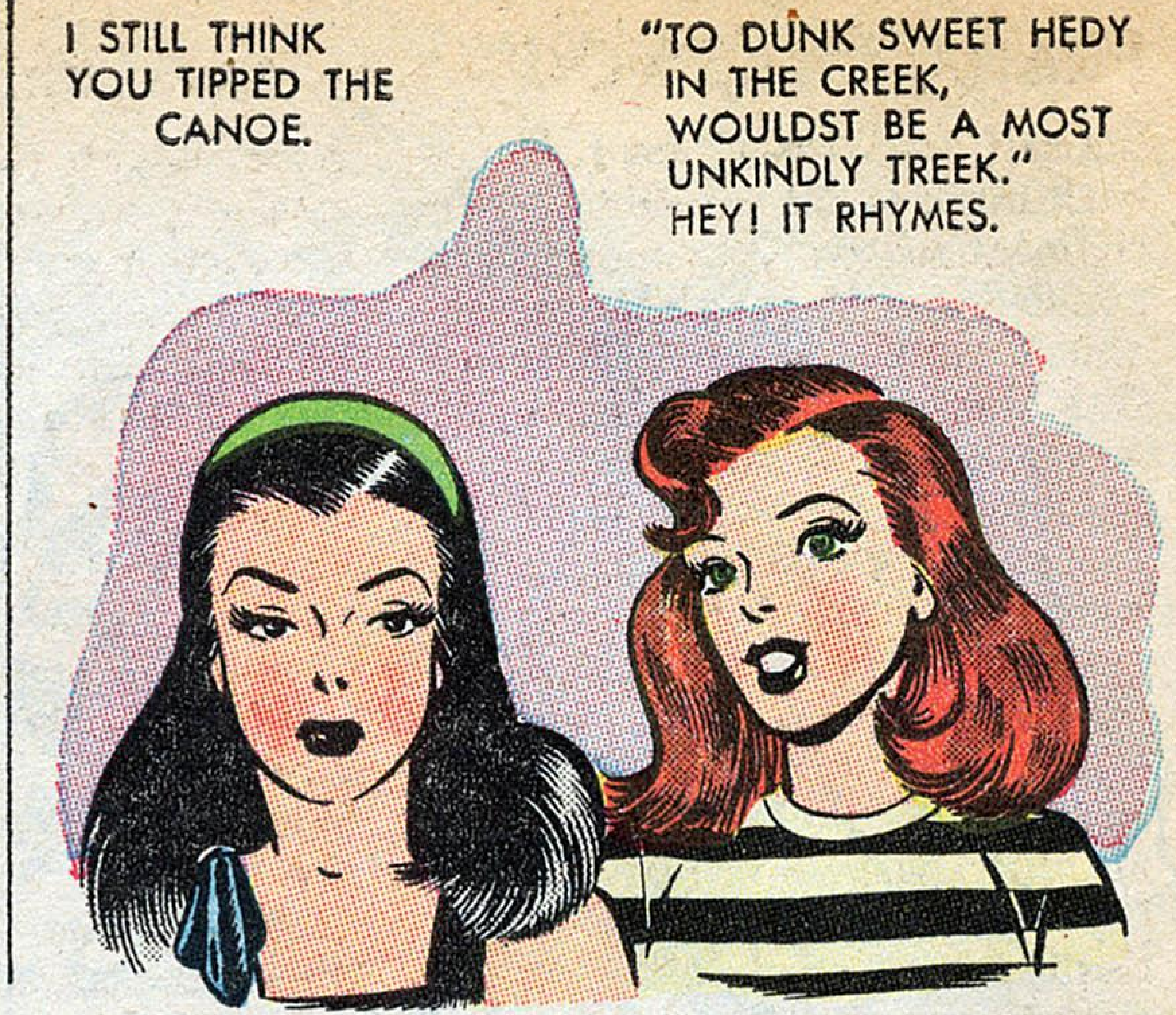

HEY! CUT THAT OUT! YOU'LL TIP US OVER!

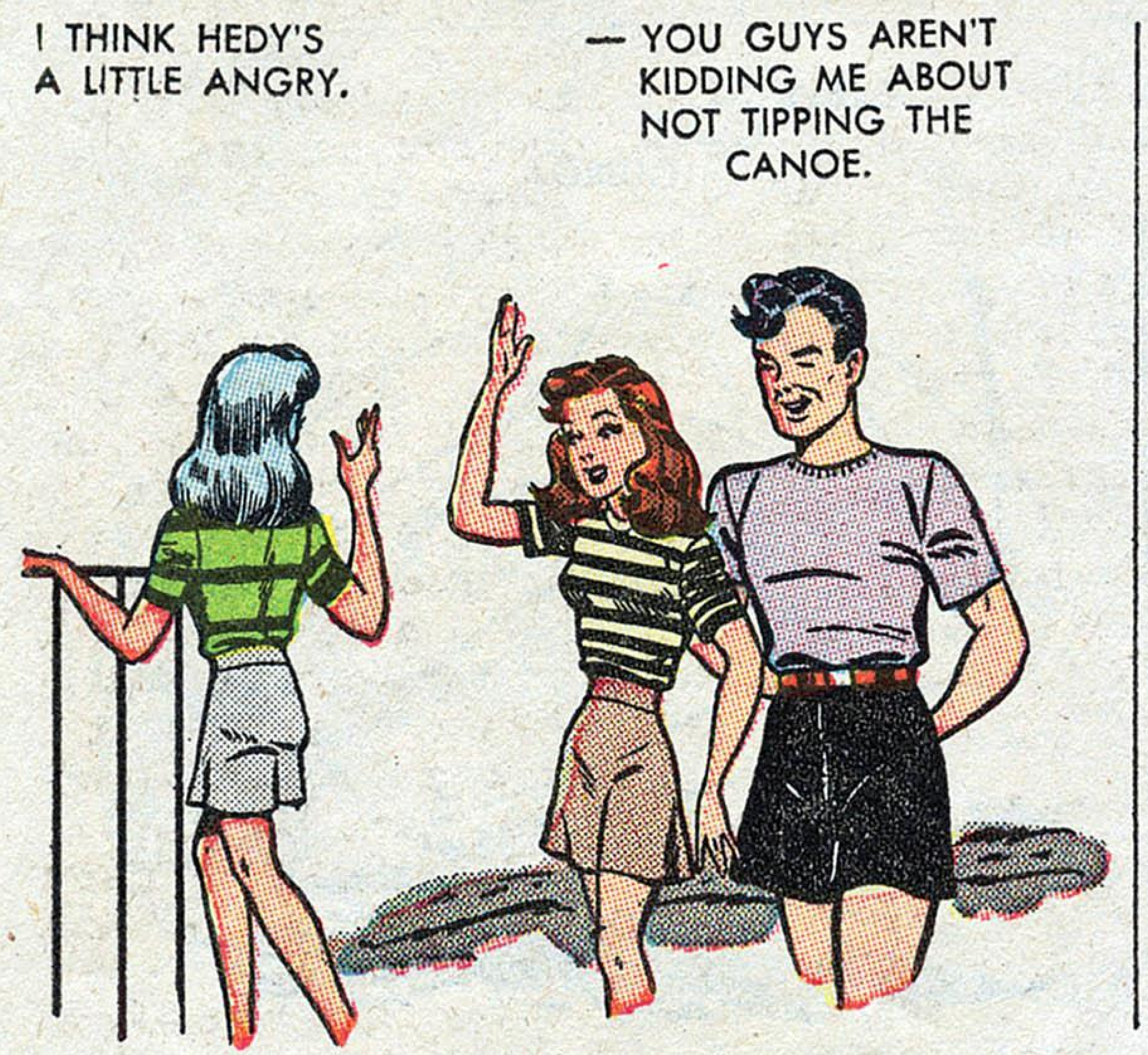

E-E-E-K!
GLURG!
GLURG!

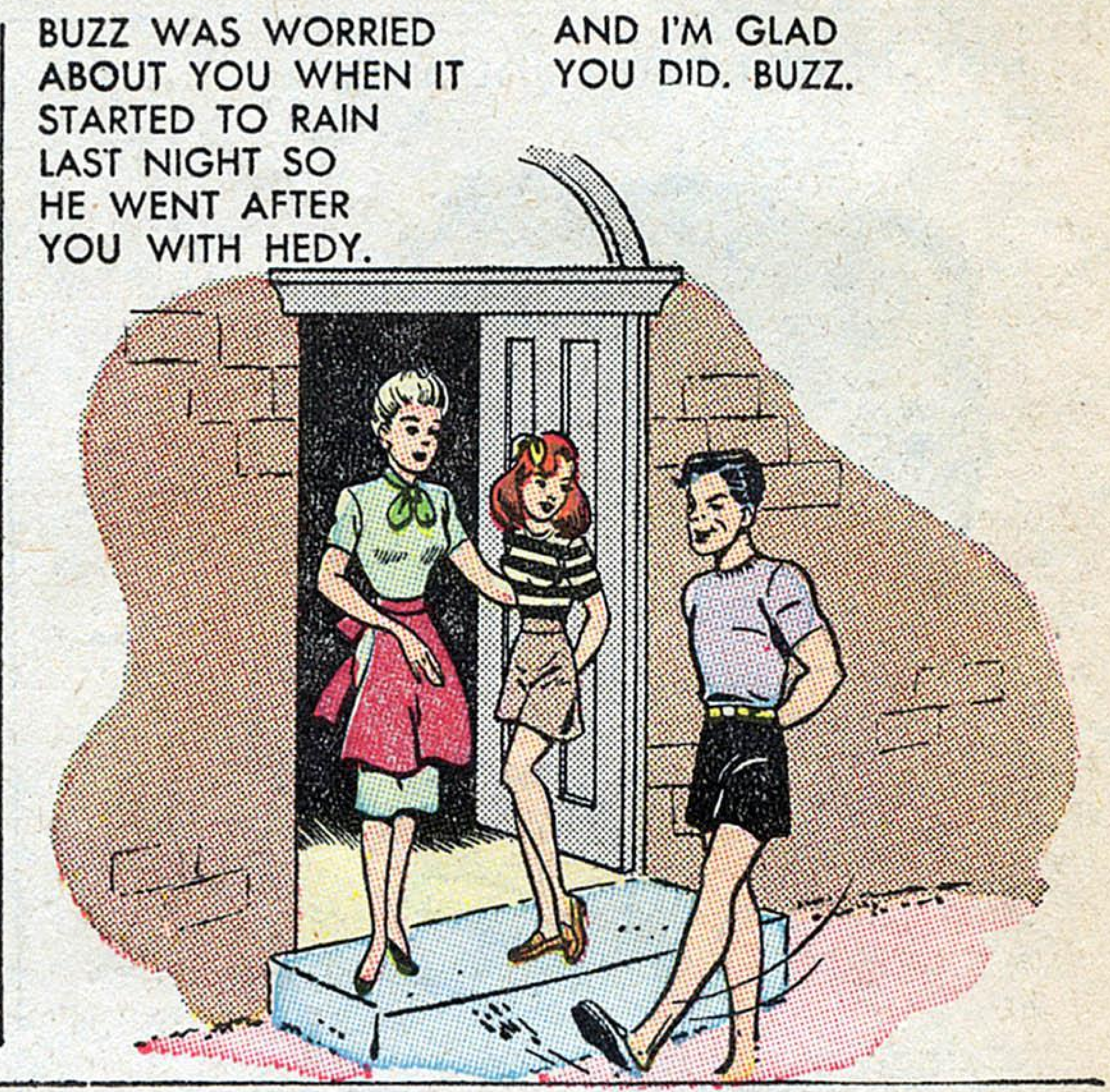

MAYBE WE'LL GET MEDALS FOR THIS.
COMFY, HEDY?


THEY TELL ME A MUD PACK'S ONE OF NATURE'S OLDEST BEAUTY TREATMENTS.
WANT SOME ON YOUR FACE, DEAR?
LET ME GO, YOU GHOULS!

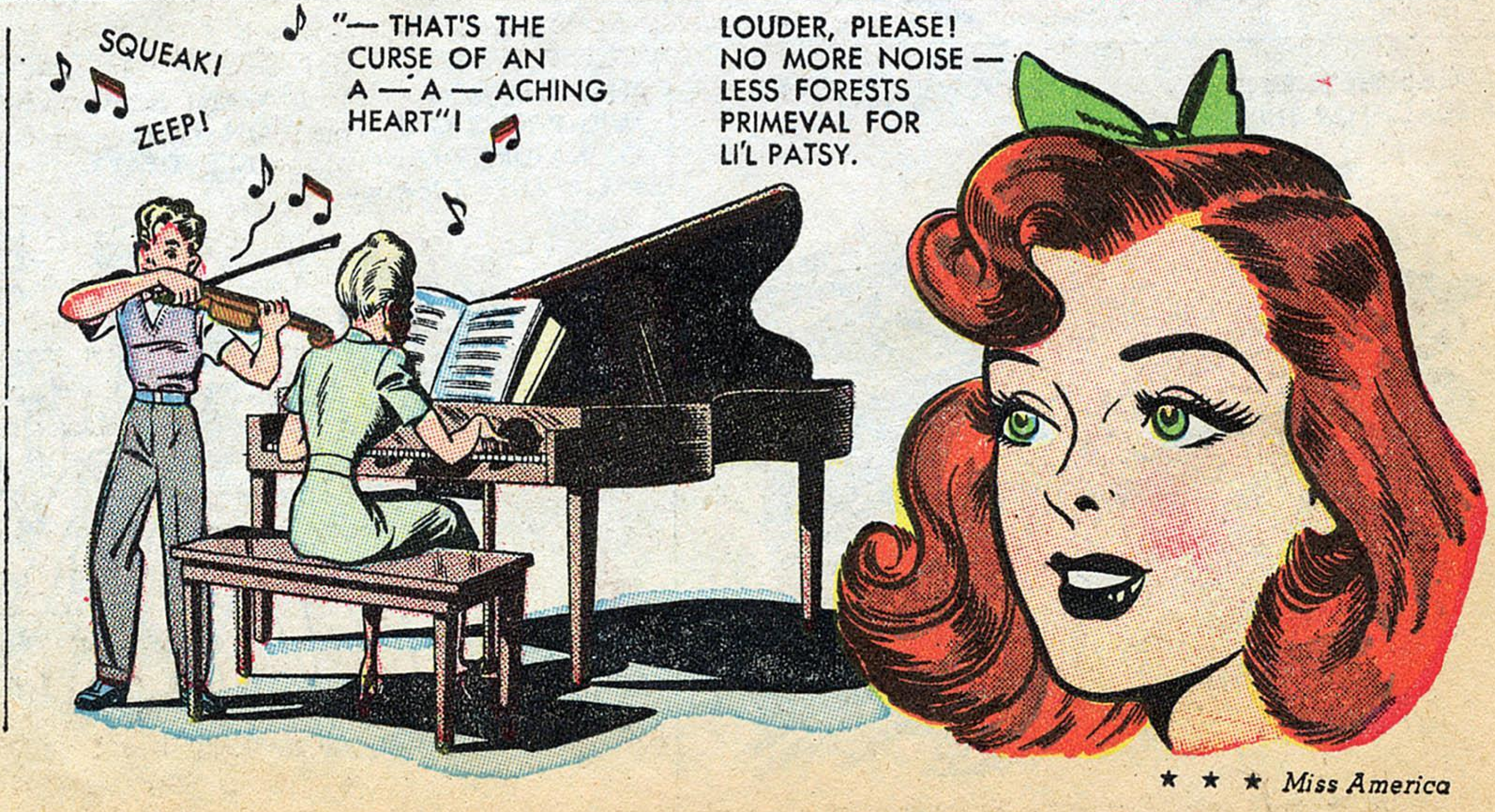

IT'S ONLY A MILE TO TOWN — — WE CAN WALK IT — — EASY.
I WON'T GO INTO TOWN UNTIL IT'S DARK — — LOOK AT ME!


I STILL THINK YOU TIPPED THE CANOE.
"TO DUNK SWEET HEDY IN THE CREEK, WOULDST BE A MOST UNKINDLY TREEK." HEY! IT RHYMES.


I THINK HEDY'S A LITTLE ANGRY.
— YOU GUYS AREN'T KIDDING ME ABOUT NOT TIPPING THE CANOE.


BUZZ WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU WHEN IT STARTED TO RAIN LAST NIGHT SO HE WENT AFTER YOU WITH HEDY.
AND I'M GLAD YOU DID. BUZZ.

NEXT EVENING —


SQUEAK!
ZEEP!
"— THAT'S THE CURSE OF AN A — A — ACHING HEART"!
LOUDER, PLEASE! NO MORE NOISE — LESS FORESTS PRIMEVAL FOR LI'L PATSY.

FRANKIE'S SWOON SONGSTRESS

from page 10

himself and doing love scenes with him for the benefit of their radio audience, you know there could never be any argument about whom Mr. S's Number One Fan might be. "It's absolutely wonderful," she'll tell you, her brown eyes dancing. "Gee, I'm so thrilled I still can't believe it really happened to me—even after all these weeks on the air with him and doing camp shows and things. Every morning when I awaken, I'm almost afraid to open my eyes for fear I'll find out it's all been just a beautiful dream."

But even if Eileen can't seem to realize her own success, you and I both know it's no dream. And it's easy to see why.

Born in Brooklyn, the daughter of touring vaudevillians, Ben and Elsie Barton, Eileen was virtually cradled in a trunk and could actually hum a tune before she could talk. On a dare of Goodman Ace of "Easy Aces," Eileen toddled onto the stage of a Kansas City theater and sang "Ain't Misbehavin'" when she was only three. Proof that her rendition of the tune was slightly terrific is given in the fact that it led to her first important engagement. It brought her an offer from Ted Healy to appear with him at the "Palace" in New York.

At six, Eileen was a seasoned performer. She was featured on a radio show six times weekly, singing three songs on each program, which meant 18 songs a week—quite an accomplishment for such a young artist. Subsequently, she guest-starred on the Rudy Vallee and Eddie Cantor radio shows, and in 1936, Milton Berle signed her to a contract to appear with him on the Gillette Community Sing Show... the program on which she was known as *Jolly Gillette*.

"Then came my 'Chameleon Age'," Eileen's eyes twinkle. "I had to trade the footlights for the Marken School and later Julia Richman High School. But they just couldn't take the words 'show business' out of my vocabulary."

So, finally, Eileen's father, who is now a well-known music publisher, decided that in all fairness, Eileen should have her chance to make a name for herself in the entertainment world. They agreed that she was to go to Hollywood, where she would live with relatives, and try to make the big-time. If at the end of six months, she had been unsuccessful she was to get show business out of her pretty little red head and go to college like a good girl.

So Eileen went to Hollywood—and then it happened! Soon after arriving in the land of make-believe, she guest-starred on the Bob Crosby and Johnny Mercer radio shows. Records were made of her appearance on these, and submitted by her agent to Frank Sinatra when he was looking for a girl vocalist as an addition to his own radio show. Needless to say, Frank listened to a host of other records, too, but Eileen won.

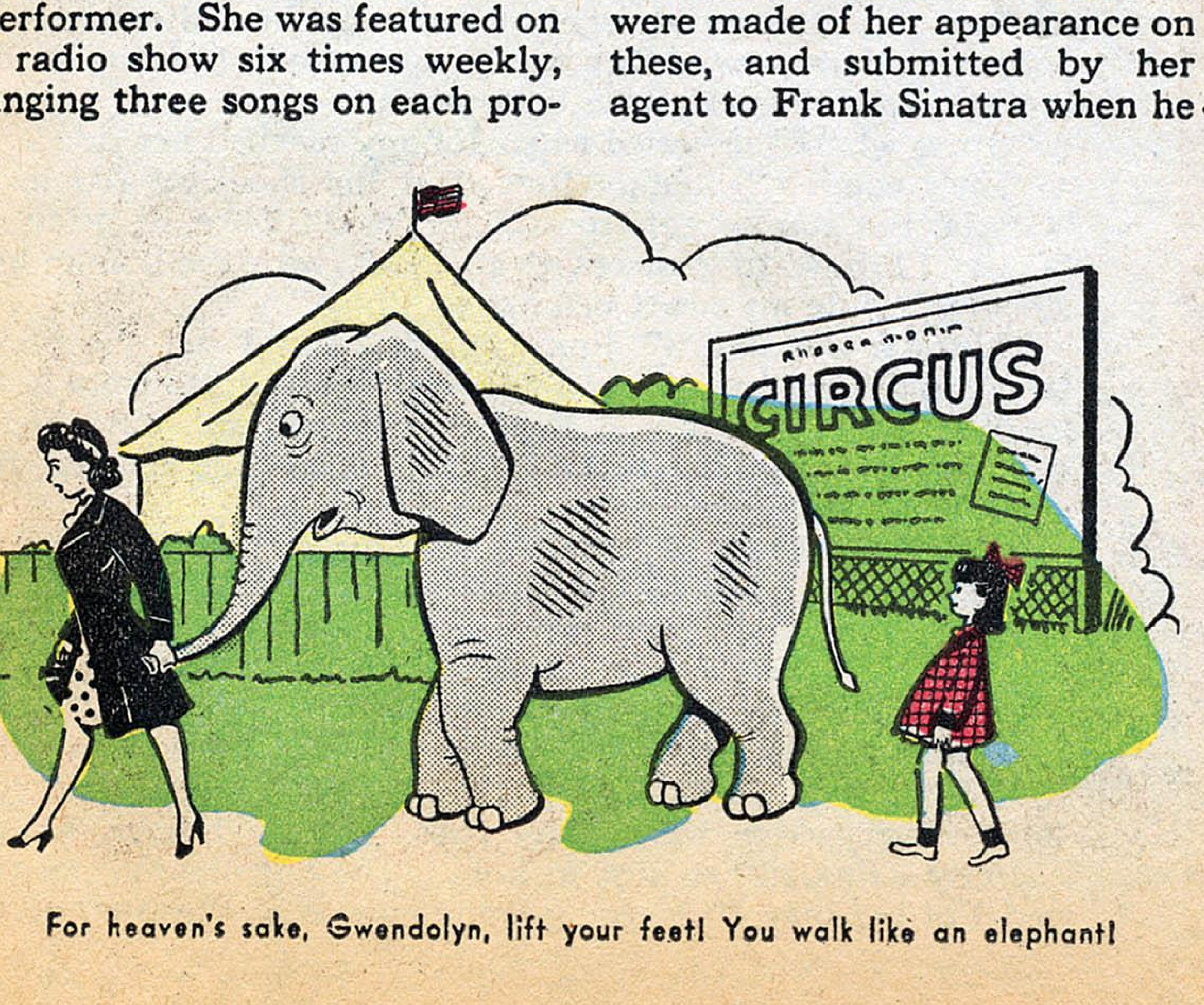
The amazing thing was that although Eileen had known Frank for quite some time, and he had even given her brotherly advice about her career, she did not know that the record was being played for him—and he didn't know it was Eileen Barton to whom he was listening.

Eileen admits that she was more than a little bit afraid that all the teen-age Sinatra fans might not take to her. But her fears were soon allayed. For the fans not only approved of her, but took her immediately to their hearts, as being their personal representative with "their idol." Eileen is truly one of them. She's interested in all the things they are—sports, party dresses, books and fun, and yep—boys. But she'll tell you with a serious air, that there's no real romance in her life. In the first place she believes she's too young, and besides there's a lot of hard work ahead of her and a goal to be attained. For Eileen has *ambitions*. "I want to be a really wonderful actress—musical comedy, sure, but I do so wish I could really act like Bette Davis, or Greer Garson," she says, puckering her brow.

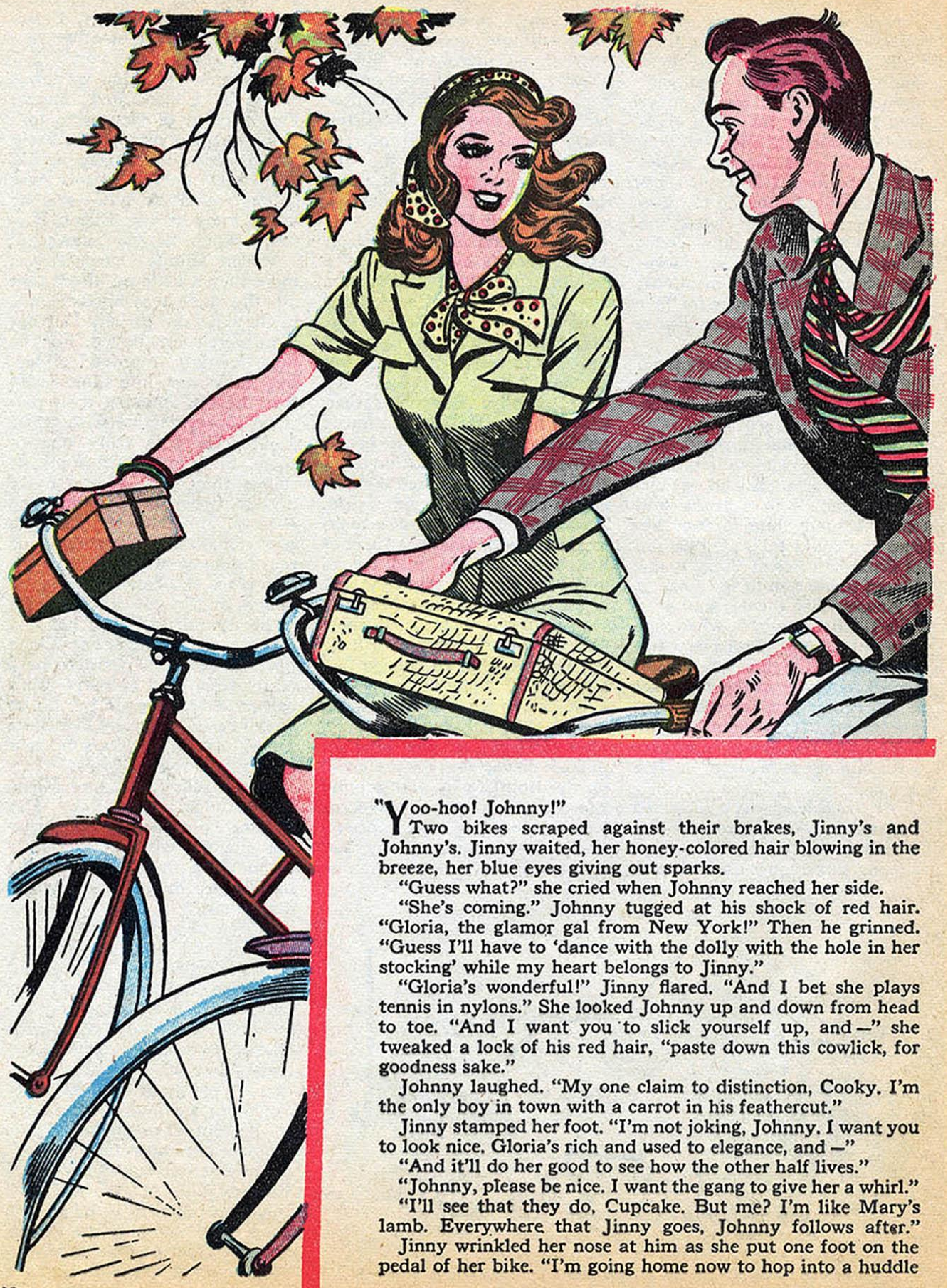
And in her spare time Eileen is studying dramatics. Her mother continues to supervise her singing lessons. She likes to find time for bowling, and the movies are one of her favorite diversions.

Eileen designs most of her own clothes. She likes colorful sports clothes best of all, but says the most fun—and the most work is in designing the gowns for her stage appearances. She likes "glamorous" gowns, but wisely realizes that there is plenty of time for wearing those when she is older, so at present she sticks to pale blues in net and ruffles.

Dreams and ambitions—sure Eileen's got 'em. We all have. But it's wonderful to be able to keep your head in the clouds and both feet planted firmly on the ground at the same time.



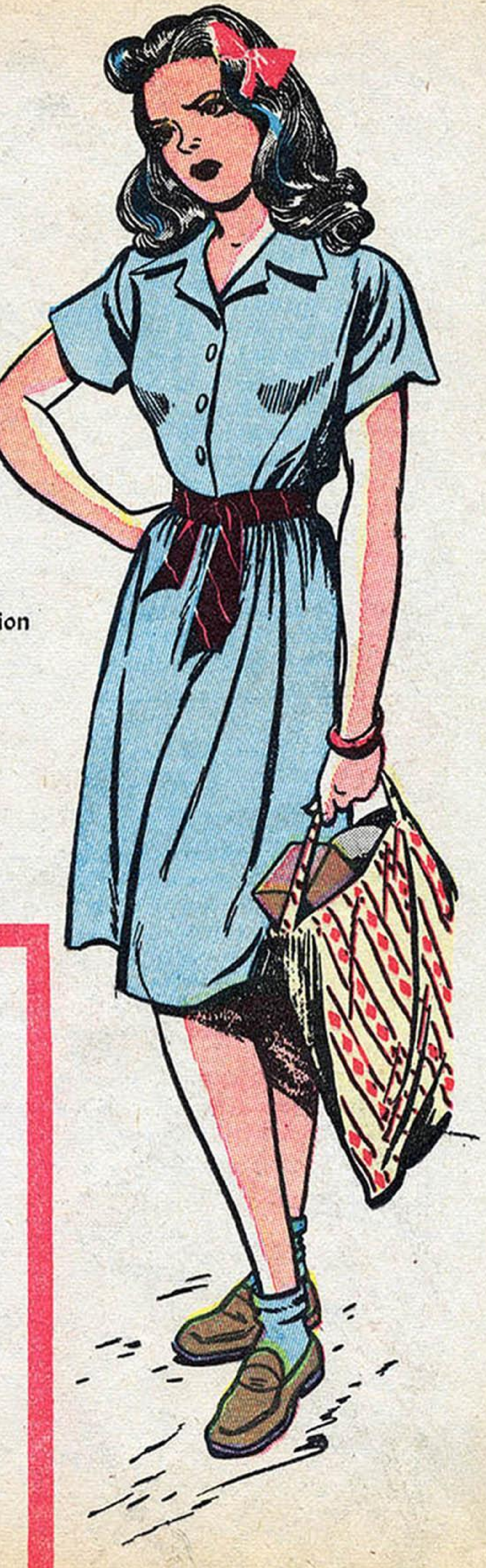
For heaven's sake, Gwendolyn, lift your feet! You walk like an elephant!



Romance and Ration Blues...

by Frank Martin Webber

Rationing, of all things, plus, we admit, a pretty bundle of confection called Gloria — almost ruined a perfectly beautiful romance . . . This yarn has plenty of food for thought and vice versa —



Jinny's hands were fists and her teeth were clenched when she saw Johnny and Gloria ride off on their bikes side by side. "I'll show 'em" she vowed . . .

"Yoo-hoo! Johnny!"

Two bikes scraped against their brakes, Jinny's and Johnny's. Jinny waited, her honey-colored hair blowing in the breeze, her blue eyes giving out sparks.

"Guess what?" she cried when Johnny reached her side.

"She's coming." Johnny tugged at his shock of red hair. "Gloria, the glamor gal from New York!" Then he grinned. "Guess I'll have to 'dance with the dolly with the hole in her stocking' while my heart belongs to Jinny."

"Gloria's wonderful!" Jinny flared. "And I bet she plays tennis in nylons." She looked Johnny up and down from head to toe. "And I want you to slick yourself up, and —" she tweaked a lock of his red hair, "paste down this cowlick, for goodness sake."

Johnny laughed. "My one claim to distinction, Cooky. I'm the only boy in town with a carrot in his feathercut."

Jinny stamped her foot. "I'm not joking, Johnny. I want you to look nice. Gloria's rich and used to elegance, and —"

"And it'll do her good to see how the other half lives."

"Johnny, please be nice. I want the gang to give her a whirl."

"I'll see that they do, Cupcake. But me? I'm like Mary's lamb. Everywhere that Jinny goes, Johnny follows after."

Jinny wrinkled her nose at him as she put one foot on the pedal of her bike. "I'm going home now to hop into a huddle with Mother about the dinner menu. Tonight at my house at seven. Don't be late. But if you come with that cowlick pointing toward heaven, I'm going to pull it out by the roots."

"On me it looks good!" Johnny yelled as Jinny rolled down the walk, not touching the handlebars to show Johnny she'd mastered that trick.

"But, Mother," she wailed fifteen minutes later across the kitchen table while her mother leafed through the pages of the cook book. "I want a bang-up dinner. Gloria's used to elegance."

"New York, Jinny, is on the same rationing basis that we are," she said with a smile. "Here, darling, is something I think we can manage. A casserole of sweetbreads and mushrooms with cream sauce. We'll spend our points for butter."

"Casserole!" Jinny moaned. "Mother, this is a party! I want flowers and candles, and the big silver platter for roast beef, and chocolate soufflé with kisses."

"Roast beef and sugar! Virginia Ann Blake, don't you know there's a war on?"

"Of course, I know it, but we could have a decent dinner if you'd try."

"Hello!" a deep bass voice called from the hall, and Jinny's father pushed open the swinging door. "Got to go upstate for a couple of days. You girls going to

(*Continued on page* 66)

HEY, FRECKLES

From page 19

perfect her features may be. Vitamin C is the one thing you've got to have in order to be healthy, energetic and appealing. How many freckled boys or girls do you see who are down in the dumps and haven't any pep? Not many! The freckle-making glands are busy feeding you energy and giving you what it takes to keep eyes bright, lips red, hair gleamy. So if you're paying in freckles for the charm that vitality gives you, don't worry—you're not being gypped!

Scientific experiments in the United States and abroad have demonstrated that many hitherto unfreckled damsels who were listless, dull and a general bore to themselves and to the world, developed freckles when they were fed on a diet rich in Vitamin C—such as oatmeal, orange juice, etc. But they also developed energy, bright eyes, clear skin, and a healthy interest in people, places, things.

Incidentally, freckles have bedecked the beauteous phizzes of some of the world's most fascinating females, past and present. Cleopatra was one of those auburn-haired ladies descended from the Greek Ptolemies, and Mark Anthony's wife, who was dark, insisted that Cleo had freckles. Queen Guinevere, wife of King Arthur of the Round Table, and famed as the loveliest femme in the world, had the great Sir Lancelot—who was the Robert Taylor-Clark Gable-Frank Sinatra of his day all rolled into one—walking in circles and talking to himself; she was red-haired and carried a dusting of freckles athwart her fair nose. Mary Queen of Scots was fair and freckled — and she had the Scotchmen spending money. Queen Elizabeth of England was probably no beauty, but she was another freckled red-head whose tremendous vitality and energy kept the whole country hopping.

So if you find your youthful energies on the increase, and if it means another freckle or three peeping shyly out into the world from your invigorated arms or face, don't let it worry you. They're paying their way.

Incidentally—if that boy across the street, who's on his high school football team now and looks plenty good to you—if he still calls you Freckles it's likely he is saying it with a different intonation. Maybe it's worth while investigating. Anyhow, it's a good idea to keep in your mind: when anyone says freckles, or when you see freckles, just say to yourself, "OOMPH!" That's what they mean, and you've got science behind you to back you up.

On Your Toes...

There's nothing more precious or glorious than youth . . . golden, gorgeous, gay youth. There's a magic wonderfulness of leaving baby days behind and emerging, hour by hour, day by day, into a new awareness of life that throbs with a vital, exciting experience. When you reach your teens your mind is suddenly alerted to — well, dreams, plans, hopes, ambitions for a Tomorrow that is thrust upon you all too soon — a Tomorrow that will find you taking your place in the world as a useful, important citizen.

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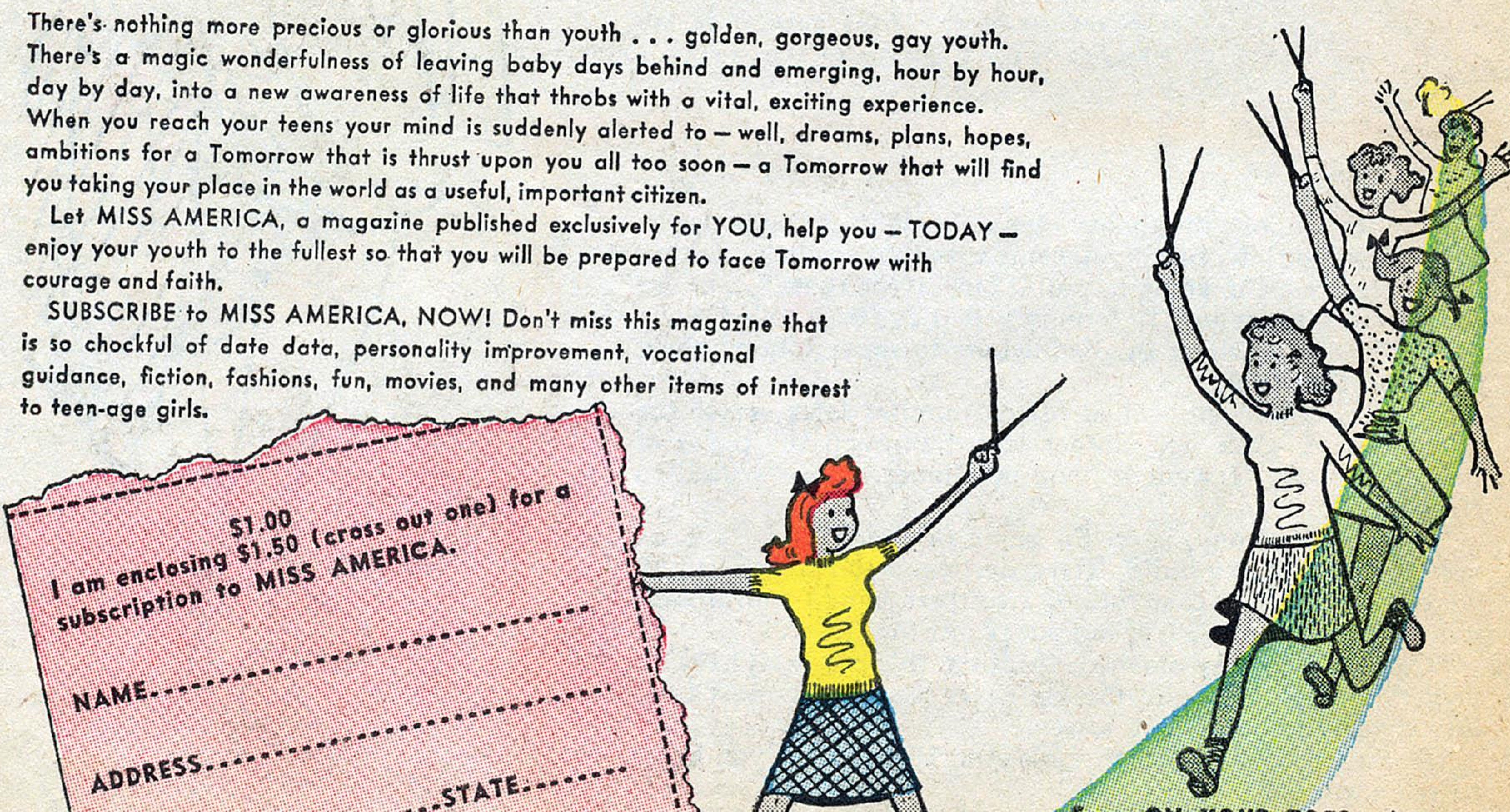

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Okay, have yourself a good cry and see where and what it'll get you...The answers are "nowhere" and "red, puffy eyes"...This is all about Joe jilting you for Jane...Now read on...

Melancholy Baby...

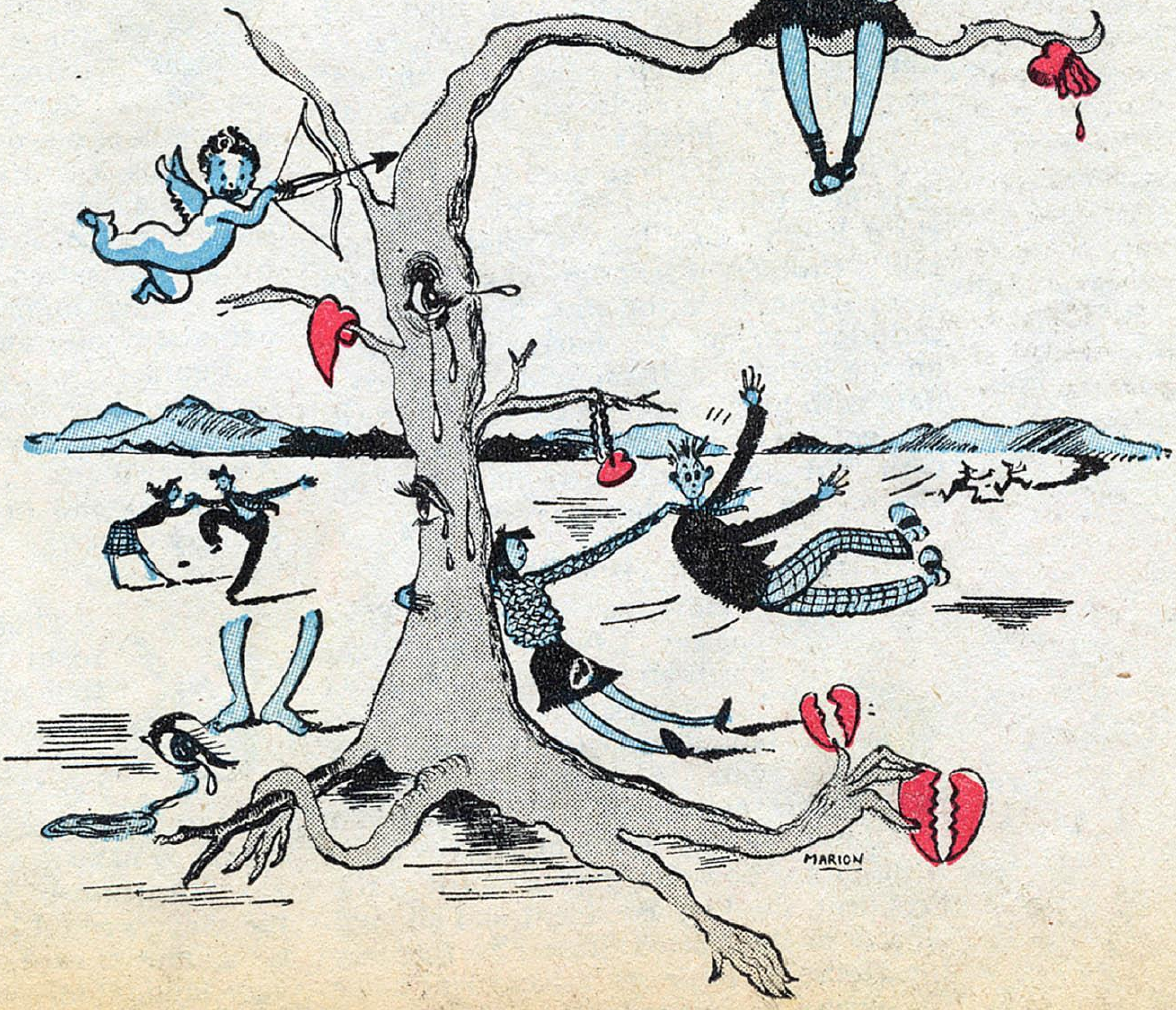
By Helene Wanderman

SNIFF! Baw! Boo-hoo!

C'mon, cutie, suck the lower lip in, blow your nose, and get on the ball. For weeks now, you've been playing the "he loves me—he loves me not—he loves me—he loves me NOT" game, and gosh, if it doesn't always end on the same "NOT"! Miserable? You coined the word. Low? You're closer to the ground than a dachshund's tummy. You're beat to your socks. You, my dear, are a woman, scorned!

Now what? What does a slick chick do when the fella her heart beats for would rather shoot the breeze with the boys than take her juke-box jumpin'. What good is getting the wolf call from the corner gang when *he* dates the blonde down the block? Oh, murder! Wide and watery go your big blues. Glum goes your mouth. Voom, voom, go your spirits. What good is anything, anyhow?

Now, pretty puss, this little routine of yours is going to net you one big zero. Not only are you driving everyone around you beserk, but you're not even doing your (*Continued on page* 55)



Tricky Tests for Teens

WARNING!

BRAIN STORM COMING AT YOU!

BE PREPARED WITH PROFESSOR PANSER'S ANSWERS . . .

By Martin Panser

ENGLISH

To be socially adequate, a lassie must speak correctly, precisely, appropriately and expressively. That's a pretty large order for one lesson, but let us see what we can do to fill it. If her boy friend is well educated but otherwise a dodo, she'd be speaking incorrectly if she called him intelligent. Intelligence is a natural attribute that may be present in the uneducated. If he played the piano in a manner that made her swoon, she would be correct if she called him a superb musician, but she would not be precise. To be precise she'd have to call him a superb pianist. You can see how much clearer that is to the listener. If she were describing him to her prof at college she'd be speaking inappropriately if she said: "Brother, he sends me when he tickles those ivories." On the other hand, this description might be fairly appropriate among jitterbugs. If she said, "I wanted a date with him," she'd be telling the truth, but not very expressively. Compare that with "I'd give anything to have him invite me out." See what we mean?

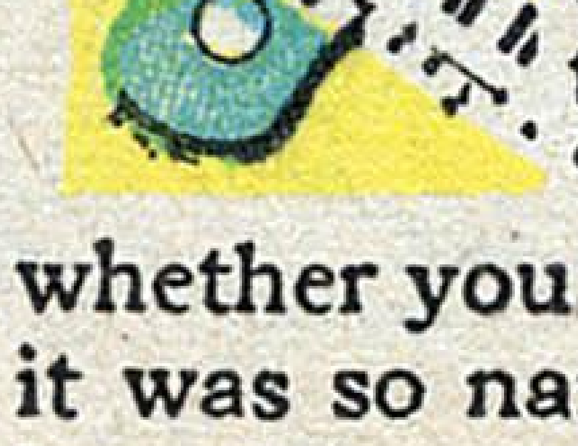
HISTORY

Have you ever heard anyone say, "Now, that so-and-so has been elected, he can do as he pleases. He doesn't care about us now that he has Dad's vote." Well, it's not as simple as that. Our forefathers were smarter than you think, for they put right into the Constitution the power of impeachment of the President, the Vice-President and all civil officers of the United States. Fortunately the House of Representatives, which has the power to impeach, and the Senate, which has the power to try those who have been impeached, have rarely had to exercise this power. Only one President, Andrew Johnson, was impeached, and he was acquitted by the Senate. In the entire history of our nation only four officials were removed after impeachment. It's a record to flaunt before certain cynics and scoffers.

GEOGRAPHY

When people speak of Boulder Dam or Grand Coulee Dam, don't get the notion that there are only a few great dams in the United States merely because only these two and perhaps one or two more are known to you. This is a great engineering country and it contains 52 of them. These dams provide power, make navigation possible, furnish irrigation for agriculture. They have helped immeasurably to add to our national wealth and security. The biggest is Boulder Dam, 726 feet high, with a capacity of ten and a half million gallons. Read about the construction of the great American dams; these are fascinating stories indeed and help you to know your country better.

MUSIC



That piano in your living room is really a pianoforte, as though you didn't know. But did you know that the literal translation of pianoforte is "soft-loud"? Well, it is, whether you knew it or not, and the reason it was so named was that it was the first keyed instrument which, by the touch of the player, could be made to run the entire gamut of expression from very soft to very loud. Oddly enough, the pianoforte was conceived by (*Continued on page 48*)

Call of the Wilds...

Going camping? You'll want to read this article before you pack your slacks and stuff...

TAKE a deep breath!

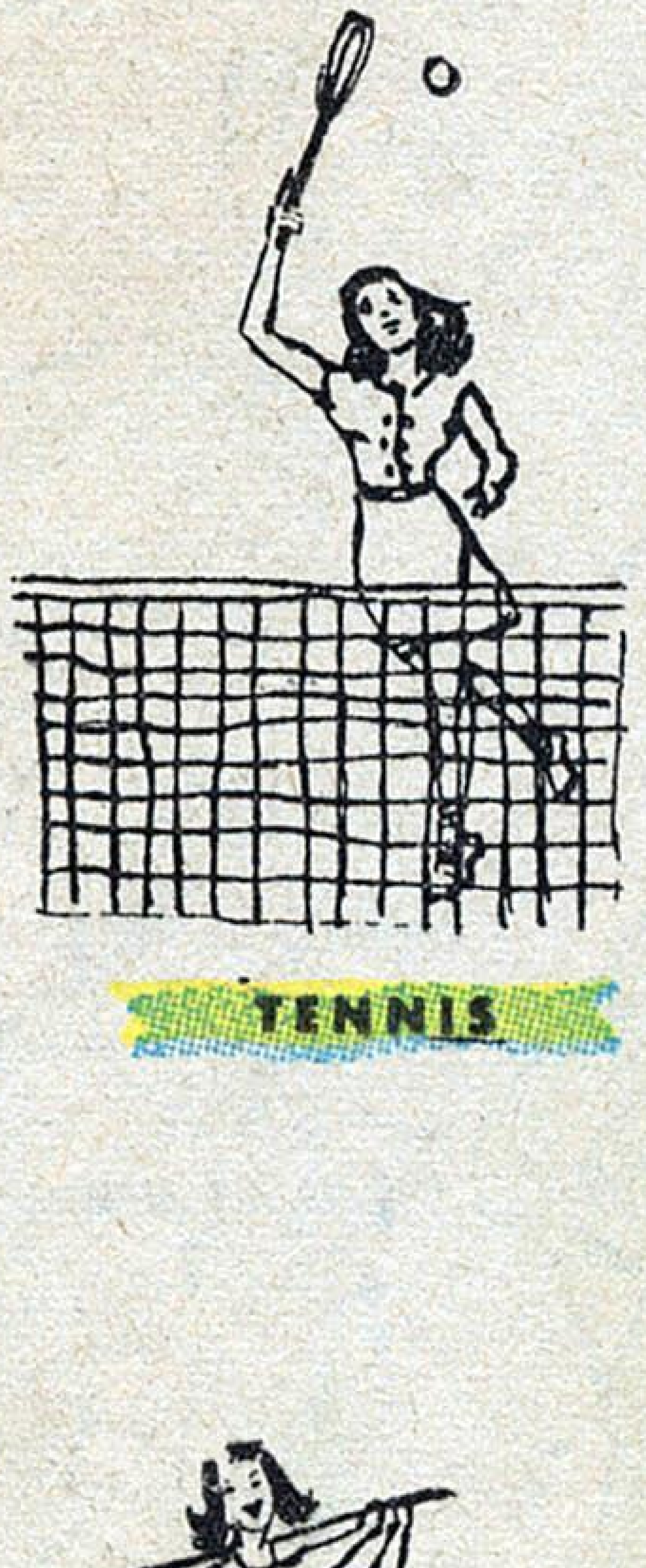
Winter was fun—ice skating, skiing, tobogganing and all that. But now the snow's melted, the sun's like a warm friendly hand on your bare head, and all sorts of new green things are crowding up through the moist earth. Spring's here, you feel breathlessly different all over—and your skylarking thoughts go romping ahead to Summer.

Summer! School will be out—you've been checking off the days on your calendar—and then vacation! Magic word! Long free weeks with infinite possibilities. What are you going to do with them?

Maybe you're hearing the call of the wilds? Maybe, for the first time, you're thinking of shaking off city dust and heading for camp? You're poring over folders, sniffing the sea one moment, climbing mountains the next, or diving deep into a clear inland lake—oh, you feel very fit and athletic and definitely nature-loving! You examine the pictures on the folders, the cabins or tents where the campers live, the rustic view of the Main Lodge, the laughing group of last year's campers on the beach—and you wonder sort of breathlessly what camp will really be like. (*Continued on page* 56)

By Julie Easton

BOATING



TENNIS

GOLFING

HIKING

SWIMMING

Dear Betty Ann—

Gosh! Vicky, Hollywood High's sub-deb, tells Betty Ann about her meeting with handsome screen star Eric Sinclair . . . It all happened when . . .

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Betts: I've just met the most terrific boy! He's an honest-to-goodness movie star! Just think -- and maybe he'll be calling me up -- most any day! It could happen -- but easy.

Now, Betty Ann I know just what you are thinking. You think I am dreaming. Well, maybe I am. But there, I pinched myself -- and ouch! -- I'm not.

I always thought that if I could land Rusty (Rusty Bramwell The Third) exclusively -- I wouldn't even take Frankie -- providing Nancy Sinatra tired of him. Which of course she won't. But I guess I'm fickle -- that is, just a little -- because just when I have Rusty actually calling me on the telephone and taking me for dates, without me first having to campaign and maneuver him into doing it, what happens? I meet Eric Sinclair. Remember him in "Song of the Open Road"? And with Janie Withers in "Faces in the Fog"?

He's a real leading man, and just my type, too. And when I think of seeing him on the screen, and that maybe he'll be calling me up on the telephone and asking me for a date -- well, Betty, I just positively almost swoon. At least, I get goose pimples!

I can just hear Pops answering the telephone, "Why yes, this is the Dunford residence. Miss Dunford? Yes, I will call her." Then, "Vicky, you're wanted on the telephone. And don't talk for an hour. The limit is five minutes. Remember other people have calls coming in. You've got to respect other people living here!"

That's Pops, Betty Ann, always lecturing just a little. But Pops means well. Because honest, you know how it is. Sally and I get on the telephone, and once when no one was at home, we began talking at seven. I remember the radio had just gonged the time -- and the next thing I knew it was gonging ten o'clock! And to us, it seemed just like five minutes. Oh, Betts, if you and I could talk on the telephone! Wouldn't it be wonderful if long distance rates from Hollywood to New York were cheaper, or something!

Well, I started to tell you about Eric Sinclair. Rusty carried my books home from school Friday night. And he said, "After supper, how about me coming over and taking you for a walk. We might drop into the Sugar Bowl and have a malt."

I told Rusty that I would be delighted. I always love to go in for a malt, seeing's how Lana Turner was first discovered sipping a malt at a soda fountain.

Rusty called for me about seven-thirty, and even he observed my new make-up and hair-do. As you know, I am in a Lauren Bacall mood. I am wearing my hair exactly like her's these days, sort of drooped over one side of my face, but not quite like Veronica Lake's. And I'm making up my mouth so it's sultry, and for weeks I've been practicing talking down in my throat so I will have that low, soft, velvety voice.

Well, Rusty and I were sipping our chocolate malts and listening to the juke box that was playing "Rum and Coco-Cola." And some kids, that we didn't know, were singing some extra verses they had made up. Cute, too. And I

(Continued on page 36)

Dear Betty Ann

From page 35

kept looking at one of them—and suddenly I knew it. He was Eric Sinclair.

Betts, I just couldn't let such an opportunity slip away—of making his acquaintance. No wonder Jane Withers sort of goes for him—that is, she always gives him lots of dates. Remember that terrific story about Jane and Eric in SCREEN STARS Magazine last summer, and all of those pictures taken of them in Jane's swimming pool?

I said to Rusty, "That is Eric Sinclair." And Rusty shrugged his shoulders and said. "Nice guy. So what?"

"I'd certainly like to make his acquaintance," I said.

"Well, I don't know how you are going to do that," Rusty replied. "Besides, Vicky, you are with me. And when a girl's with me, she doesn't go casting sheep-eyes at other guys. Now, see?"

I did see, and I could respect Rusty's rights up to a certain point. But, too, there I was facing the fact that opportunity was waiting for me to grab it, and I should do something about it.

It just goes to show you how Fate works. And how Fate had intended Eric and me to meet. After we had finished our malts, Rusty reached into his pocket to pay for them—and then he began frantically going through all his pockets. Then his face went red and he said to me, "Vicky, have you got any money?"

"Of course, I have money, but not with me, silly," I said. "After all, this is you taking me on a date—not me taking you."

Rusty sat there silent for a few minutes—and then he said, "Vicky, I find myself in a very embarrassing position. I changed my trousers so I could wear these freshly pressed ones for our date—and I forgot to take my money out of the other pair. I haven't a cent with me."

"What'll we do," I said. "I haven't either."

For ten minutes we just sat there being perfectly miserable—with worry. Finally Rusty arose and said, "I'm going to explain it to the manager and we'll see what happens."

Well, Betts—then the most awful thing happened. The manager was out and some fresh kid was in charge. Instead of being nice about it, he said right out loud—so the whole Sugar Bowl could hear: "So you can't pay, huh! Well, pal, you can't pull that stuff on me! No siree! The boss says everyone has to pay. I've rung it up in the cash register already, see—and you've got to pay."

Rusty tried to explain that he would bring the money in the morning, but the kid just shook his head, and said "No, you've got to pay now. You don't get out of here until you pay."

"But listen to reason, how can I pay when I left my money home in my other pant's pocket?"

"That's your worry," the kid replied. There we were, Betts, and me as mortified as could be.

I looked to see if Eric had noticed, and he was looking at me with a sort of puzzled expression. But he was looking at me, Betts, so I managed what I hoped to be a "brave little smile, à la Lauren Bacall." He smiled back.

Then Rusty came over and said, "Listen, sweet, I'll have to leave you here as a guarantee that I'll bring the money back. Will you mind waiting?"

"No, not at all," I said, glancing over at Eric who had overheard. And then—Betts—Eric stepped over and said, "Pardon me, but it won't be necessary to inconvenience both the young lady and yourself. Permit me to pay for the malts."

We'd like a couple of your bookworms!

"That's decent of you, Sinclair," Rusty said. "I assure you I will pay you back tomorrow."

Well, Betts, the next thing I knew we were all in a friendly discussion. Eric said he had been in exactly the same spot himself once. He knew exactly how we felt. And we walked out of the Sugar Bowl together—real chummy-like. When he saw we were afoot, he said, "Let me drive you home."

Imagine, Betts, driving in the moonlight—with one of Jane Wither's best beaux! Really, I forgot that Rusty was along, although Eric did direct all of his remarks to Rusty.

I said, "I liked the pictures of you and Jane Withers that I saw in SCREEN STARS Magazine last summer. It must be lots of fun to go to one of her swimming parties."

And Betts—he said, "Miss Dunford, we have a wonderful time at Jane's house, for Jane is a wonderful girl. I am sure that she would like to invite you and Mr. Bramwell to one of her Sunday afternoon parties."

You never know, do you, Betts, what can happen to a girl? Maybe Rusty might fall for Jane, and then maybe Eric might—well, he just might think that I am strictly his type. It positively makes me breathless thinking of what can happen.

Every time the telephone rings I think maybe it is Eric. But on second thought he took Rusty's telephone number—not mine. But then maybe Rusty will say, "This Sunday would be fine, Eric. But you'd better call Vicky and see if she can make it, too." Probably Rusty will never think of suggesting to Eric that he call me direct. So I'll have to put the idea into his head somehow, without him suspecting that I am doing it. Women have to be so subtle in handling men, don't you think? Maybe some day you'll even see me in a movie magazine at Jane Withers' party with Eric Sinclair. Golly, I feel all swoony just thinking of the possibilities!

Your loving and devoted friend,

Vicky.

by Rosalie F. Wilson

LET'S FACE IT!

You've got a face only a mother could love —that's what YOU think... Stop fretting "Plain Jane" and start to change that "plain" into "pretty"... It can be done...

YOU'RE far from happy with the status quo! And you feel that you have just cause for rage. When Dame Nature could so easily have made you beautiful, with typical lack of consideration she patterned you after your mother's Aunt Agatha, an upright, God-fearing woman with a sterling character; but unfortunately a little long in the nose.

You are firmly convinced that if only you had been beautiful, Bill would never have looked at that new blonde who moved in on the next street, let alone dated her for the basketball game.

You wish desperately that you had it to do all over. You'd show Madam Nature a trick or two. You'd be so beautiful men would gasp and fall prostrate as you ambled by, and other women would turn chartreuse with envy. Life, you feel, would then be thoroughly blissful.

But how would you go about assembling those perfect features and that divine form? Upon whose conception of beauty would you model this terrific female? For out of any hundred given opinions, male or female, there would be one hundred different and distinct conceptions of beauty. There has never yet been any one woman considered tops by everybody.

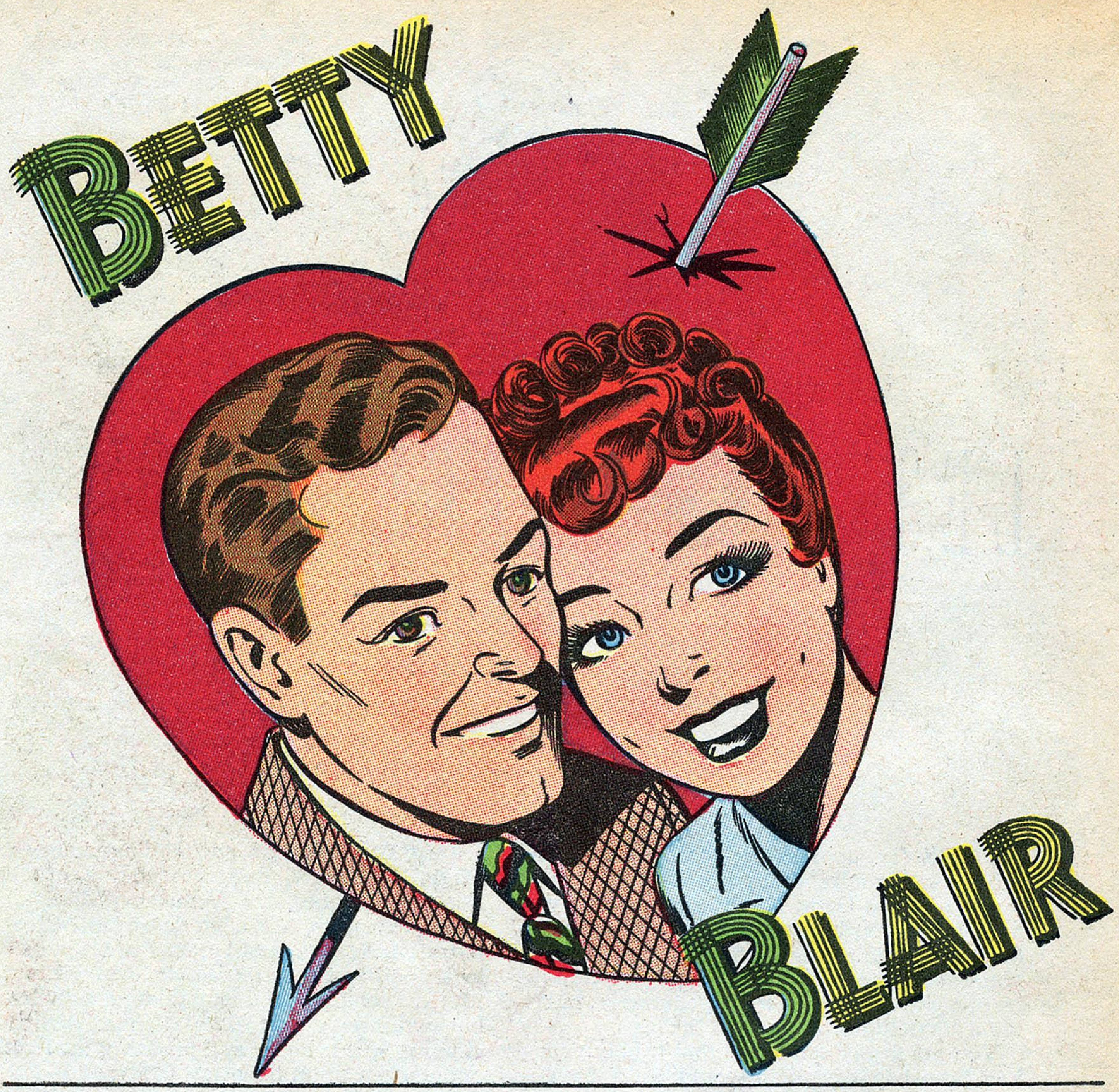
Let's take some of the famous honies of history, Cleopatra, an outstanding charmer, Marie Antoinette, most fascinating of all Parisian beauties, the Venus de Milo, all classic examples. And what do we find? Cleopatra, whose nose would make Aunt Agatha's look positively retroussé in comparison. Marie, with carefully camouflaged wrinkles, but wrinkles nevertheless. Venus, slightly chunky, a trifle hippy and probably the least popular pin-up in the army today.

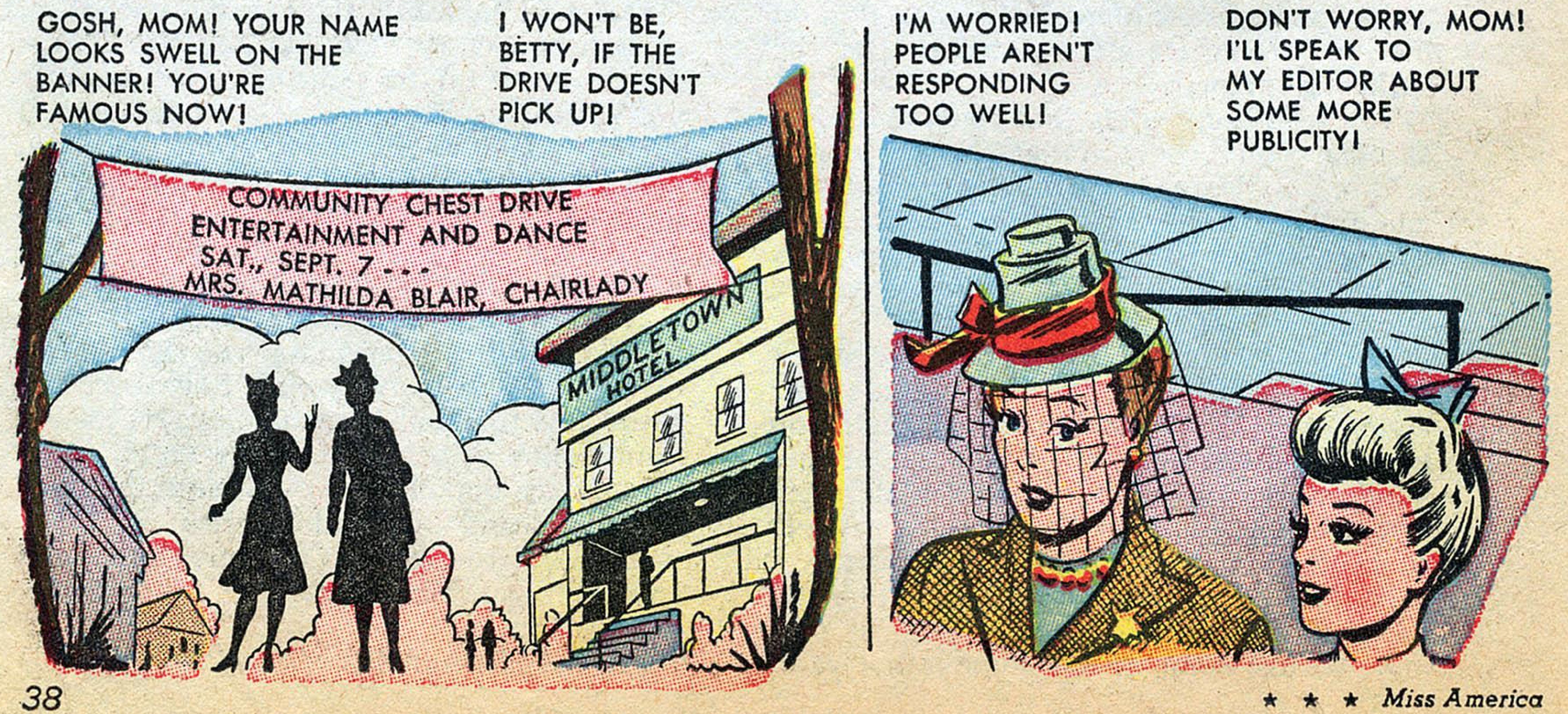
But, you point out, they were all beautiful to someone. *And there you have it!* Everyone is beautiful to someone. Just because you're tall, angular and intellectual, and Bill prefers them short, cuddly and giggling, doesn't mean that Nature made a desperate mistake when she patterned you. If it proves anything at all, it proves that you were made to appeal to another type of taste.

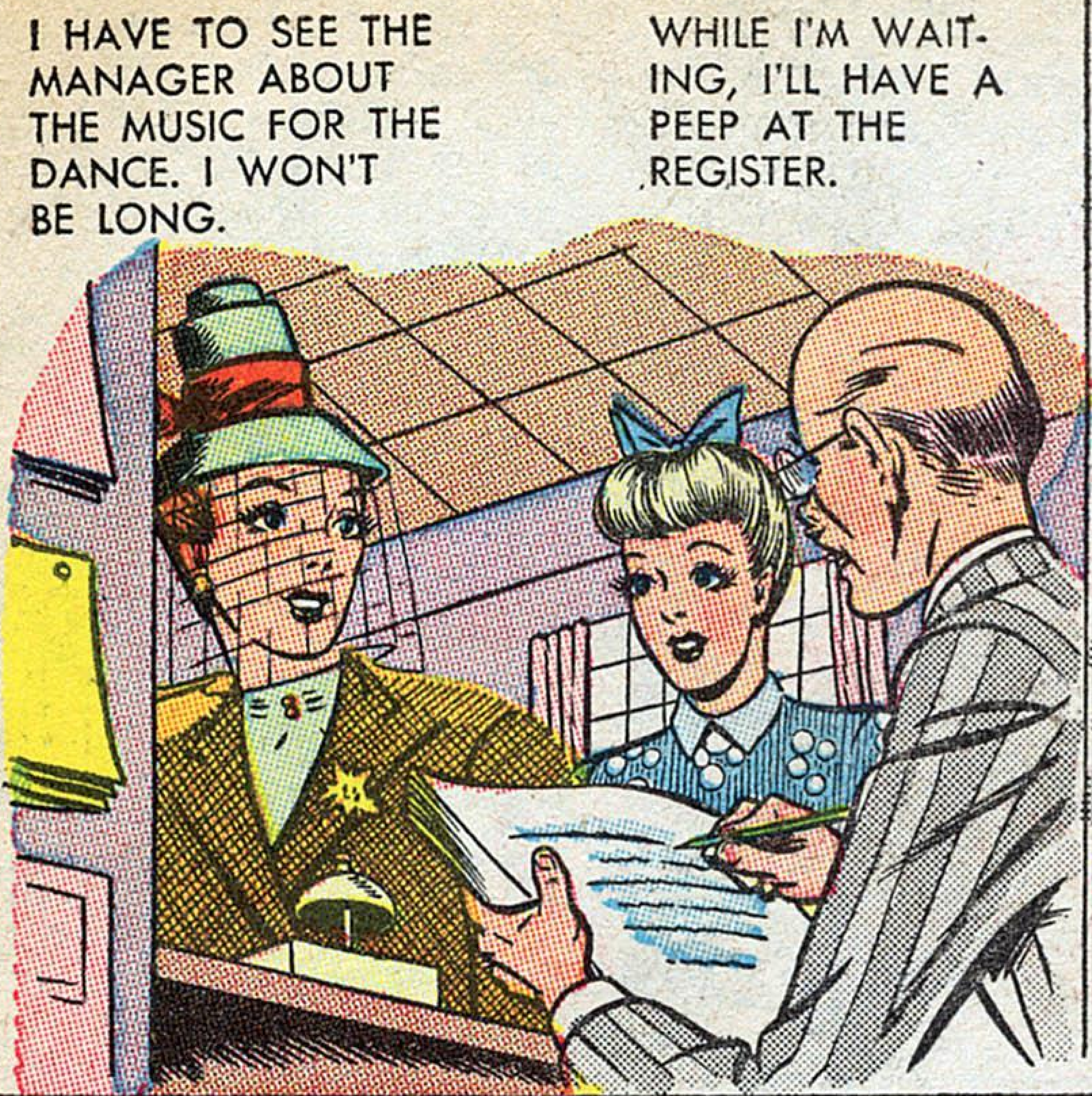
Nature isn't as foolish as she sometimes appears. Taken by and large she shows signs of positive genius. It would have been far simpler to turn out human beings on the assembly line principle after the initial plans were drawn up, all the females with the same color eyes and hair and identical measurements, and the males with ears, noses and chins jutting at the same angles. Much easier. And far duller.

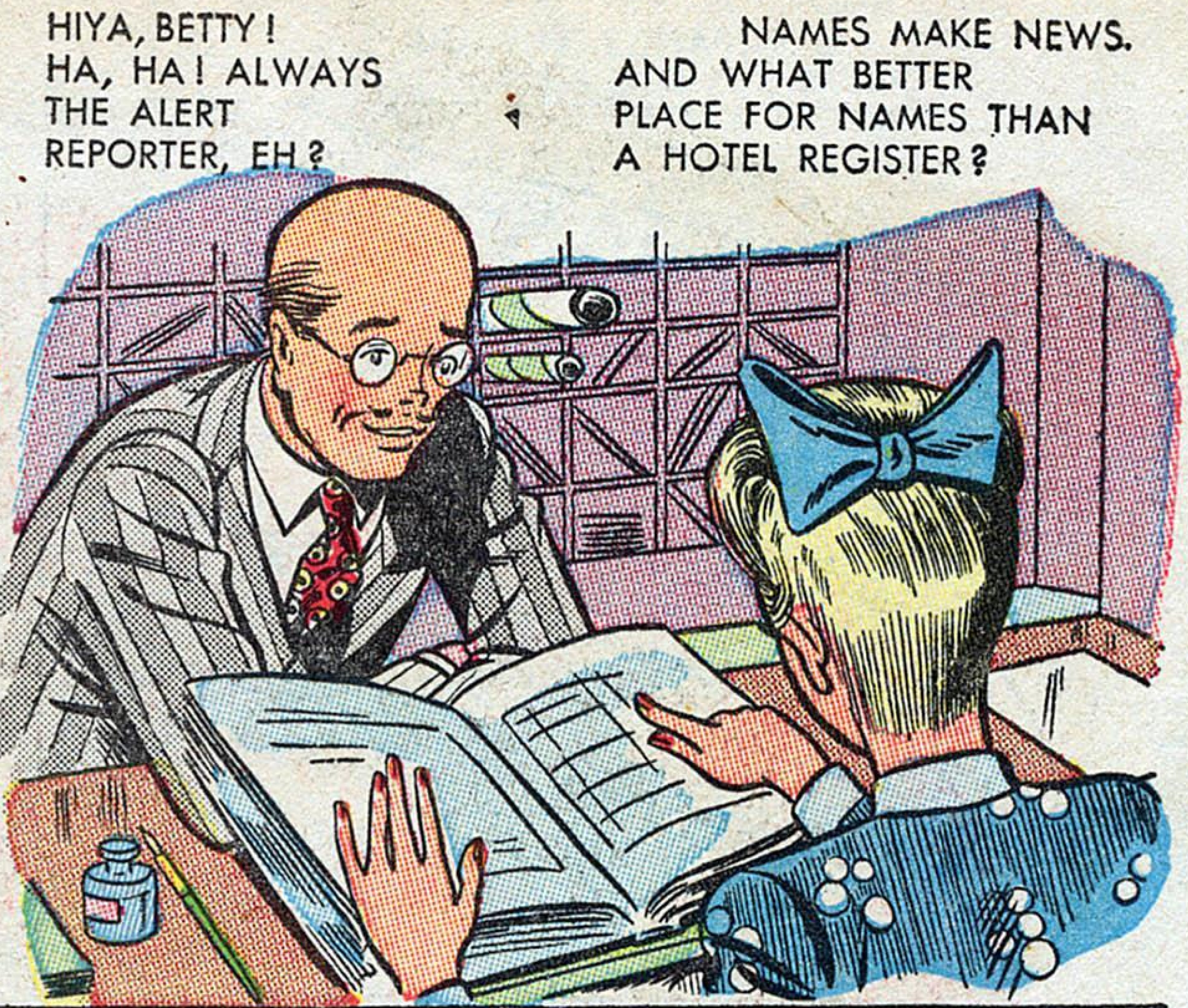
Instead she had (*Continued on page 48*)

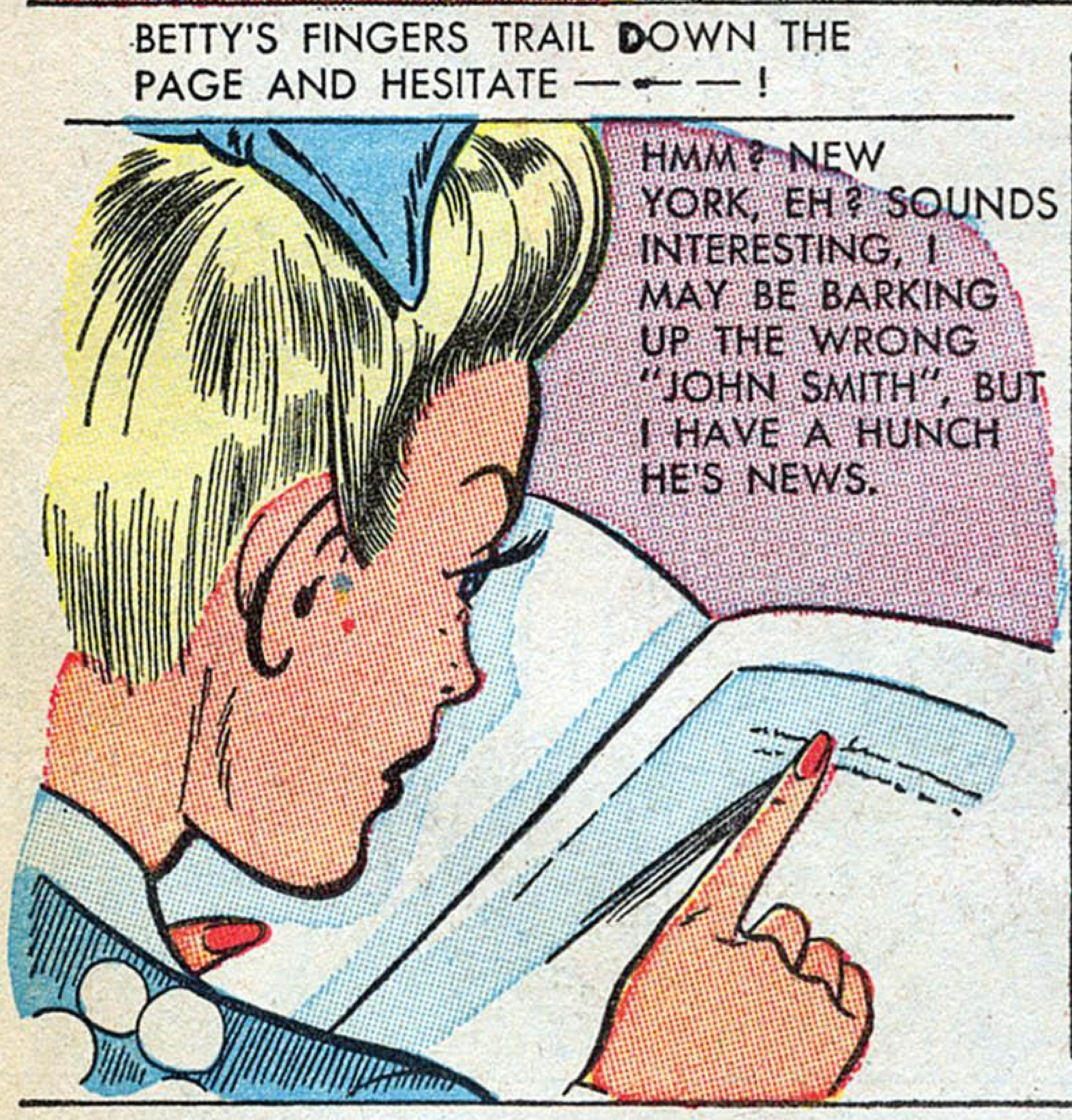
BETTY BLAIR

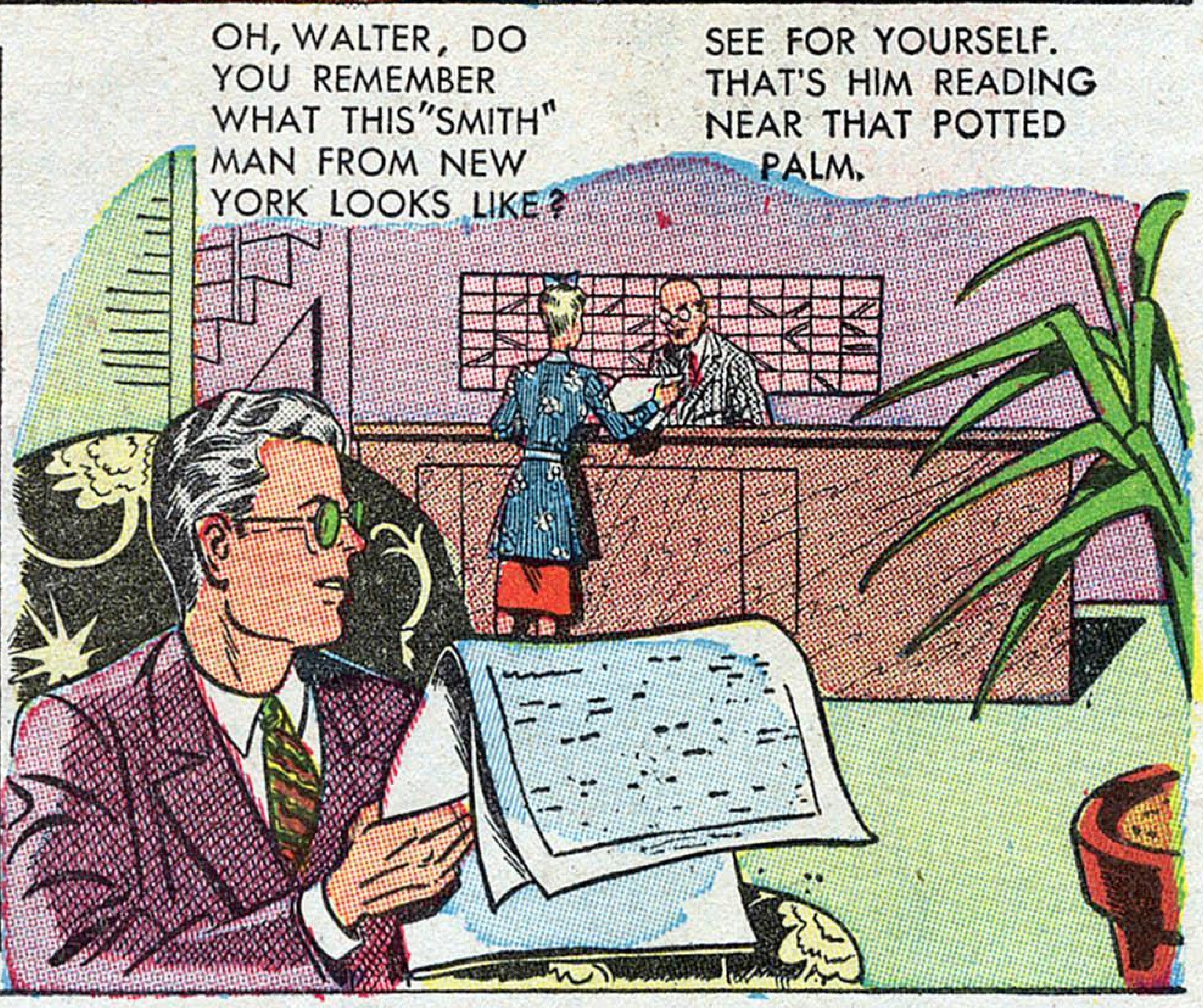


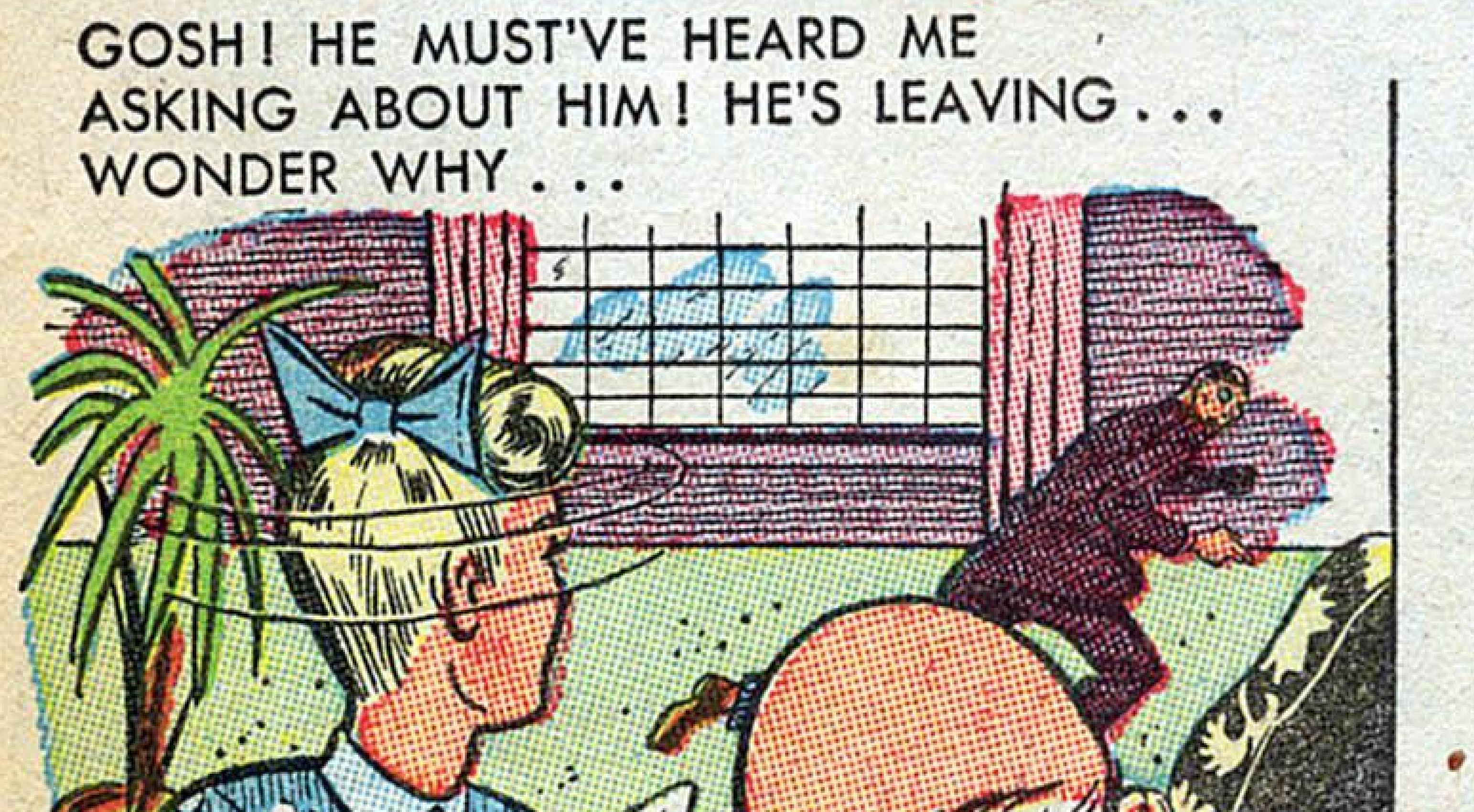

GOSH, MOM! YOUR NAME LOOKS SWELL ON THE BANNER! YOU'RE FAMOUS NOW!
I WON'T BE, BETTY, IF THE DRIVE DOESN'T PICK UP!
COMMUNITY CHEST DRIVE ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE SAT., SEPT. 7 - - MRS. MATHILDA BLAIR, CHAIRLADY
MIDDLETOWN HOTEL
I'M WORRIED! PEOPLE AREN'T RESPONDING TOO WELL!
DON'T WORRY, MOM! I'LL SPEAK TO MY EDITOR ABOUT SOME MORE PUBLICITY!

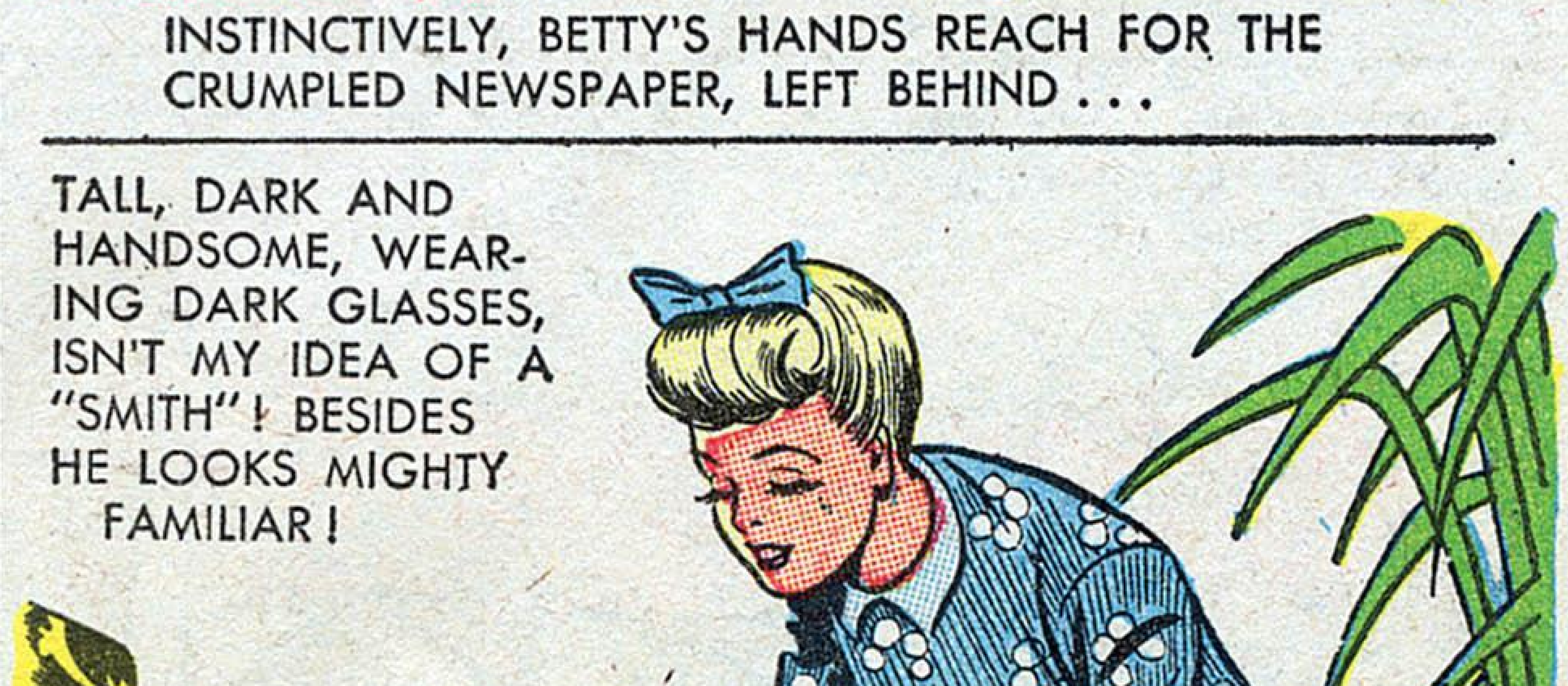

I HAVE TO SEE THE MANAGER ABOUT THE MUSIC FOR THE DANCE. I WON'T BE LONG.
WHILE I'M WAITING, I'LL HAVE A PEEP AT THE REGISTER.

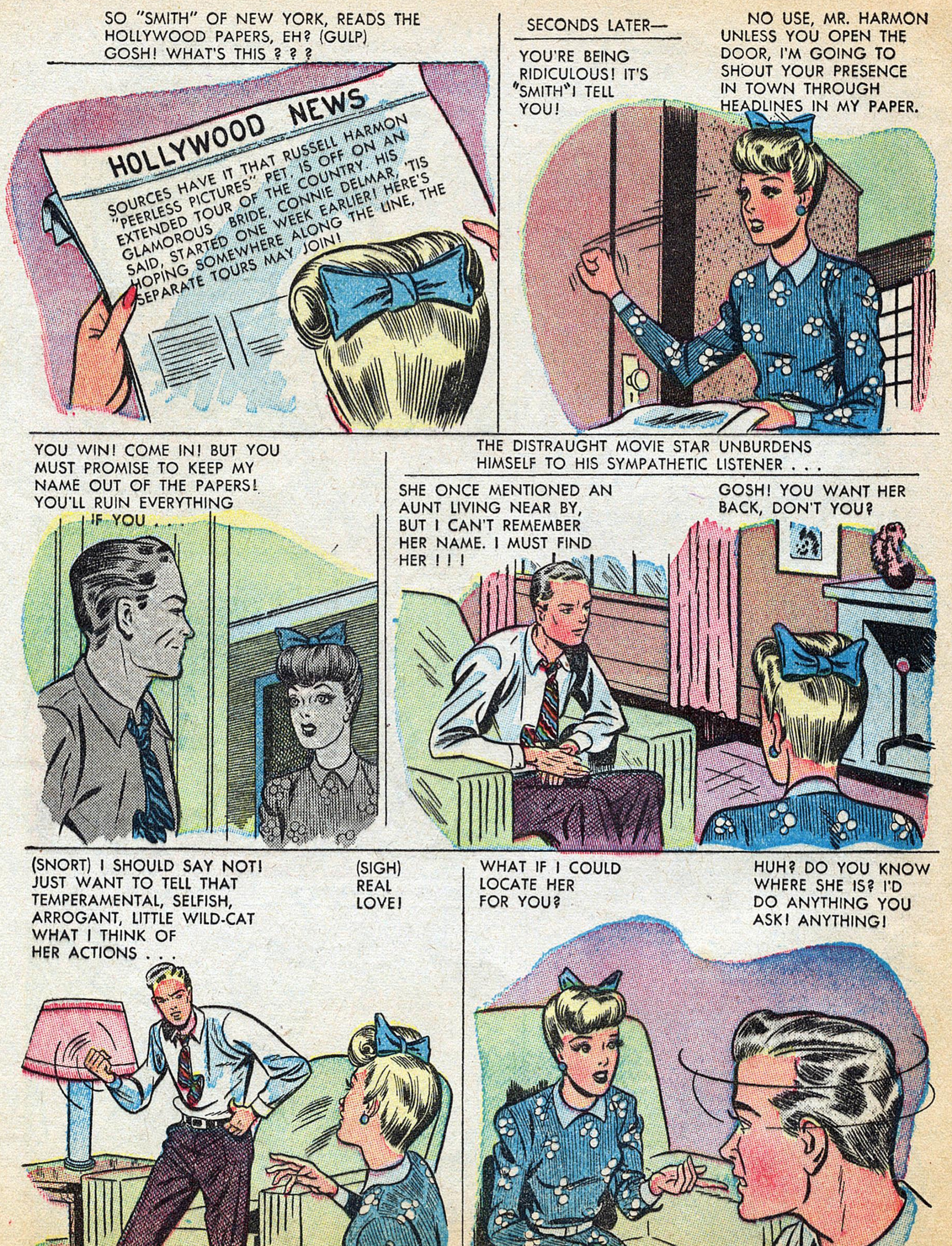

HIYA, BETTY! HA, HA! ALWAYS THE ALERT REPORTER, EH?
NAMES MAKE NEWS. AND WHAT BETTER PLACE FOR NAMES THAN A HOTEL REGISTER?

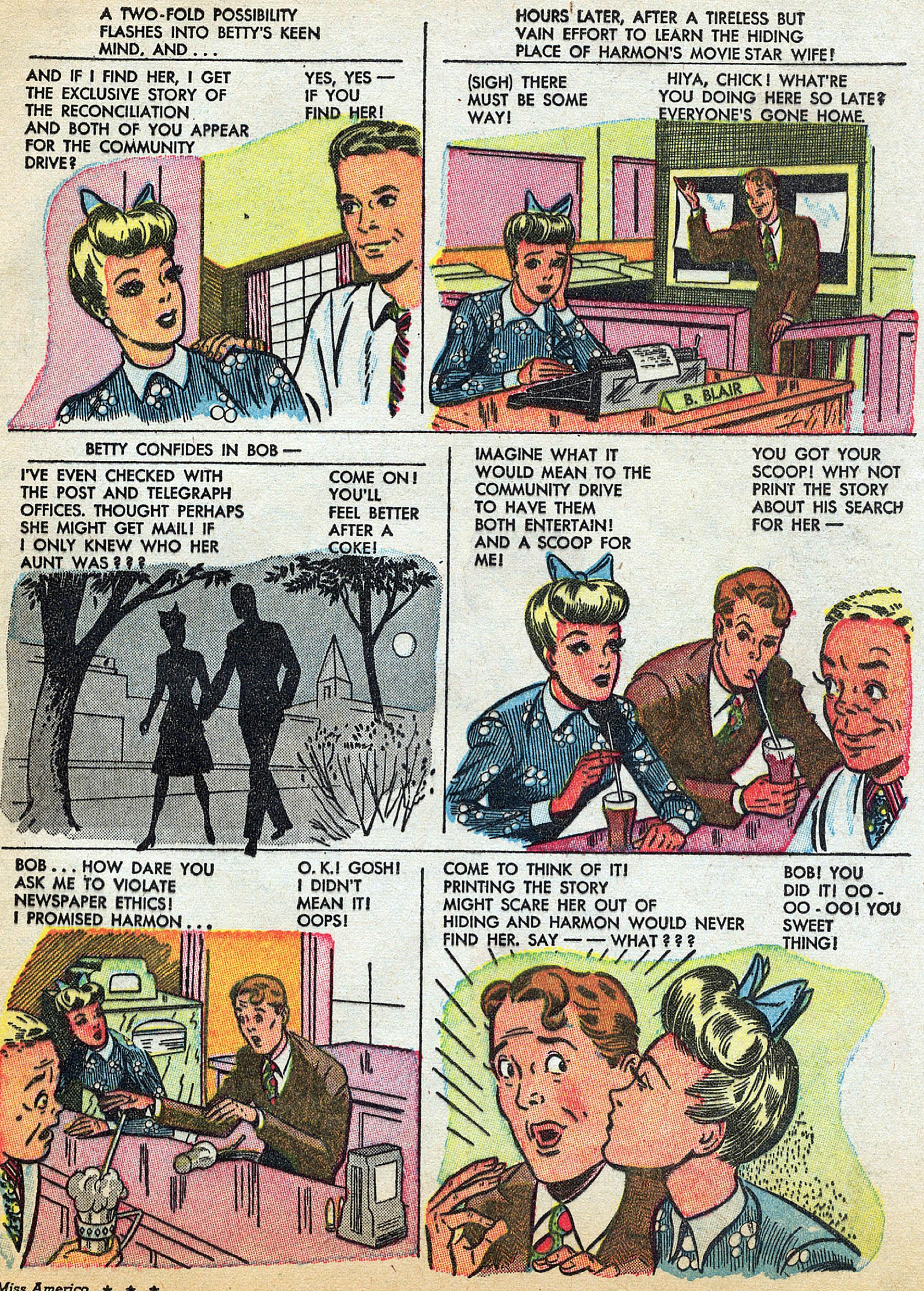

BETTY'S FINGERS TRAIL DOWN THE PAGE AND HESITATE — — — !
HMM? NEW YORK, EH? SOUNDS INTERESTING, I MAY BE BARKING UP THE WRONG "JOHN SMITH", BUT I HAVE A HUNCH HE'S NEWS.


OH, WALTER, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT THIS "SMITH" MAN FROM NEW YORK LOOKS LIKE?
SEE FOR YOURSELF. THAT'S HIM READING NEAR THAT POTTED PALM.

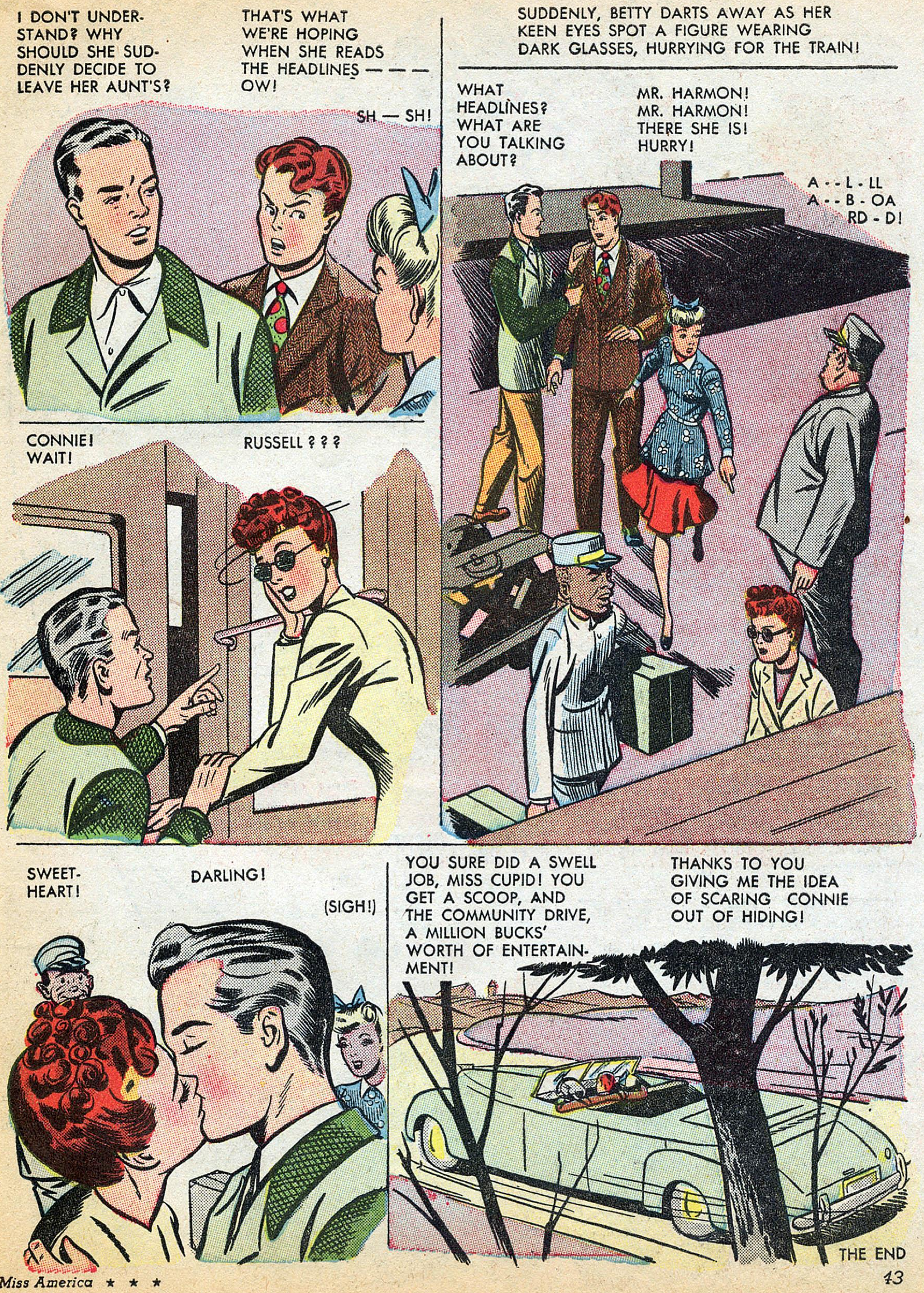

GOSH! HE MUST'VE HEARD ME ASKING ABOUT HIM! HE'S LEAVING . . . WONDER WHY . . .

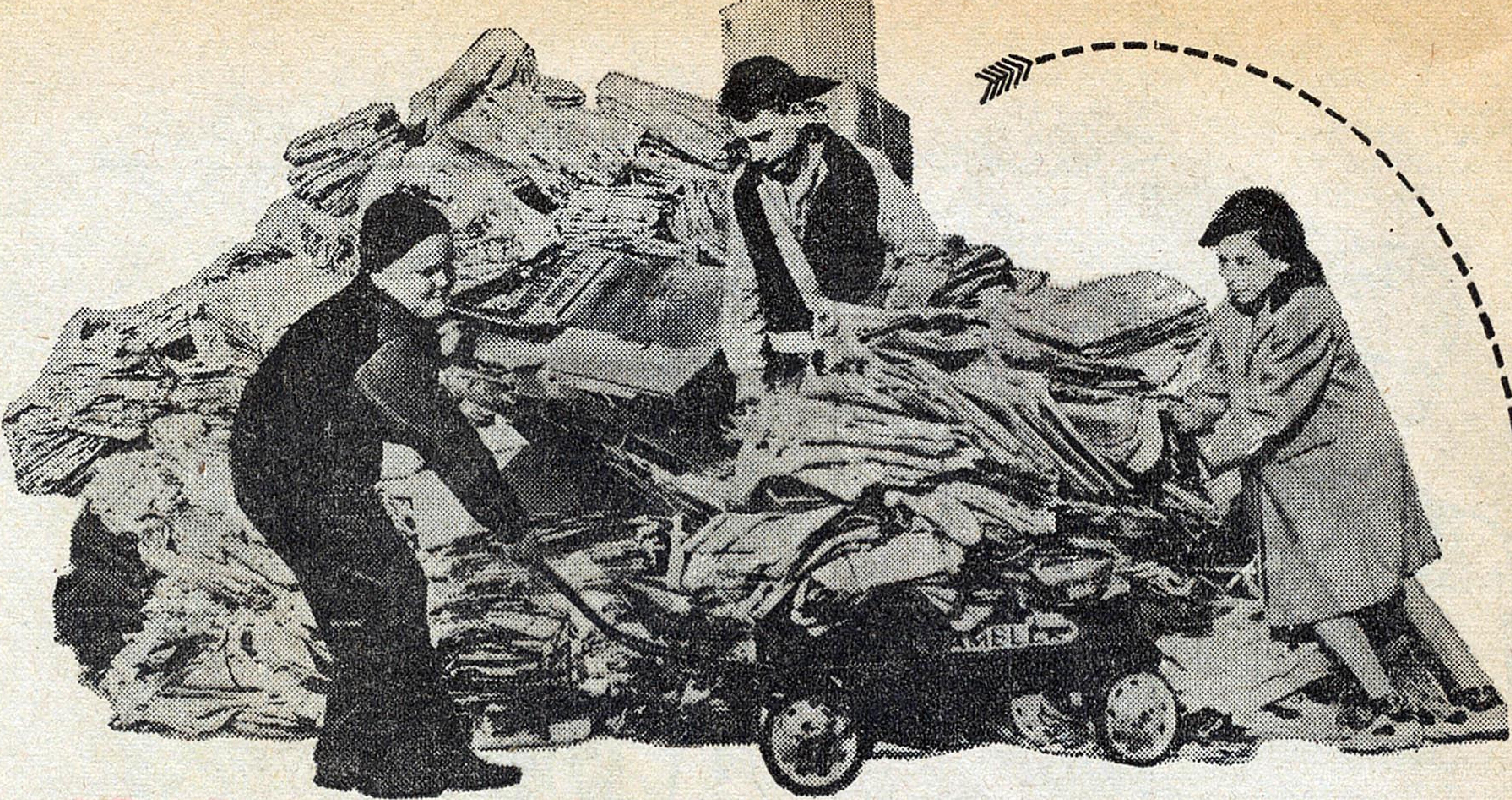

INSTINCTIVELY, BETTY'S HANDS REACH FOR THE CRUMPLED NEWSPAPER, LEFT BEHIND . . .
TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME, WEARING DARK GLASSES, ISN'T MY IDEA OF A "SMITH"! BESIDES HE LOOKS MIGHTY FAMILIAR!


SO "SMITH" OF NEW YORK, READS THE HOLLYWOOD PAPERS, EH? (GULP) GOSH! WHAT'S THIS ? ? ?
HOLLYWOOD NEWS
SOURCES HAVE IT THAT RUSSELL HARMON "PEERLESS PICTURES" PET, IS OFF ON AN EXTENDED TOUR OF THE COUNTRY. HIS GLAMOROUS BRIDE, CONNIE DELMAR, 'TIS SAID, STARTED ONE WEEK EARLIER! HERE'S HOPING SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE, THE SEPARATE TOURS MAY JOIN!
SECONDS LATER—
YOU'RE BEING RIDICULOUS! IT'S "SMITH" I TELL YOU!
NO USE, MR. HARMON UNLESS YOU OPEN THE DOOR, I'M GOING TO SHOUT YOUR PRESENCE IN TOWN THROUGH HEADLINES IN MY PAPER.
YOU WIN! COME IN! BUT YOU MUST PROMISE TO KEEP MY NAME OUT OF THE PAPERS! YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING IF YOU . . .
THE DISTRAUGHT MOVIE STAR UNBURDENS HIMSELF TO HIS SYMPATHETIC LISTENER . . .
SHE ONCE MENTIONED AN AUNT LIVING NEAR BY, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER HER NAME. I MUST FIND HER ! ! !
GOSH! YOU WANT HER BACK, DON'T YOU?
(SNORT) I SHOULD SAY NOT! JUST WANT TO TELL THAT TEMPERAMENTAL, SELFISH, ARROGANT, LITTLE WILD-CAT WHAT I THINK OF HER ACTIONS . . .
(SIGH) REAL LOVE!
WHAT IF I COULD LOCATE HER FOR YOU?
HUH? DO YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS? I'D DO ANYTHING YOU ASK! ANYTHING!


A TWO-FOLD POSSIBILITY FLASHES INTO BETTY'S KEEN MIND, AND . . .
AND IF I FIND HER, I GET THE EXCLUSIVE STORY OF THE RECONCILIATION AND BOTH OF YOU APPEAR FOR THE COMMUNITY DRIVE?
YES, YES — IF YOU FIND HER!
HOURS LATER, AFTER A TIRELESS BUT VAIN EFFORT TO LEARN THE HIDING PLACE OF HARMON'S MOVIE STAR WIFE!
(SIGH) THERE MUST BE SOME WAY!
HIYA, CHICK! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE SO LATE? EVERYONE'S GONE HOME.
B. BLAIR
BETTY CONFIDES IN BOB —
I'VE EVEN CHECKED WITH THE POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICES. THOUGHT PERHAPS SHE MIGHT GET MAIL! IF I ONLY KNEW WHO HER AUNT WAS ? ? ?
COME ON! YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER A COKE!
IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO THE COMMUNITY DRIVE TO HAVE THEM BOTH ENTERTAIN! AND A SCOOP FOR ME!
YOU GOT YOUR SCOOP! WHY NOT PRINT THE STORY ABOUT HIS SEARCH FOR HER —
BOB . . . HOW DARE YOU ASK ME TO VIOLATE NEWSPAPER ETHICS! I PROMISED HARMON . . .
O.K.! GOSH! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! OOPS!
COME TO THINK OF IT! PRINTING THE STORY MIGHT SCARE HER OUT OF HIDING AND HARMON WOULD NEVER FIND HER. SAY — — WHAT ? ? ?
BOB! YOU DID IT! OO-OO-OO! YOU SWEET THING!

HEY! BETTY! WHERE YOU GOIN'?
BACK TO THE OFFICE. THERE'S STILL TIME. THEY HAVEN'T GONE TO PRESS YET!
LATER, THE MORNING EDITION ROLLS OFF THE PRESS!
THERE'S YOUR STORY ON PAGE ONE! NICE SCOOP. OUGHTA' GET YOU A BONUS.
OR FIRED — IF SHE ISN'T WHERE HARMON THINKS SHE IS!
AND THEN — IN A HOUSE ABOUT TEN MILES OUTSIDE OF MIDDLETOWN!
CAN'T GET HIM OUT OF YOUR MIND, EH, CONNIE?
ME — THINK OF THAT SELF-CENTERED, CONCEITED, BRUTE? I'M THROUGH WITH RUSSELL HARMON FOREVER!
SURE YOU ARE! THAT'S WHY I CAUGHT YOU CRYING OVER HIS PICTURE!
THAT'S NOT TRUE! I — I — WAS — JUST — I OH! THE BOY WITH THE MORNING PAPER! HE MIGHT RECOGNIZE ME!
THIRTY SECONDS LATER . . .
GOOD GRIEF! LOOK!
HEAVENS! THE OTHER PAPERS WILL PICK UP OF THE STORY AND RUSSELL WILL KNOW WHERE I AM!
EXTRA
EXTRA
MIDDLETOWN HONORED BY FAMOUS MOVIE QUEEN
GLAMOR GIRL, CONNIE DELMAR, VISITING AUNT IN OUTSKIRTS OF CITY
ONE HOUR LATER, AT THE RAILROAD STATION!
THERE'S THE TRAIN NOW! SHE'LL BE ALONG SOON!


I DON'T UNDERSTAND? WHY SHOULD SHE SUDDENLY DECIDE TO LEAVE HER AUNT'S?
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HOPING WHEN SHE READS THE HEADLINES — — — OW!
SH — SH!
SUDDENLY, BETTY DARTS AWAY AS HER KEEN EYES SPOT A FIGURE WEARING DARK GLASSES, HURRYING FOR THE TRAIN!
WHAT HEADLINES? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
MR. HARMON! MR. HARMON! THERE SHE IS! HURRY!
A - - L - LL A - - B - OA RD - D!
CONNIE! WAIT!
RUSSELL ? ? ?
SWEET-HEART!
DARLING!
(SIGH!)
YOU SURE DID A SWELL JOB, MISS CUPID! YOU GET A SCOOP, AND THE COMMUNITY DRIVE, A MILLION BUCKS' WORTH OF ENTERTAINMENT!
THANKS TO YOU GIVING ME THE IDEA OF SCARING CONNIE OUT OF HIDING!
THE END



60 days to the front!

Every scrap of paper is needed...

Waste paper takes about two months to go from your curbstone to the front line. In that time it's reprocessed into cartons to carry such essentials as blood plasma, rations, or ammunition.

Five tons of supplies are needed for every man going across—and one *more* ton is needed every month he stays there! Nearly every article shipped overseas is wrapped or packed in paper!

If we are to help avoid further drastic cuts in civilian paper allotments—*everyone must save paper!* Clean out your basement, attic, store rooms. Turn in your old paper regularly. Never burn it!

When waste paper is sold, many organizations channel some of the funds to help wounded veterans by providing the little extras which mean so much during convalescence...or to support other worthy community projects.

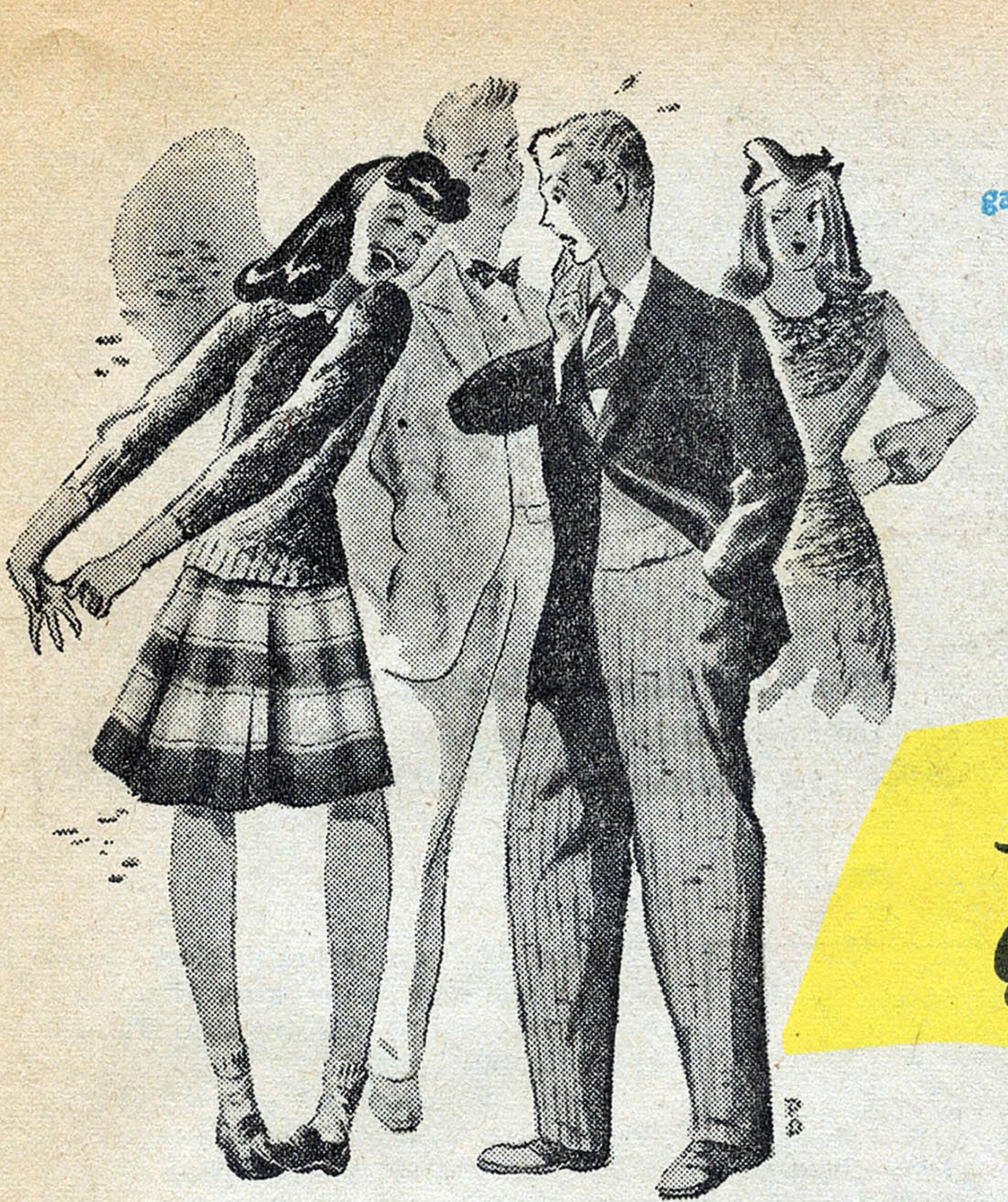
Support the Double V Program—Save Every Scrap of Paper!

DOUBLE VV PROGRAM
SAVE WASTE PAPER
V TO SPEED VICTORY
V TO AID VETERANS
OR LOCAL PROJECTS

Space contributed to Double V Waste Paper Program by this publication.

Separate and tie in bundles: 1. Wastebasket scraps. 2. Corrugated boxes, brown paper and bags. 3. Magazines and books. 4. Newspapers.

This advertisement prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.



You've met the type before—the gal who giggles at the drop of a hat... poor thing, she probably feels more like weeping...

by Tina Travers

Hold that Giggle...

NO matter how wonderfully clever you are when you're home with your doting family, or how really brilliant in solitary conversations after the lights are out, it doesn't add up to being happy if you get shaky knees, clammy hands and that "what shall I say next" feeling when you are with others. In fact, it just doesn't add up.

Self-consciousness is a stage practically everybody goes through. But some of us, unfortunately, take longer to get over it and suffer more in the process than do the rest of us. We know we're self-conscious, and knowing it makes us more so. But don't be discouraged; self-consciousness can be overcome. You must work with yourself to do it though. Figure out what's making you self-conscious and then through good solid reasoning you'll find you can throw that trait right overboard. It takes work and patience.

Sit down for a good thinking session. Ask yourself questions like this:

Why do I giggle when I can't think of anything to say?

Why do I say a lot of things I don't want to say, just because I'm nervous?

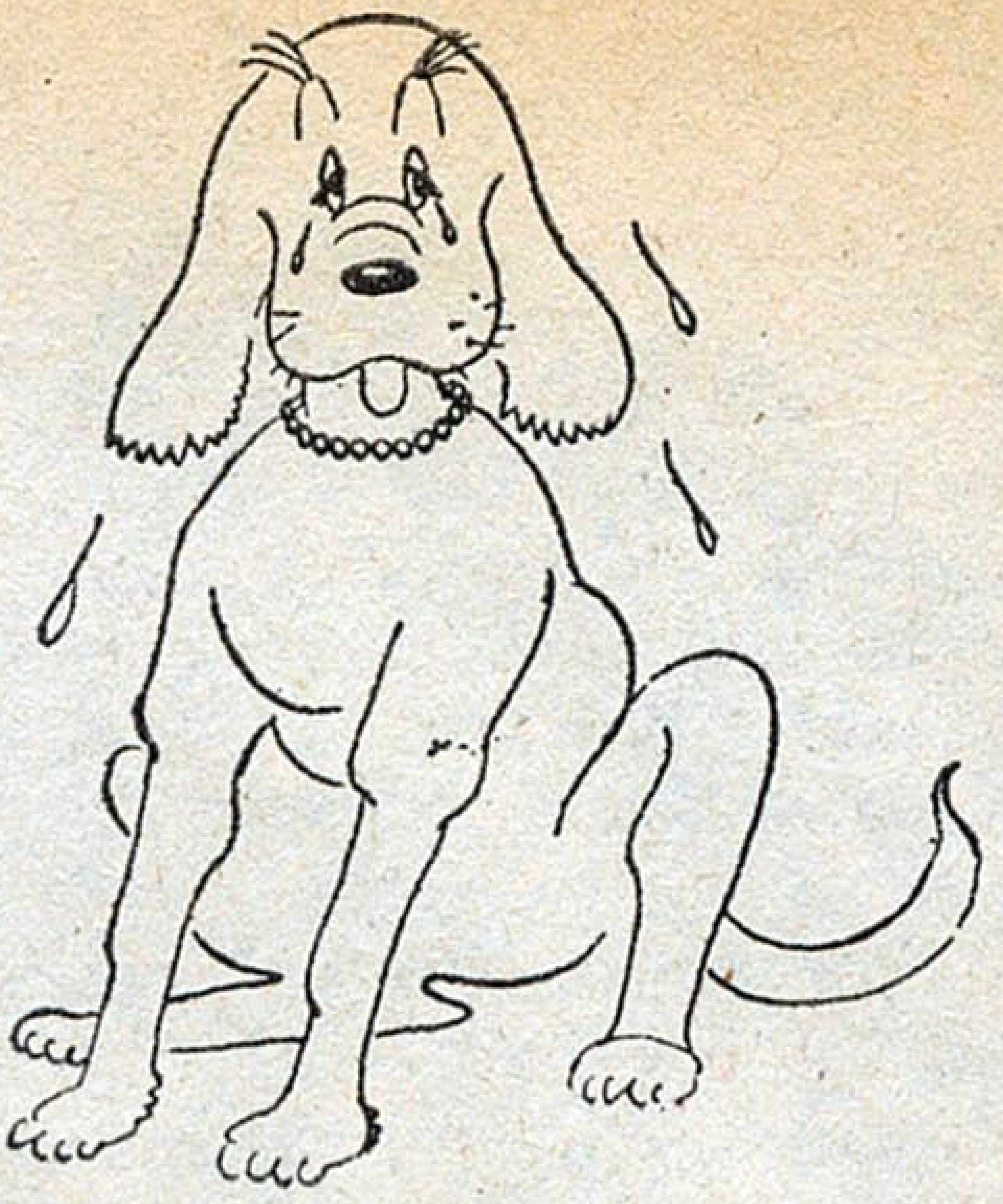
Why do I feel that people don't like me?

Why do I get sulky when I can't have my own way?

You can go on and on asking yourself questions of this nature. But that's enough for a start. So now let's give with some answers.

So, you're a giggler? It's wonderful to laugh. But not just to giggle when you can't think of something to say. The reason you can't think of something to say is probably because you're not letting yourself think. You're overcome with the wonder of the "him" or the "her" that is talking. You've forgotten that the "him" and the "her' are just as human as you are. Really not different at all. You've let them get a head start on you when you giggled. So put on the giggle brakes, organize yourself, (*Continued on page* 55)

a Jingle for Juniper...



by Joan Newcomer

age 15

Woody and Wally were in dire difficulties—very dire...
Juniper—their beloved Juniper—was the cause of their misery...
What to do? Suddenly—Peggy put in an appearance and—

Joan Newcomer, of El Dorado, Kansas, received $50.00 for her prize-winning story, "A Jingle for Juniper." This teen-age author has a sparkling style, a keen sense of timing, wit, and possesses, we believe, a remarkable degree of feeling—in short, she can create human interest. It is with pride and pleasure that we publish Joan's story.

MISS AMERICA's story and article contest is open to all teen-age girls. Please, in submitting your script, include your age, address and write on one side of the paper only.

PEGGY CARTER walked briskly along on her way home from school, her cheeks reddened by the winter air. She jiggled her school books from one arm to the other to keep warm. She slowed down, however, as she passed the Brooks' house, for the Brooks twins, Woody and Wally, were sitting mournfully on the doorstep with their big hound, Juniper.

"Hi," she called. "You look glum, chums—what's the matter?"

"*You'd* look droopy, soupy, if *you* had the troubles *we* got," muttered Wally.

"Woe is us!" sighed Woody.

"This looks like the front of the morgue," said Peg, coming up to sit by Juniper, who was scratching a flea, busily. "What's burnin'?"

"We are," said Woody. "It's Juniper's fault, too."

"Yeah," agreed Wally. "And Mrs. Sutton's cat. After all, you can't blame Juniper for wanting to get even after what that frizzy feline did to him! Almost clawed his eyes out!"

"I still don't get it," puzzled Peggy. "Except it's somethin' about Juniper."

The big dog stopped scratching for a minute and looked up, seeming to know he was the subject of conversation.

"Well," began Wally, "it all started when Mrs. Sutton's cat picked a fight with Juniper, so Juniper got mad and chased her into Mrs. Sutton's house—"

"—and in the rumpus, knocked over a knick-knack of some kind that cost a lotta' dough—" continued Woody.

"So, Mrs. Sutton, who is definitely a leaky faucet, came dripping over to stir up a brew with Mom," Wally went on, "so that now we either have to pay for Mrs. Sutton's article or—"

"Or *else*," Woody broke in, "we have to sell Juniper!"

"*Sell* Juniper!" echoed Peggy, horrified.

"Yep, and you know we'd rather part with one of our ears!" worried Wally, gently patting Juniper's cold nose. "So, is we is, or is we *ain't* in a pickle!"

"You is!" agreed Peggy. "But how long do you have?"

"Until Monday night—and this is Friday," said Woody, gloomily.

"And we just can't think of a single thing," said Wally.

"*You're* a brain-box," Woody turned to Peggy. "*You* think of something for us!"

"Gosh, I don't know, fellas," Peggy said doubtfully. There was a silence, broken only by the thump of Juniper's friendly tail on the sidewalk.

Finally, Peggy said, "I just can't think of anything, right now. Besides, it's getting colder and later." She rose. "I'll trot on home, now, and if I get any ideas, I'll 'phone you."

"Okay," said the twins, together, but they didn't look too hopeful.

"So long, slugs, see y' in the slot machines," said Peggy as she started down the walk. The boys sprawled disconsolately on the steps . . . even Juniper looked sad . . .

Peggy was still thinking about the twins and Juniper that evening after supper as she glanced casually over the evening paper. As she laid it down, an advertisement in large print caught her eye: "MEMBERS OF THIS CITY'S KIWANIS CLUB ARE SPONSORING A PATRIOTIC JINGLE CONTEST STRESSING THE BUYING OF WAR BONDS AND STAMPS. THE CONTEST ENTRIES MUST BE IN BEFORE ONE O'CLOCK MONDAY AFTERNOON. PRIZES ARE IN CASH – FIRST PRIZE – $50.00, SECOND PRIZE – $25.00, THIRD PRIZE – $15.00.–"

There was more, but Peggy didn't stop to read the rest of it. An idea was forming in her mind, and she had to act – but quickly!

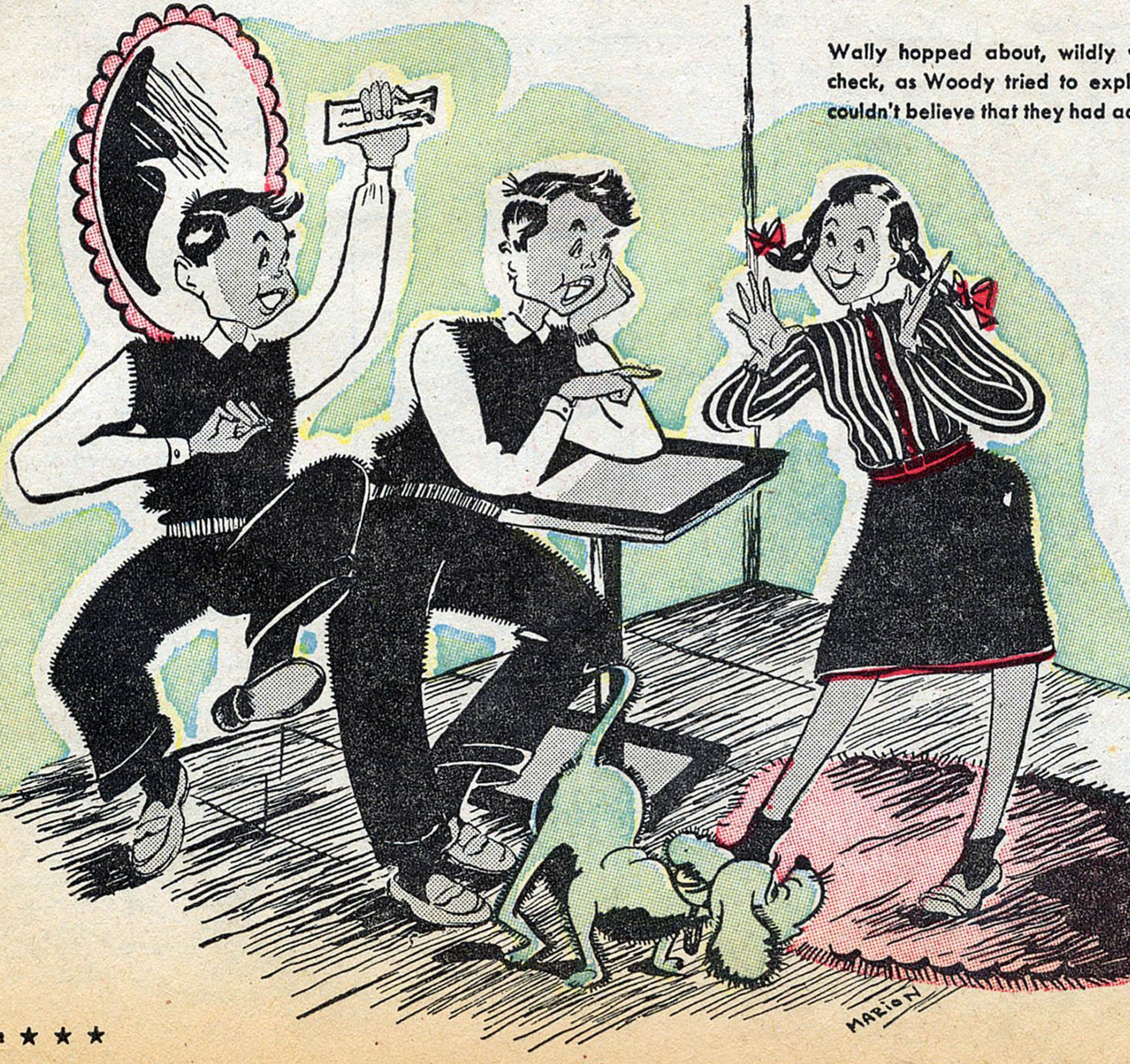
She raced to the phone and dialed the Brooks' home. Wally answered:

"For whom does the bell toll?" he inquired.

"Hi, this is Peggy," she said, excitedly. "Say, I've just had an idea to save Juniper! How much money will you need?"

"You did?" exclaimed the twin. "Swell! Wait'll I ask Woody – Hello, hello, Peg? Woody says we'll need about $45.00. What's up?"

Peggy told him about the contest. "We could all write as many jingles as we want, and enter them under one of our names. One of (*Continued on page* 50)



Wally hopped about, wildly waving the check, as Woody tried to explain. Peggy couldn't believe that they had actually won!

LET'S FACE IT!

From page 37

the inspiration to make faces mobile. You're surely familiar with the plain girl who turns positively radiant when she smiles. All faces are like that to some extent. Nature merely handed you the raw materials with which to mold your appearance as you go along. Any beauty you possess, or lack of it, is based as much on your character and personality as on the symmetry of your features. Intelligence lights your eyes to life. Humor shapes your mouth. Generosity, pettiness, delight, anger, greed, all the emotions you ever experienced, left some tangible mark on your face. Sometimes it helps to remember this when you are ready to disparage Nature's efforts on your behalf.

Beauty never has been a static thing. Fashions in beauty change just as fashions in clothes do. There was a time when a woman wasn't considered truly beautiful unless her waist could be spanned by two hands. During another period waist, hip and chest measurements were intended to be identical, and the most beautiful lassies were the ones who most closely resembled animated toothpaste tubes. In one part of the world the dumpling figure is prized above rubies, in another, the stringbean. In this country youth is considered beautiful, whereas Frenchmen consider women under thirty-five gauche and unformed.

Thus, you may be short or tall, chunky or willowy, underdeveloped in the chest, overdeveloped in the *derrière,* muscular or flacid as boiled spaghetti, and still be reasonably certain that some time, some place, yours is the ideal feminine form and all your sisters either pad or diet to emulate it.

In the event that even this does not console you, Nature has thoughtfully provided you with a flexible chassis which may be molded by diet and exercise to the dimensions most popular in your particular locale.

Probably the most beautiful women in this country would be our models and motion picture actresses and it is within these groups that it is easiest to see how widely our notions of feminine beauty vary. Hepburn and Betty Grable have little in common, physically, and yet both are considered beautiful. Myrna Loy and Ingrid Bergman, Frances Langford and Ida Lupino are all distinctly different types and yet each type is considered most beautiful by some portion of the public.

So Bill's dating the new blonde is hardly conclusive proof of Nature's mistake when she created you. There is someone who considers you beautiful. It's quite possible that a lot of people do. Or will.

After all, even Gravel Gertie had a Mrs. prefixed to her name.

TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS

From page 32

several persons at approximately the same time. The records show that perhaps the first one to make one was Cristofali, in 1711. Others who invented it independently were Marius, Wood and Schröter. But it wasn't until about 1760 that the pianoforte became really popular, although Bach (we've learned about him—remember?) did play it more than ten years earlier. Now will you stop banging those keys after 11 P. M. and let the neighbors sleep?

ART

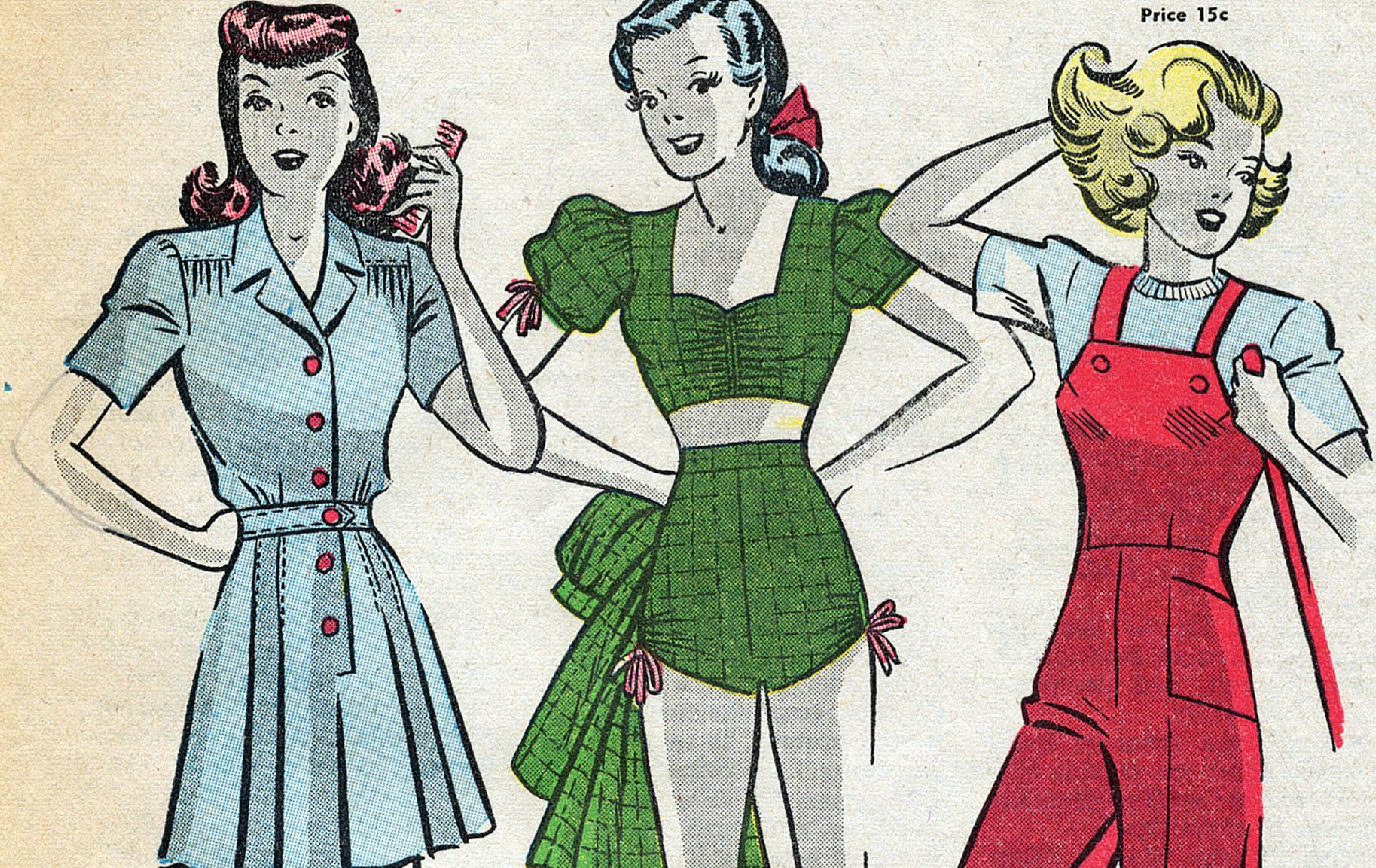
This month we stand back and gaze at the first Cubist painter, Picasso, whose name is magic all over the world. Picasso was born at Malaga, Spain, on October 23, 1881, the son of an artist. His early work was done in natural form, but about 1906, he began to create the Cubist form of painting, while he was doing "still life" groups. We're not going to attempt here to teach you what Cubist art is, since our main purpose in these lessons is to whet your appetite for learning so you'll be tempted to go to the library. Where were we? Oh, yes, in his Cubist forms Picasso tried to create form rather than to imitate it. Many people, accustomed to a photographic sort of art, thought his work was peculiar, to put it mildly. Others, however, learned to understand and love it, as you may if you put your mind to it. In 1918, Picasso turned back again to natural form, but if you can buy a Picasso in any form, grab it!

Answer the following questions without looking at the lessons again, and then mark your own papers. You're on the honor system here. Each correct answer gives you 10%. Passing mark, 60%. Good, 80%. Higher, excellent. Make up your own questions and test your friends.

EXAM.

1. What four attributes of speech make for social adequacy?
2. Who has the power to impeach?
3. How many great dams are there in the United States?
4. What does "pianoforte" mean?
5. When was Picasso born?
6. Give illustrations of incorrect, inappropriate, unprecise and unexpressive speech; correct the illustrations.
7. Was any American President ever convicted after impeachment?
8. What is the name of the biggest dam in the country; how high is it?
9. Who invented the piano?
10. What form of art did Picasso create?

thimble thrills



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A JINGLE FOR JUNIPER

From page 47

them ought to win something!"

"Do y' think it'd work?" asked Wally, doubtfully. "We might *not* win, y' know. Then what?"

"Have faith, honorable brother, have faith! If we can send in half of the entries, we're bound to win!" Peggy answered.

"Okay," said Wally, as they hung up.

Peggy sat through her Latin class Monday afternoon, wishing the bell would ring. She gazed out the window, dreamily. Suddenly, Miss Hampstead's voice was saying: "Translate the third sentence, Peggy Carter."

"Who, me?" Peggy jumped up: "Uh — 'The boys thought that their dog had been saved by a girl,'" read Peggy slowly. The sentence made her think of Juniper, and she murmured under her breath, "Please, God, let us win, for Juniper."

"Very good. Now —" but Miss Hampstead got no further, for the bell rang, and everyone rushed out, noisily.

Peg saw the twins at their lockers. "Meet me outside the front door and we'll go down to Kiwanis headquarters."

"Okay!" said Woody, "But rustle your bustle, keed. The waitin' around is gruesome."

* * *

The front door slammed. Mrs. Carter jumped. "That you, Peg?"

"Uh-huh," Peggy replied, coming into the dining room where Mrs. Carter sat sewing.

"Why the dejected look, dear?" asked Mrs. Carter.

"It's the suspense," said Peggy, gloomily. "It's killin' me. We went down to Kiwanis headquarters to find out about the contest. They won't announce it until this evening in the paper."

"But this evening's paper should have gone to press already," said her mother.

"Gleeps!" whooped Peg. She ran for the telephone and dialed the "Times" number. "Give me the contest editor." Then, after a short wait, "Hello, could you please tell me who won the jingle contest?" she asked. "Yes?—yes, the first prize — what? Are you sure? Oh." Her excitement vanished suddenly, as if an invisible hand had wiped it away.

"Well, thank you," she said, in a small voice. She hung up, and faced her mother.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Carter.

"We didn't win," replied Peggy, dully. "Someone by the name of J. S. Bull did."

"Bull?" said Mrs. Carter, smiling slowly. "What an odd name. Are you sure that's his name?"

"Yes. We didn't win the second, or third, either. And I thought we would win something! The man at the headquarters said that we were the last entries, and that there hadn't been very many entries all together. We put in about ten or fifteen—" She stopped, sighed.

"Don't worry about it, dear," her mother consoled. "I'm sure you'll find some way to help Juniper and the twins."

"Maybe," agreed Peggy, slowly. "But tonight is the last night they have to get the money." She started upstairs, to think about Juniper and the twins.

Just then the door bell rang feverishly, and two boys, and a lop-eared hound galloped in.

"Where's Peg?" demanded the twins together, breathlessly.

"Upstairs —" answered Mrs. Carter "I'll call her. Peg!" she shouted up the stairs. "The twins are here!"

"Grrowf!" roared Juniper, announcing his presence, and clumsily backing up against a table.

"Watch out!" exclaimed Wally, catching the table just in time.

Peg came flying down the stairs. "What's up?" she asked.

"We *won!*" yelled the twins, waving the check wildly in her face, both talking at once.

What are YOU doing to help speed the war to Victory? There's so very much you can do. For instance: become a farmerette (it's fun, healthful and of invaluable benefit to your country); do Nurses' Aide Work; gather scrap paper, etc., etc. Why don't you get in touch with your local CDVO and offer your services? It's a grand and a glorious idea, kids.

"But I thought —" began Peg.

"And one of *your* jingles got it, too, Peg!" said Woody.

"Yeah," chimed in Wally. "The one about the dog that goes:

'Pete was a dog who was shown
That he, too, could help the
War Loan;
So he dug in the yard,
'Til his nose was all scarred,
And traded a bond for his
bone!'"

"Yowsah," finished Woody, and then the twins shouted together, "And traded a bond for his bone! — his bone! And traded a bond for his BONE! Whee!"

"Wait a minute!" begged Peggy. "Start over! The woman at the 'Times' said that some guy named J. S. Bull got it. How did —"

"Well?" asked Wally.

"Well, what!" exclaimed Peggy, exasperated. "That's not either one of your names."

"No, 'course not. We entered the jingles all under Juniper's name," explained Woody, happily. "Juniper Sittin' Bull!"

"You see, we thought that since it was really for Juniper, we'd —" began Wally.

"J. S. Bull—Then we *did* win!" exclaimed Peg, suddenly realizing the fact for the first time. "Yippee!"

They were all joyously examining the check when Mrs. Carter entered with steaming cups of cocoa and hot chocolate cake. Juniper was given his share and swallowed it all in one monstrous gulp.

"Gosh, Peg," said Woody, "Thanks a lot! If it hadn't been for you, we'd never have thought of writing a jingle for Juniper—"

"Or have gotten the prize winning one, even if we did think of it," said Wally.

"That's okay," grinned Peg. "After all, it was for Juniper, and even if he *is* big, he's awfully nice."

Juniper looked at the three smiling faces and thumped his tail happily on the rug. "Arf!" he agreed.

BREEZY bonnets...

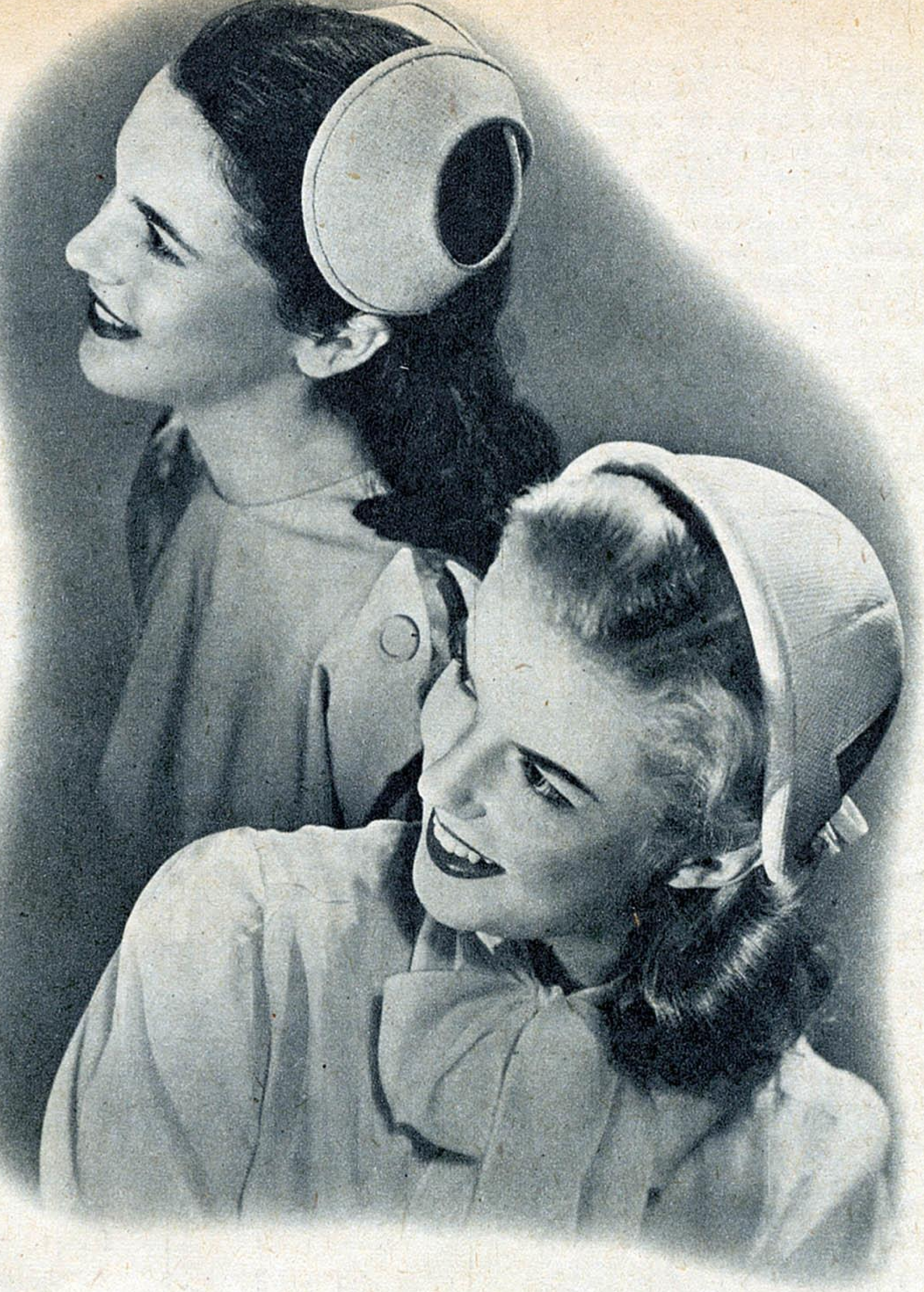
They're sweet and saucy, these frosty whites for warm weather wear, and cost sooo little . .

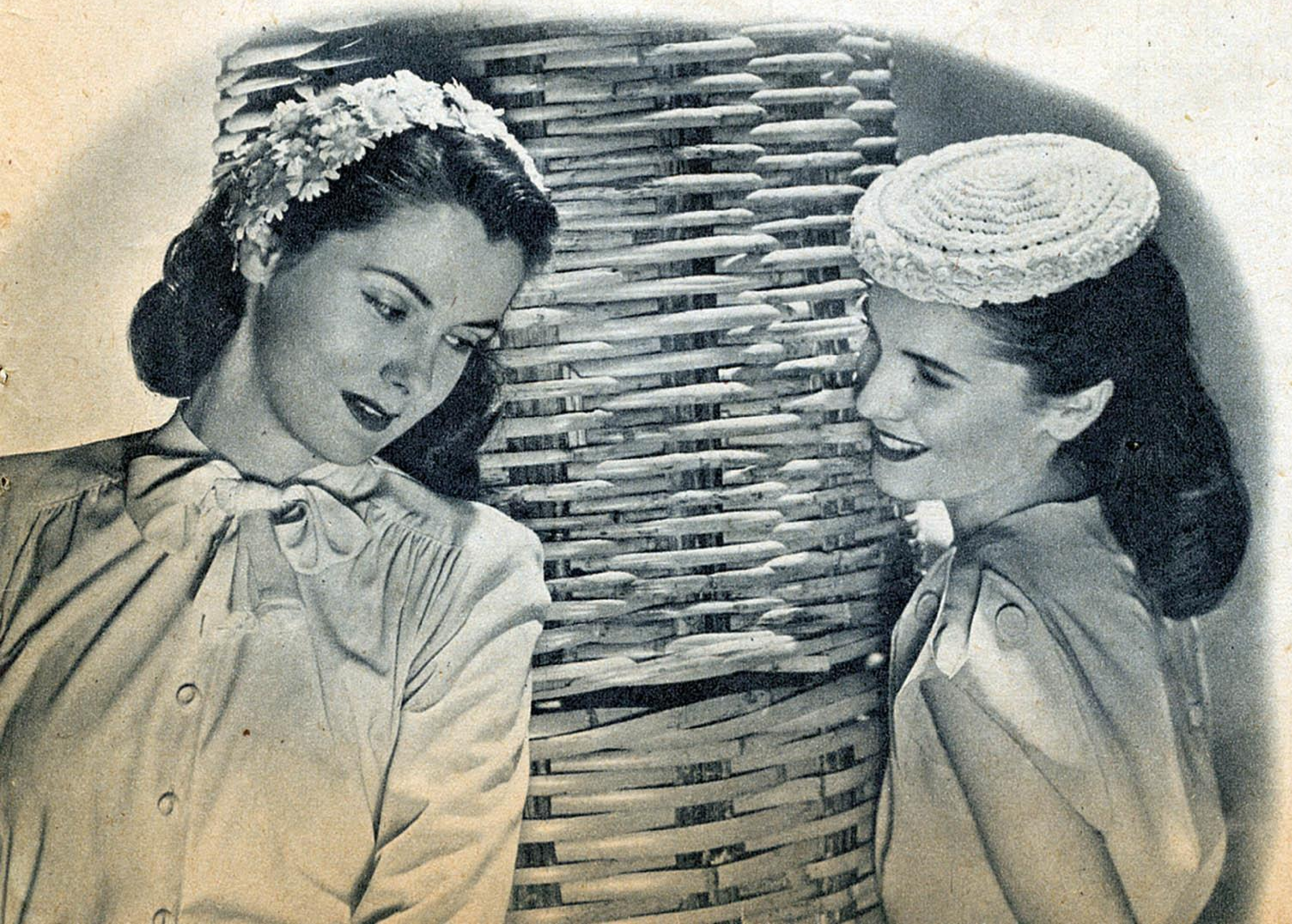
a. You'll cut a neat "Figure 8" with this tricky Betmar linen half-hat. Smooth as ice, and just as cool. Comes in dainty pink and powder. Best & Co., N. Y. $3.95

b. There'll be no "hot-heads" with this air-conditioned bird's eye baby cap. Comes in refreshing white pique. By Betmar. Best & Co., N. Y. $5.00

c. Bouquets to you! With this enchanting, gay Mad Cap half-hat circling your head, you can add that sparkling fresh-as-a-daisy appeal to all Summer cottons. Bloomingdale's, N. Y. $4.00

d. Strikingly crisp and Summer-smart is this Mad Cap hand-crocheted beanie in rayon straw. All pastel colors. Bloomingdale's, N. Y. $3.00





MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 14

around all of these and you have your pattern. Of course, button the sides in the back and turn back about an inch and a half around the front and you have your Dutch bonnet."

Now, here are several jewelry tricks that are just honies! The first is from Mary Frances Whisenant, Cisco, Texas:

"To keep your costume jewelry looking bright and pretty always, just put on a light coat of colorless nail polish which will not show at all. Also, if the set of your ring is loose, put a bit of polish behind the set and it will stick tighter than glue."

Ellen Coffey, Bristol, Tenn., tells us how to have a good, strong chain for a bracelet or a necklace on which we could put lots of charms:

"Key chains, strung together, make a cute necklace."

And for the charms Gloria Nichols, Florence, S. C., suggests:

"I'm sure everyone has some old keys around. All you have to do is shine 'em up and attach them to a bracelet." Yes, Gloria, and they can be kept shiny by applying colorless nail polish!

And here's a smooth idea from Joyce McCarthy, Mount Morris, N. Y.:

"Many girls have watches that positively won't run or are missing a hand. Remove the crystal, insert a picture, replace the crystal and you have a framed picture watch."

Anna McCann, New York, N. Y., sends in this earring idea:

"Take a pair of dice and a pair of earring clips. Glue the dice into the empty settings and you have a very different and interesting pair of earrings."

And to pep up your hair style, Carol Sibert, Ashland, Ohio, says:

"One day I wore some buttons in my hair—the kind that have a place in the back to slip a hairpin through. I really started a fad, for several days later other girls had some in their hair, too."

Good stationery is hard to get on small allowances, according to Jean Wagner, Salina, Kansas, who sends in this tip:

"Carve your initials on the end of a cork with a sharp knife. Dip the cork in your favorite ink, stamp it on your stationery and you have a stunning, yet reasonable, box of writing paper."

Shirley Vickers, Cincinnati, Ohio, likes things handy and neat:

"Take a piece of celluloid and cut it so it will fit around your light switch in your room. It protects your wall from those dirty hand prints. Crayon a sort of casing design on it to make it pretty. And here's another suggestion: to have your ruler handy always, just drill two holes in it so it can fit in your loose-leaf notebook."

A tricky idea for old keys comes from Margaret Reif, North Tanawanda, N. Y.:

"Take your old flat brass keys and polish them up until they sparkle and gleam and use them for buttons on your cardigan or suit. They look perfect."

And for the suit here's a pep-up for your lapel. It comes from a teen-ager, too, Mrs. W. H. Gibson, Jr., Campo, Calif.:

"Sew a tiny white bag and fill it with sugar, bind the top with bright colored ribbon and pin it on your suit or sweater. Hang on a wee sign saying, 'Sugar's rationed, too.'"

Mary Davis, Brooklyn, N. Y., likes school spirit and writes:

"Take your school colors (mine are black and orange) and buy 1 yard of one color ribbon and ½ yard of the other. Print your school's name on the ½ yard, but be sure to leave ¼ of an inch space between each letter. Cut out the letters and sew them on the yard of ribbon. This gives you a snappy hair band in your school colors and with your school's name. If the ribbon is too long, cut off the ends and make two tiny bows for your hair."

A very sweet letter has come in from Jackie Roarty, Barberton, Ohio:

"I have been reading MISS AMERICA ever since the first issue. I live in a small industrial city where there is no place for us to hang around, so we finally started a club. We have a swell time each week and honest, we owe most of it to MISS AMERICA because we get so many swell ideas from this magazine. And not only ideas, either. I would have had a lot of stiff competition winning my 'Van Johnson'. The thing that really helped me win him over was the night I walked into the club room in a cream colored dress that I had made from a pattern in MISS AMERICA Magazine. He just looked and looked, and looked again. Thanks a million, MISS AMERICA, you're solid!"

And I'll be looking for those snapshots, too, girls. Don't forget to send them to me along with your wonderful suggestions. I think your pictures look lovely in MISS AMERICA Speaks, don't you?

PICNIC PLEASURES

From page 13

role with Mary Astor and Philip Dorn, or in the latest Katharine Hepburn picture, "Without Love."

To really have a bang up barbecue party, take time out for preparations. Inspect the "hot dogs" offered by your butcher. Make sure they are soft to the touch, and not dark or dry looking. AND be certain to count heads, and have at least two wienies per person. It's a pretty good idea to get several extras, particularly if you're asking any members of the stronger, and hungrier sex to your picnic!

A neatly packed basket or suitcase, or box, whichever you have available, makes it convenient when you arrive at your destination. If you have packed the salt and pepper and mustard where you know where to find them, you'll find it expedites matters. If you are carrying milk in paper cartons such as the girls are using, an extra cover of wax paper prevents those little leaky drops that sometimes spring out of the top of a carton.

REPORT CARD

It means correct, correct, correct, Pop!

Don't forget the long-handled fork, such as you see in the picnic pictures, and make sure to pack a knife. The hot dogs are nice when split, but if you do it at the picnic spot, rather than at home, they'll be juicier and fresher. The selection of the spot for your picnic is important. Look the territory over, and find a place that isn't damp. A bit of shade comes in handy for relaxation after the repast, so consider the presence of trees. If you can find a clearing among the trees, with a flat surface, so much the better. After all, nobody wants to find they've put their milk on an inconvenient little hill, only to have it jolt against a busy wrist wrestling with the wienies!

Now, to make the fire. You DID remember to bring some newspapers, we hope! Well, get them out and then, "five, six, pick up sticks!" Dry twigs are best as they are less allergic to fire and flame, which is what you're after at this point. Place some of the sticks, criss-cross in the barbecue. Allow a little room under them, so that the air can circulate, and your crumpled-up papers placed over the sticks will then catch on fire. When it's beyond the smoking stage and you've really got some flames, place some more sticks over the paper and they'll catch and glow. Now is the time to get out the long-handled fork and the wienies. When they're done to a turn, cut them and give them the works with mustard, relish or whatever else you've brought along in the way of seasonings.

The setting of your picnic table is simple. The girls have brought a large blanket, and to protect it you will notice they prepare the ground with newspapers first, then they cover the blanket with a tablecloth. However, if you do not have a large blanket and tablecloth, you will find that you can get inexpensive little place mats and if they are durable enough, you can wipe them off and save them for the next picnic.

You'll note in the picture that Gloria and June have something in that white bowl. It's coleslaw and goes yummy with wienies.

The final picture shows our two young heroines on their way home from their picnic, full of sunshine, fresh air, and wienies, and confident that they have left the picnic grounds in ship-shape order—just as they had found it.

GOOD NEWS . . .

Listen, lassies—MISS AMERICA has cooked up something extra-special for you in your August issue. We can hardly wait until you see trumpeter HARRY JAMES' own wonderful story on moods in music and how the latter affects fashion trends, etc. We'd like to tell you more about the great music-maker's provocative wordage, but—well, you'll want to read all about it yourself in the August issue.

AN ORIGINAL "Sally Mason" CREATION

For Back to School

—so young and fresh—so pretty and gay—designed the SALLY MASON way. You'll love them all.

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Your Choice for Quality . . . Today and Tomorrow . . .
Sally Mason Blouses and Playsuits

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 5

around my car—because Janet Blair with her saucy rose hat was standing there waiting to get hers. "Miss Blair, you were awfully good in 'Tonight and Everynight'"—her fans were telling her. And they were asking about Marc Platt, the handsome blond boy who played her co-star.

Well here's the news on Mr. Platt. He's set to play the lead in "Tars and Spars" at Columbia Studios. And everybody's claiming to have discovered him—he's that good!

* * *

"Tomorrow Is Forever" certainly doesn't hold true for good-looking Dick Long, just signed to play Claudette Colbert's son in her new International picture. For Dick, aged 17, had never thought of a movie career—ever. Arriving in Los Angeles from Evanston, Illinois, two years ago, with his father, who now works in a war plant, Dick registered at Hollywood High. A talent scout gave two boys from the school a ride. "Got anyone outstanding in the school play this year?" he asked. "Sure!" the boys replied. "There's a guy, Dick Long, that the girls are swoony for." The next day the talent scout interviewed Dick. The second day he was at International getting his first glimpse inside a studio, being screen tested with Claudette Colbert. On the third, he was signed—for stardom!

* * *

Speaking of warning signs, Betty Hutton says that the one sign most people refuse to believe without personal inspection is "Wet Paint." Isn't it the beautiful truth!

* * *

Mary Frances Griffin, Irene Dunne's daughter, is an accomplished pianist and often accompanies her mother when she sings. Recently she presented Mama Irene with "A Child's Love Song," which she composed. And was Mama ever proud!

* * *

Gene Tierney has been walking on air ever since she received her Screen Stars Magazine Award for being Hollywood's Best Dressed Star of 1945. No wonder! The award is a valuable gold bracelet, especially designed with Gene's initials set in pearls! Since the Hollywood beauties have seen the bracelet, everyone's more anxious to win it than an Academy Oscar. The beautiful bracelet is now Hollywood's most coveted award—and you can well believe that! And another one will be handed out next year.

* * *

Brazilians, according to reports from the torrid zones, are now calling their best beauties, "Bacalls!"

* * *

Joyce Reynolds, star of "Janie," has definitely quit the screen to keep house for her husband in Quantico, Virginia. And Joan Leslie takes over the "Janie" role.

* * *

The World Premieres of most Hollywood movies for the boys overseas are held in some dark bombed out buildings in the European Theatres or in the jungles of the South Pacific. And the searchlights are there too—stabbing the sky—in search of enemy planes while the audience, men, and officers in uniform, wear helmets and guns. And how our boys applaud the pictures! As Jack Benny says, "Give any fighting man an inch of pleasure and he'll make a mile of it."

* * *

And that's Hollywood!

JAM SESSION

From page 18

a quality singer with a world of natural personality. For a girl singer I like Lillian Lane, who sings with Gene Krupa, but don't print that because my friends all tell me that Lillian and I sound alike and that would make me sound conceited!"

We've said it, though, and we hasten to add that Jo is definitely not conceited! She seldom talks about herself, but goes on like a carnival barker about Johnny Mercer, her boss at Capitol records; Paul Weston, her orchestra conductor; Tommy Dorsey, Frankie Sinatra, Andy Russell, etc., etc.

Away from the microphone Jo is an excellent cook, swims well, plinks at the piano . . . and sings. That's Jo Stafford, a singer's singer!

Bandstand Banter: Five singers in one month is the Tommy Dorsey record. Freddie Stewart, Hal Winters, Billy Usher, Frankie Lester and Stuart Foster all found their way, in rapid succession, to the Dorsey microphone in a thirty-day period. And Frankie Lester came up twice during that time!

Woody Herman has recorded his first sides for Columbia. . . . Jerry Wald has done ditto for the new Majestic Record Company, which was formerly the Hit Company. . . . And Mel Torme, the versatile young songwriter, singer, drummer, arranger, has come through with disc sides for Decca which make us think that he will be one of the really great artists of tomorrow. He's cute, girls! And he's still a teen-ager!

Ex-bandleader-singer Bob Allen will look handsome in khaki. . . . "The Stork Club" motion picture will star Betty Hutton and Andy Russell and will feature the King Cole Trio, all Capitol recording artists!

Lionel Hampton gave a jazz concert in Boston (augmenting his band with a symphony string section) and still another in Carnegie Hall in New York. . . . And another 'jazz concert' series is being conducted by Eddie Condon's Dixieland jazz group of Blue network fame.

Dis(c) 'n Dat(a): Hate to rub it in, but here's another note to remind you of Mel Torme, the outstanding musical youngster we mentioned above. Mel's first Decca is a platter of "Stranger In Town", the ace ballad he wrote, and another good tune titled, "You've Laughed at Me For the Last Time". Mel handles the solo chores in a whisper melody stepping often into the Mel-Tones vocal group for effective harmony spots.

All right—I'm asking you for a date at the last minute— But I know you're the executive type, and used to making split second decisions!

Woody Herman sings twice on his first Columbia platters, "Laura" and "I Wonder". The man is wonderful, vocally and instrumentally. . . .

An excerpt from Duke Ellington's tone poem, "Black, Brown and Beige", has been disced on A Victor platter under the title "Carnegie Blues". The excerpt is woven into a tight little jazz piece and the Al Sears tenor saxophone is topnotch. "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings" is on the other side, but you may as well ignore that unless you like the tune. This is, however, the best recorded version.

The Phil Moore Four comes on with intimate whisper harmony on "My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time" and "A Little on the Lonely Side" for Victor. Phil and Billy Daniels sing the top parts and the discs are excellent. . . . If you prefer full band work, you'll find Les Brown's version of "My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time" the best.

Majestic records is out with four sides by Jerry Wald—"Laura", "Candy", "He's Home For a Little While" and "The More I See You". Not bad. . . . Try to pick up the Meade Lux Lewis album on Asch. It's swell!

HOLD THAT GIGGLE

From page 45

calm down and start talking. Talk about "him" or "her" or the weather . . . or brother in the army. But talk. And when you feel a giggle coming on, step hard on the giggle brakes.

If you say a lot of things you don't mean to say, it's because you're nervous, and lack confidence in the real you. So in order to cover up that lack you rush along and let words spill out and over. That's easy to control though. Count ten . . . to yourself, of course . . . before you let yourself go. If after counting you still want to babble away, count ten again. It will seldom be necessary to count the second time. For while you're silently clicking off the first count, your mind, unknown to you, is pulling itself together. You're thinking. And you'll find that what you do say makes sense and is to the point. You'll discover that you've done yourself proud.

So you have an idea people don't like you? That's all it is . . . an idea. An awfully important truth to carry with you now and forever is that people can criticize you and still think worlds of you. In fact, if they didn't like you they wouldn't take the time and trouble to criticize. So don't go around with a chip on your shoulder and a sulky droop on those otherwise sweet lips of yours because you think people don't like you. Just remember that they criticize you because they think you can do something about it; they really want to help you; people don't want to help those they don't like or love. It's much easier correcting faults now, whether they be inward or outward, than it will be five or ten years from now.

If you get sullen or sulky when you can't have your own way, it shows that you haven't adjusted yourself to others; and when you've not done that you crawl into a self-conscious hard little shell that doesn't help you or anyone else. Your idea may have been perfectly sound and logical, but don't be moody if you weren't able to put it over. Moods and sulks never made anyone popular. And the more you sulk, the less popular you'll become, and the more self-conscious you'll be. So for your own sake as well as for everybody else's be a good sport.

It may not seem to you that things like wanting to giggle, or babble or boss are signs of self-consciousness. But they are. They're your own danger flags waving madly at you. By controlling these outward danger signals you give yourself confidence. And when you give yourself that, you can just go on from there and have fun. Suddenly it will dawn on you that your knees are no longer wobbly, your hands aren't clammy and you'll know exactly what you're going to say next.

MELANCHOLY BABY

From page 31

own case any good. How about that? Are you going to play the wild-eyed, long-haired tragedienne for the rest of your career? Or are you planning to pull yourself together and exhibit the stuff that makes Pop pat your page boy and grin his "chip off the old block" grin.

Now, that doesn't mean that you have to go around flashing your pearly choppers in an idiot smile from dawn to twilight. But, on the other hand, no eight-foot long face ever made the telephone ring. What will? Well, there's no "abra-cadabra" guarantee that he'll be swooning at your feet come next Tuesday. If he's sold on the idea that you're not his dish . . . you're just not it! Which, incidentally, is your cue to pick up your toys and find some other little boy to play with. But if he's still on the fence about you, or just insultingly indifferent to your charms, there's hope. You might even get him playing on your team . . . but, easy, sweetie-pie, easy!

To begin with, let's leave the well known "chase" to Charlie Chaplin and the cops of the "silents". Let's send it back to the hounds on a fox hunt. Let's scrap it. Men have an uncannily

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skillful way of avoiding that lasso you're twirling, that cage you're building. So, sweet-meat, don't bombard the lad with 'phone calls. Don't load the mailman down, and bury the boyfriend beneath a pack of reproachful, indignant, cajoling messages. Don't grab him by the bow-tie and force him into conversation, just because you happen to meet in the hall between classes. Don't do handsprings of joy when he merely smiles in your direction. Don't trap him into a date when he calls simply to find out what page the algebra homework is on.

Nope. The Marines may use ju-jitsu to get their men, but you'll be minus a certain, very attractive, prom date, if you use those leatherneck tactics. Your approach should be infinitely more gentle. How about this one? When he calls for the homework assignment, you have to make it awfully short, because you've a date waiting in the car outside. Mmmm, he thinks, popular girl! Then in class, instead of watching him cow-eyed while he gives out with his plans on a post-war world, how about making with some of your well thought-out ideas? Switch the act a bit, and have wonder-boy watch, listen, and very likely, admire. Mmmm, he thinks, bright gal. Or you enter the competition for the lead in the class play. Supposing you were to get the part? After rehearsing with a Helen Hayes enthusiasm, you make your début one Friday night. You're a hit! The next day you find yourself surrounded by gobs of kids, all of them breathless over your triumph of last evening. Mmmm, he thinks, talented too! Catch on? Before long the little man is unquestionably interested. Then, very casually, you invite him over one night with the gang. An informal kind of get-together, you say. Good records, long cokes, and loads of laughs. Naturally, you're all smoothed-up. Not fussy, and "big date" fancy. But a bright wool dress, clean, well-brushed hair, and a shiny face. Later on, you might wander over to the piano, and give the gang that new boogie-woogie arrangement you've been working on. You might be an especially good hostess, and see that everyone has a cool drink, and fruit and cookies. All this time, our hero is taking the scene in, and two to one it makes a very favorable impression. Mmmm, he thinks, where has this cookie been all my life? And the next day, when the 'phone rings, and he knows the history assignment, but just called to say hello, and tell you what a swell time he had last night . . . that's it, bright-eyes. You're in. You've got one saddle-shod foot in the door, and from there on, it's up to you.

So, melancholy baby, dry your eyes, and change the tears for stars!

CALL OF THE WILDS

From page 33

Let's talk about that. Camp life. The first thing to remember is that it's primarily an experience in sharing. If you take the right attitude from the very first, it can be one of the most constructive experiences of your whole life. Prepare, then, to be cooperative, to enter fully into each activity, whether or not it appeals to you at first. Camp is no place for shirkers or complainers. Sally Jones may have a famous family, a super allowance and movie star's features, but if she's one of those exasperating chronic hang-backers, she won't have many friends. Values become crystal clear in camp. Character ranks first. When you're packing for camp, take along your sense of humor—that's more important even than lumberjack shirts and blue jeans. Tuck in good sportsmanship, too, and friendliness and consideration for others.

Don't expect to live the way you do at home. Camps run on schedule. At first, you'll groan at those heartless morning bugles routing you out of bed with reveille. You won't like regular tent inspection, or being able to swim or hike or play tennis only at certain times. You'll mutter to yourself, "Jeepers, what *is* this, a concentration camp?" Maybe you'll think you'll just never get used to it—maybe you'll wish you could go home. But you'll become adjusted sooner than you think, begin to like the order with which your day moves.

Don't form friendships too quickly. That is, don't select a couple of special pals in the first few days—and then proceed to ignore the rest of the camp. You can like everyone, and everyone can like you—if you don't arbitrarily limit your companionships. Take time and patience to search beneath the shyness of an apparent misfit in camp—and by the end of the summer she won't be one—and you can take credit for helping her make an important adjustment which will help her all through life.

The world is full of beautiful girls who dream of becoming models — but — how is such a dream made into a reality? Harry Conover, the famous model man who makes models famous, answers your questions in "So You Want to Be a Model?" in your August MISS AMERICA. Don't miss it!

Don't take part in silly feuds. They may occur, but don't make too much of them and in time they'll just peter out from lack of fuel. Making a friend out of a would-be enemy is a real and thrilling accomplishment. Try it!

Expect fun every minute of the day from reveille to taps, whatever you're doing. Revel in the out-of-doors, the sweet, clean air, that indescribable atmosphere of the wilds. Try to like all kinds of weather — you can. The cozy, rainy days around the fire in the Main Lodge can be just as enjoyable as the glorious, sunny days when you hike and ride.

Learn new things eagerly, pick up skills in handicrafts, improve your Australian crawl, your tennis serve, your knowledge of nature. Set certain goals for yourself and see if you can reach them by the time camp closes. You'll look back on this summer in camp as one of your pleasantest memories.

Going to camp? You'll adore it — and here's wishing you a super sun-tan!

FOR GIRLS ONLY...

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

SEASON'S GREETINGS: Here it is again, girls! Time to drag those valises down from the shelf, to get the tennis rackets out of the closet, and that darling little two-piece swim-suit out of camphor, and head for the great outdoors . . .

Some of you are off to twelve weeks of riding, swimming, hiking. Um-um! Others will be building castles in the sand, acquiring that smooth, even tan, which'll make the female population in your neighborhood sigh wistfully, when summer is over. And a greater number of you will be giving your time, and boundless youthful energies to the Victory Farm Corps, the Nurses' Aide group, and other patriotic organizations in your own home town.

But whatever you do, here's a wish for a happy, carefree vacation,

From your,
Aunt Nina.

* * *

SPLIT HAIR DEPARTMENT. Don't let this worry you, Pinky L., but when a girl's hair persistently splits at the ends, does not grow properly, it is quite possibly due to a lack of thyroid in the system or some other deficiency. It usually indicates a run-down general condition. Ask your doctor about this. He may find nothing wrong, which I sincerely hope. In which case, try having the ends of your hair singed and massage your scalp nightly.

* * *

PLUMP PIGEON. Dorothy, if your boy friend pokes fun at you instead of whispering tender nothings, you'd better reduce to a "tender nothing" yourself. Short girls cannot afford to be overweight, and double scoop sodas are not the only fattening foods. Cut down on bread, eat no butter or potatoes, macaroni or desserts, but eat plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit to make up. Don't go hungry. This boy probably likes you anyway or he wouldn't bother to tease you, but he'll like you better as a slim princess!

* * *

FOREVER AND EVER. No, D. C., of course not all high school crushes are just puppy love. Sometimes a great love story and many a lasting marriage has come out of a school-day love affair. But as a rule, these young attachments soon take their place among the other pleasant memories of our youth, which are so lovely to look back on.

* * *

GOOD FISH IN THE SEA. L. M. P., don't mope over that boy who found another girl he liked better than you. See if you can't find some other one to escort you to your prom. The world is full of nice boys, and you ought to know more of them.

* * *

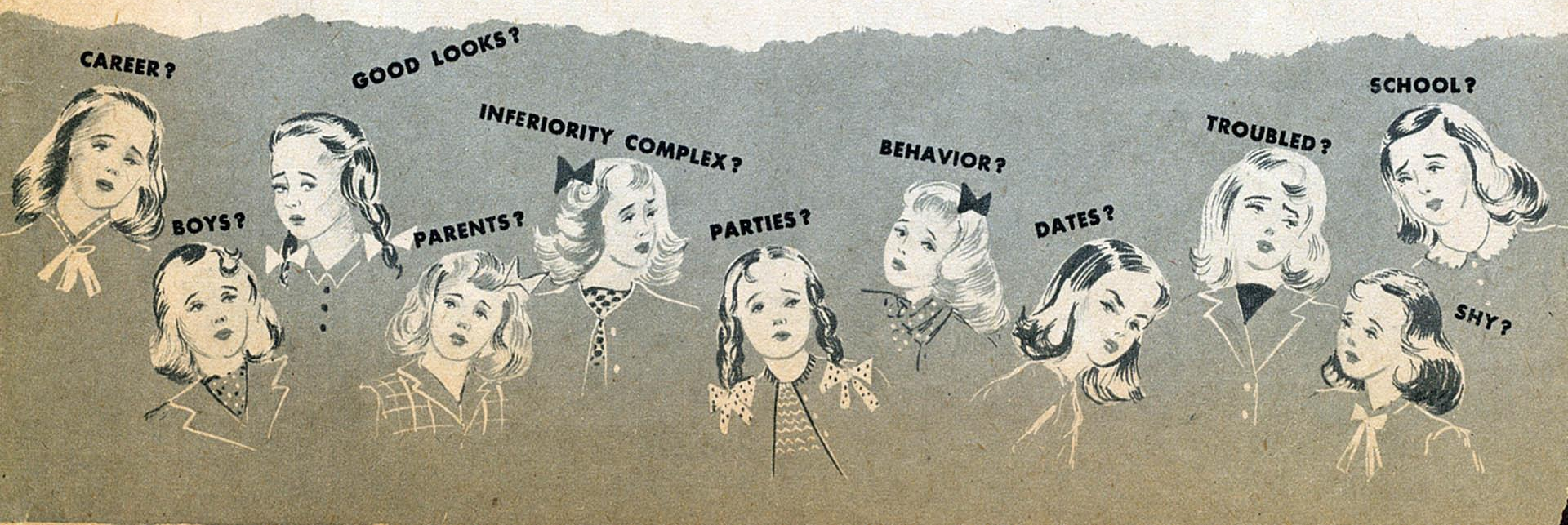
VERY LITTLE GIRL. Dear Joan D., being a tiny girl has its advantages. While you are so young, you should make yourself as cute as a doll. Wear dresses that are almost costumes. A little girl can be cute when she's young, and she can also be most attractive after she's grown up. I have a tiny friend with snow-white hair who at fifty looks like something off a valentine. Don't be affected, but try to be exceptionally pretty, both in clothes and manner.

* * *

WORTH WAITING FOR. Gerry S. There is certainly nothing wrong with you because you don't want to be kissed by boys, or have them hug you in public. I never liked that kind of thing myself. But when the right man came along I knew at once that I felt differently toward him. I was happy to marry him, and some day you will do the same. Meanwhile, keep your self-respect,

(*Continued on page* 61)

With a new slant on your problems, things look brighter. Here, in this section, you'll find encouragement from "Aunt Nina"...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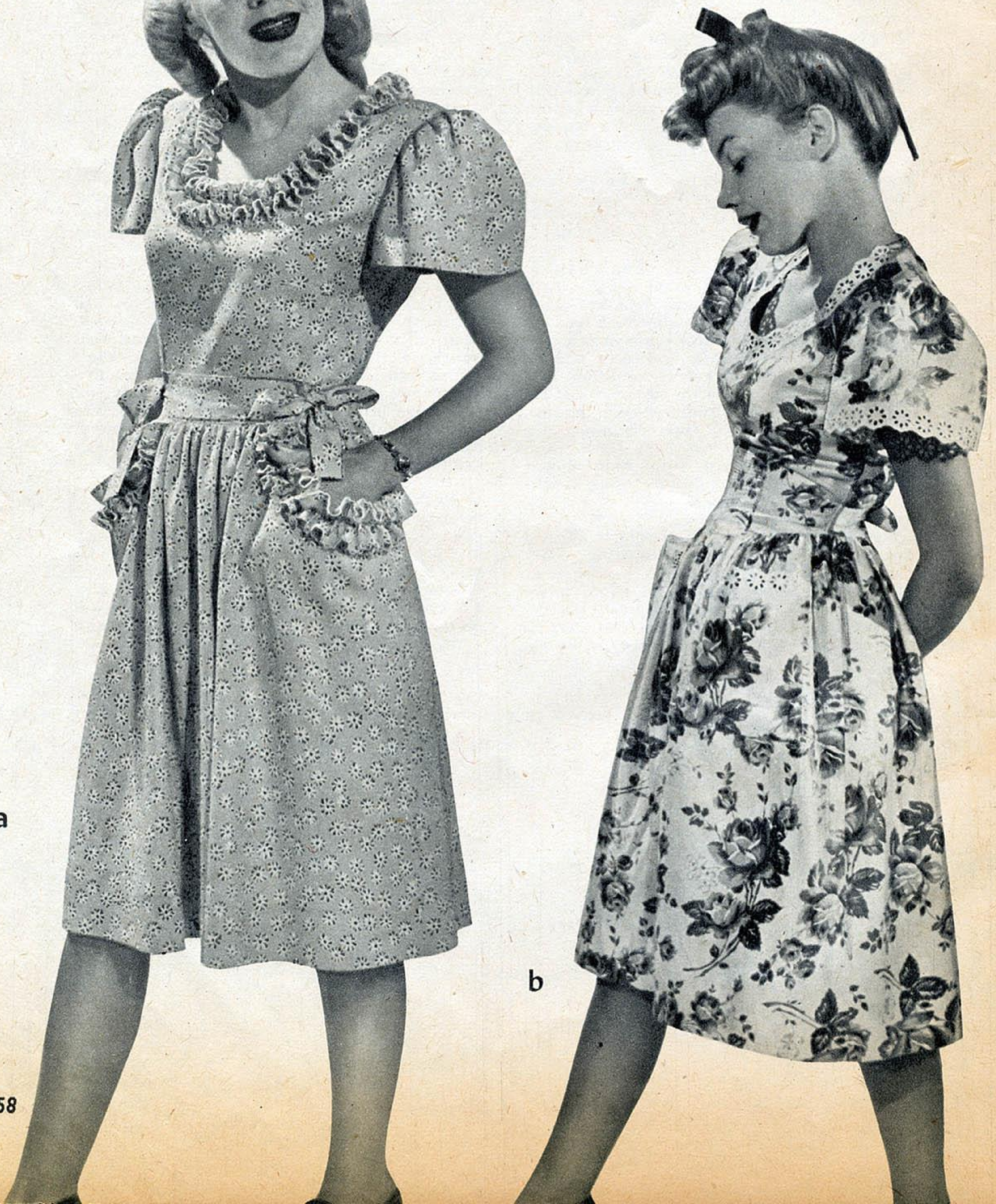
To look crisp and cool in the Summer sun, wear these low priced Miss America clothes and be tops in style . . .



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a

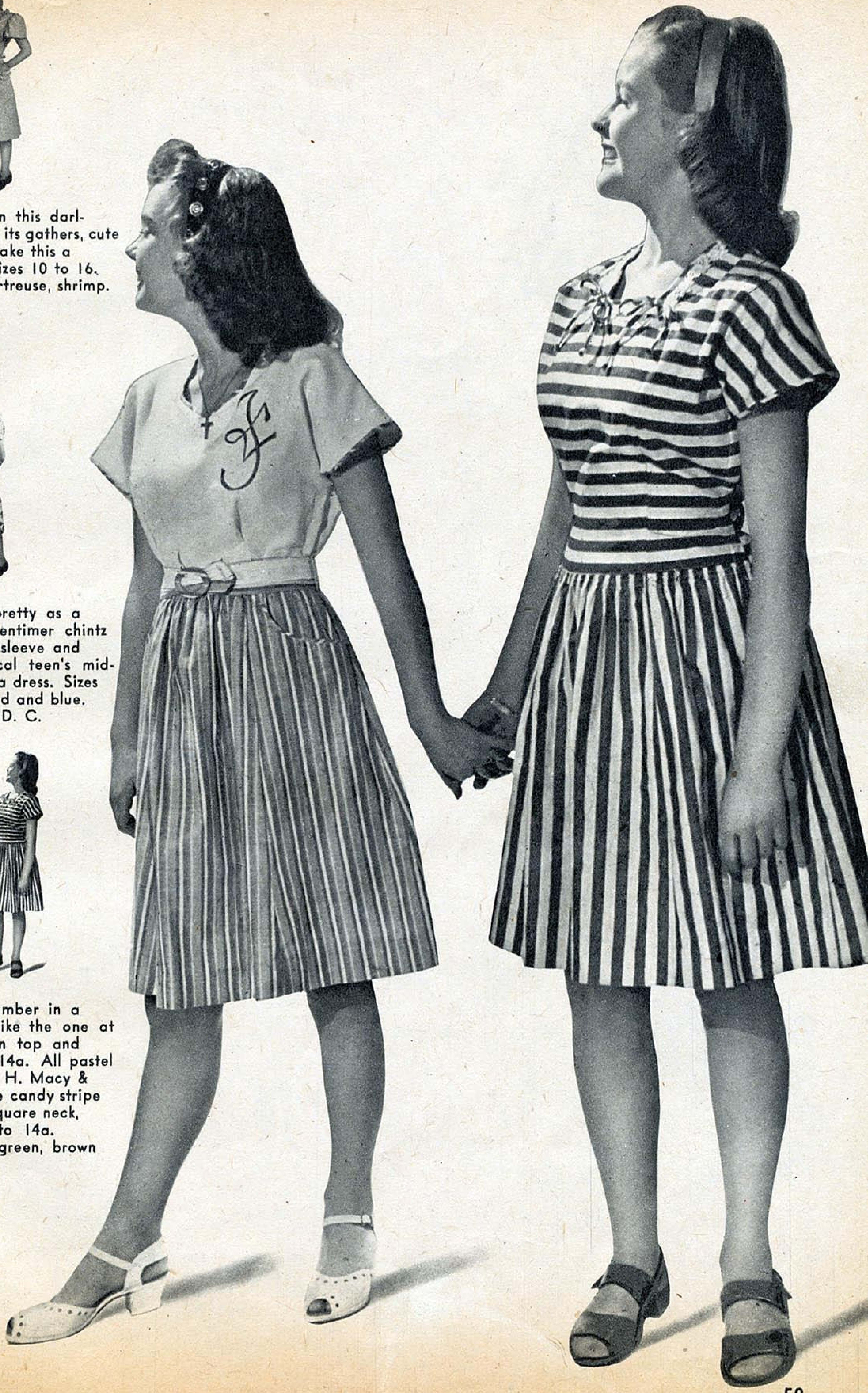
The double ruffle trim on this darling Teentimer rayon print, its gathers, cute bows and cool neckline make this a perfect Summer dress. Sizes 10 to 16. About $9. In maize, chartreuse, shrimp. At Hecht & Co. Washington, D. C.

b

Cool as a "coke" and pretty as a picture! This printed Teentimer chintz with eyelet trim at neck, sleeve and pocket edges, is a typical teen's midsummer's night dream of a dress. Sizes 10 to 16. About $8. In red and blue. At Hecht & Co., Wash., D. C.

c

You'll be cool as a cucumber in a Petiteen striped cotton like the one at the left with white rayon top and striped trim. Sizes 10 to 14a. All pastel shades. About $6. At R. H. Macy & Co. And the Petiteen, the candy stripe at the right, has a cool, square neck, and tie-back. Sizes 10 to 14a. About $6. In red, blue, green, brown At Bloomingdale's, N. Y.



c

Approved by
MISS AMERICA
magazine

Shopping around town with Bernice is fun—

She'll be glad to tell you where to buy apparel

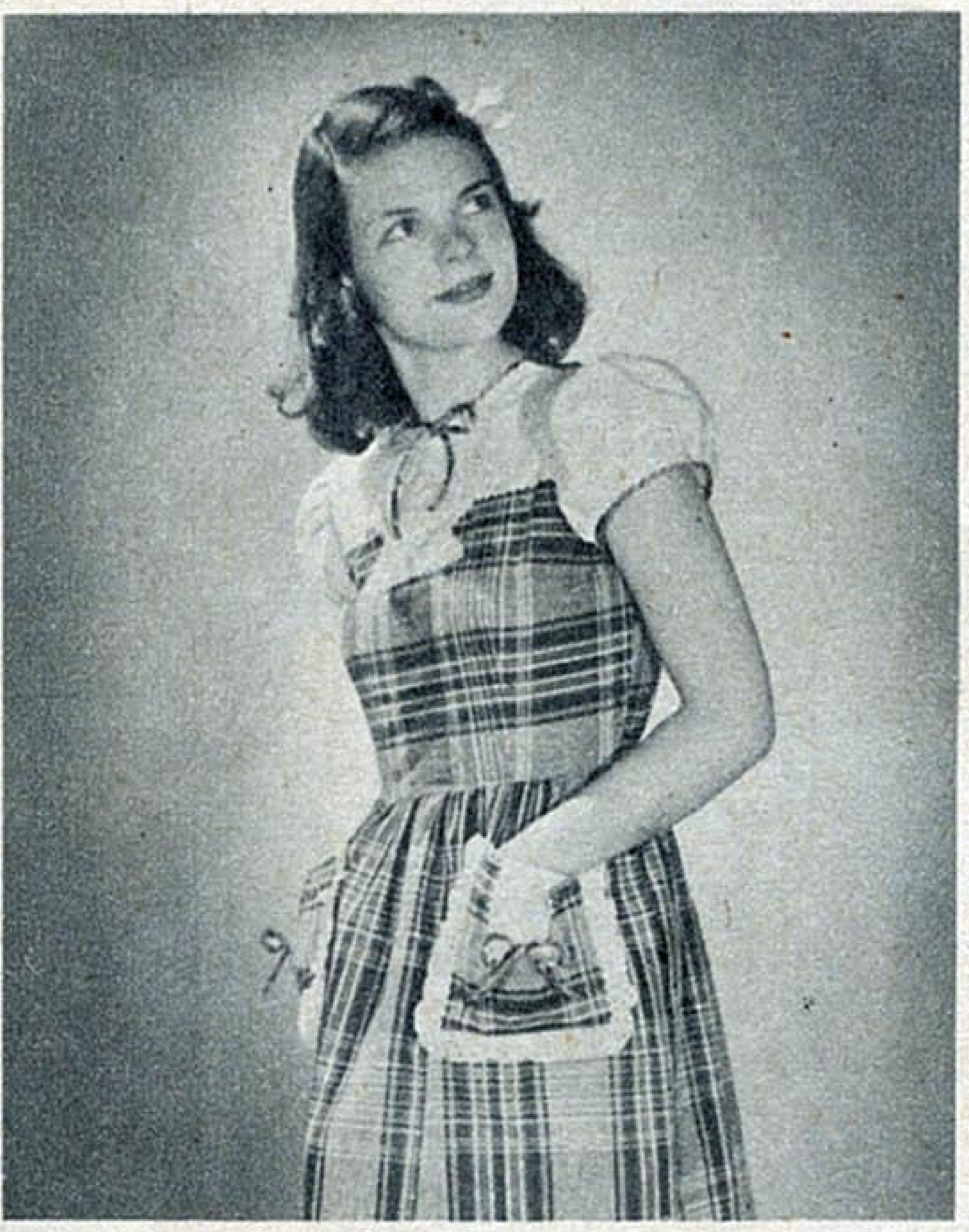
for charm and daintiness—just write her . . .

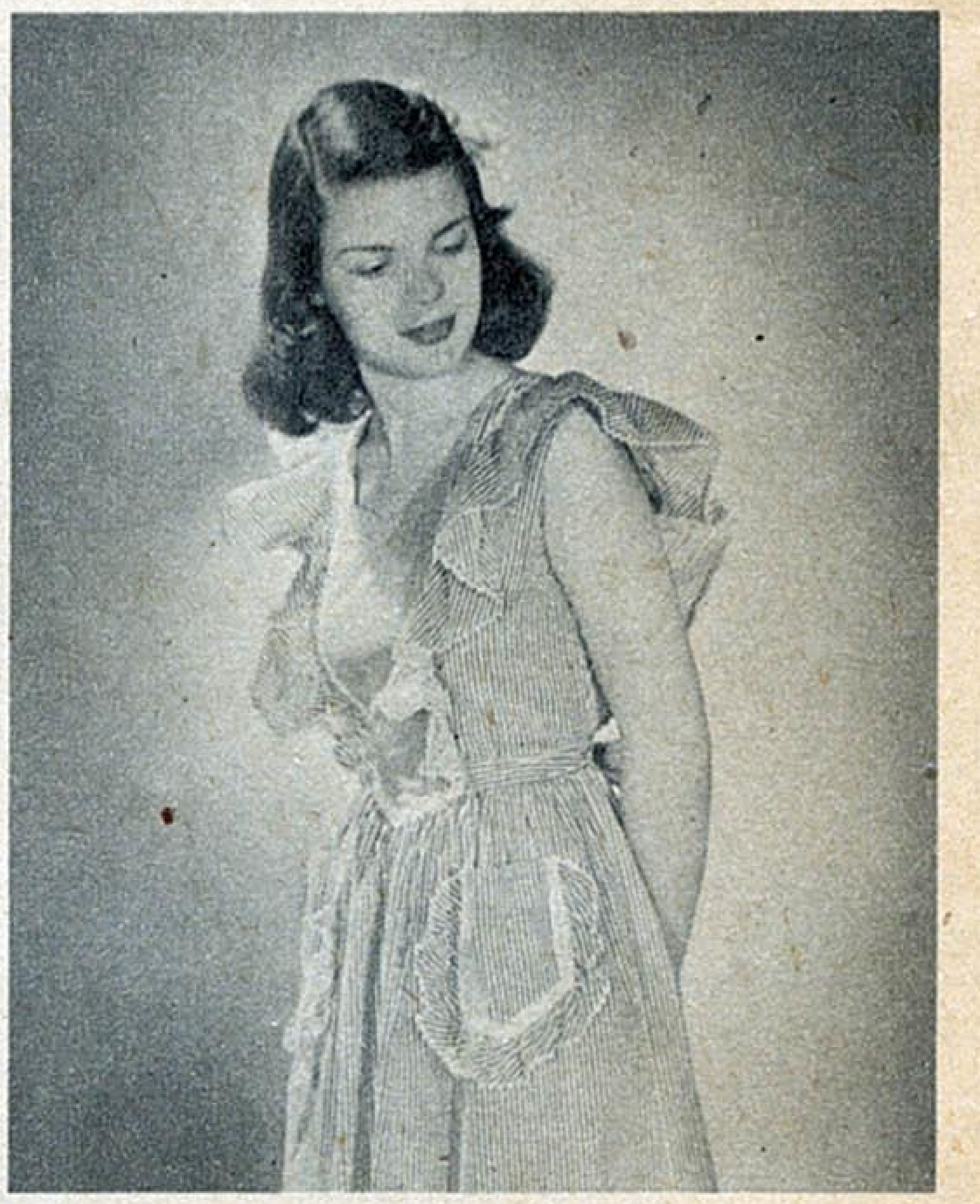
*All prices are approximate

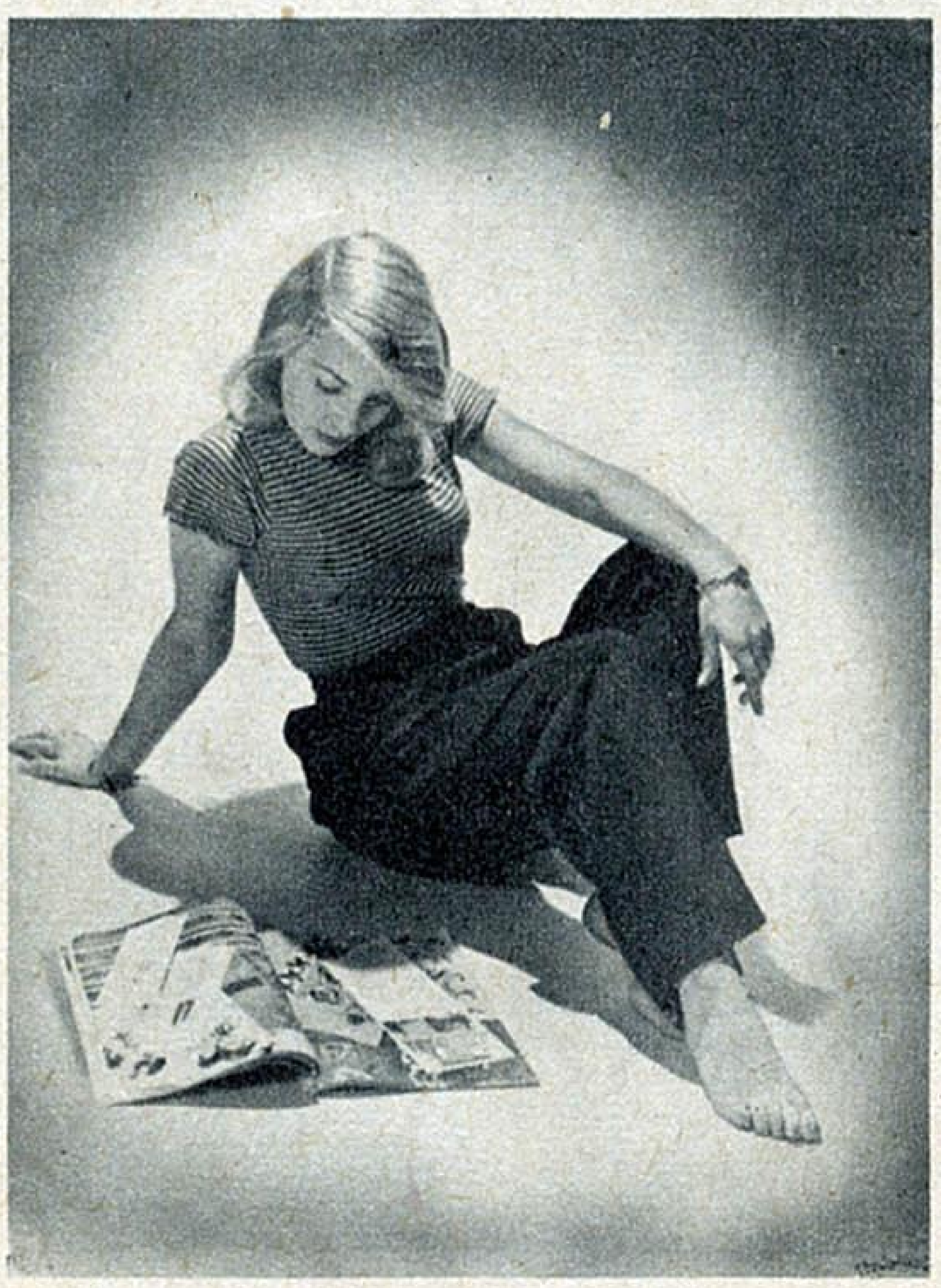
by Bernice

Cool as a chocolate mint soda is this ruffly candy-stripe Pinafore by Peggy Paige, with eyelet embroidered trim, and roomy pockets. Tubable and durable. Many colors. Sizes 9-15. $6.00.

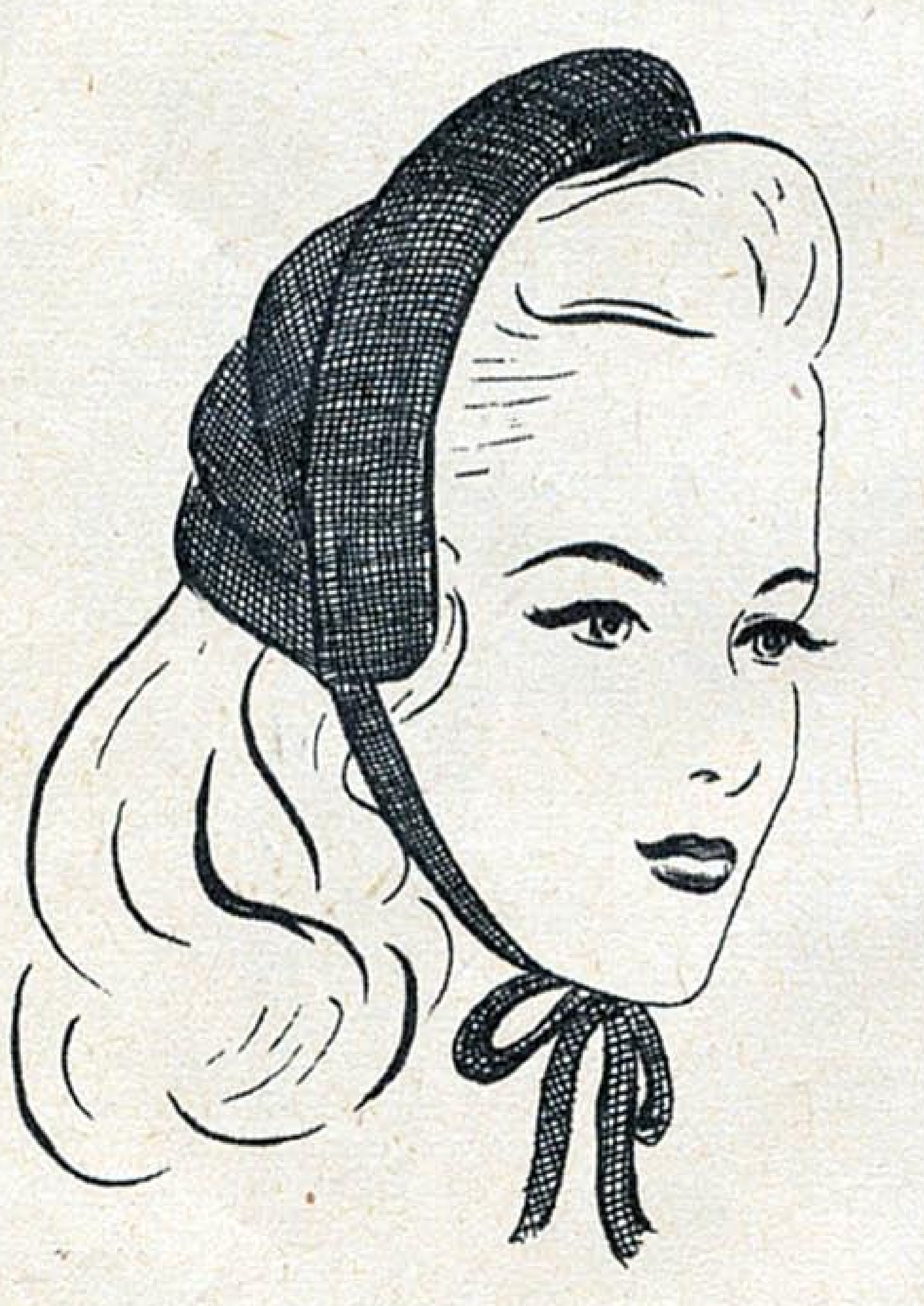
Pretty plaids are the vogue. Here's one with crisp white eyelet embroidered yoke and eyelet trim on pockets and dirndl skirt (another Peggy Paige washable). Sizes 9-15. $6.00.



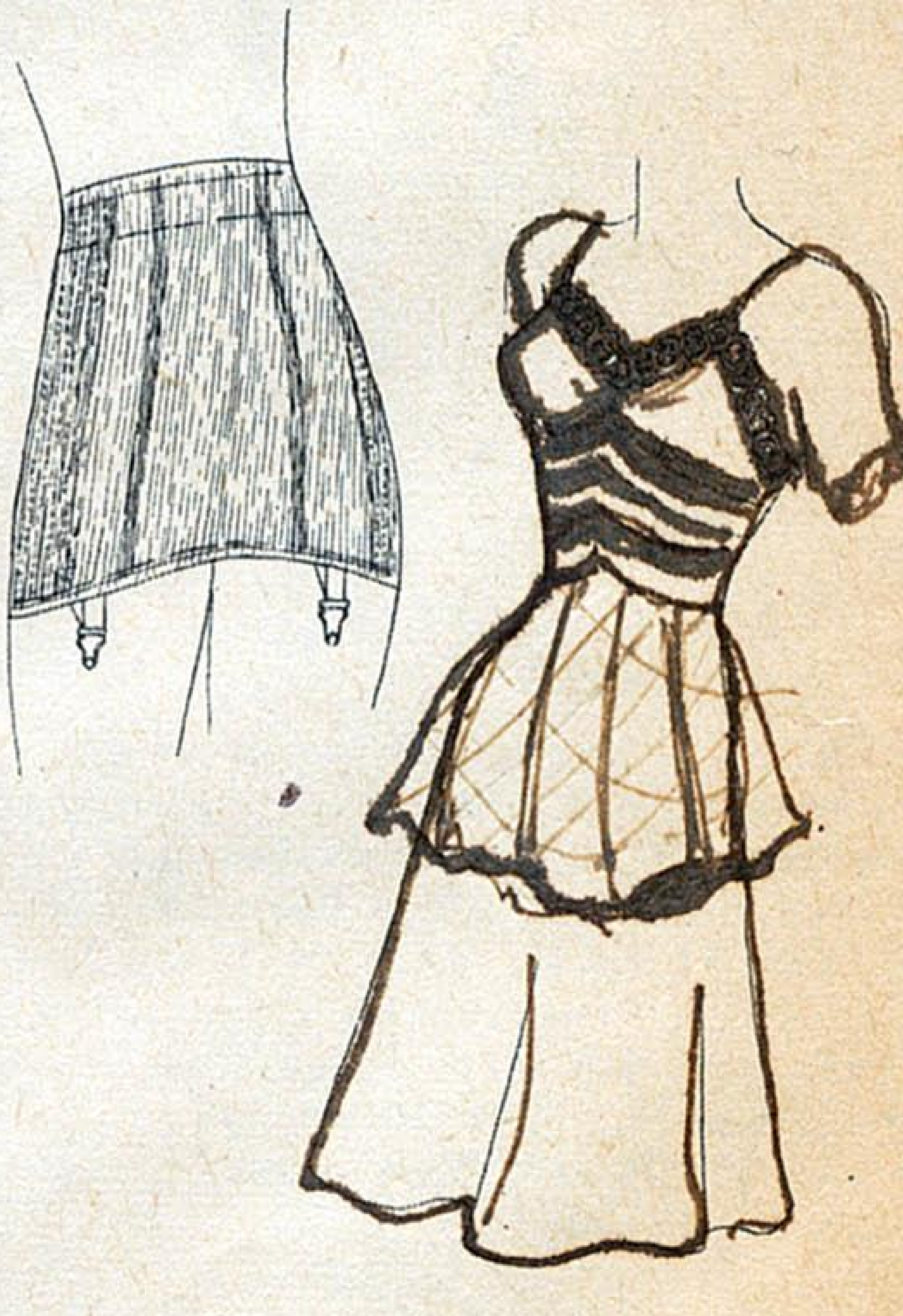




For camp, or Saturday chores, or just for relaxin'—these slacks are so nice and comfy. They're light weight spun gabardine by Nadis of Dallas, with adjustable waist and zipper. In pastels, black, brown navy. $5.95.



This little adorable hat will charm you with its versatility. It's a Topping made of flexible fabric straw cloth with adjustable ribbons so that you can wear it any number of ways. Comes in pastels and also white. $1.00.



Underneath it all is a trim fitting girdle. This one is a tearose Cupid, small, medium and large. $3.00. Cut to fit without a wrinkle or ride is this Doris Miller slip, with adjustable straps. In sizes 9-15. $2.00.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 57

go on with your fine school activities and stay away from the girls who talk about kissing and discuss how they feel about it. Such things are private matters, and it is neither healthy nor good manners to discuss them in groups.

GANGING UP IDEA. **Delores Z., Elaine S., Maizie P., Elaine Z. and Jane T. Dear Gang: If you are sure these boys you like are really nice, the best way to start a group in which you can have a lot of fun together, would be for you girls to give a party at one of your homes, and invite the boys. Since you are all too young to go out on single dates, why not start a boys and girls club at this party? A club for Dutch Treat outdoor sports and movie matinees? But get your parents' approval first.**

WRITE RIGHT DEPARTMENT. Kit, my dear, it is perfectly correct for you to write to a sailor or any other serviceman whose name has been given you in the proper manner. But do not write sentimentally. Just write about your school work, the parties you go to, or your war work, such as paper drives or Red Cross, and enclose sports news clippings or jokes from the newspapers. Writing these letters will help you learn to talk to boys as well.

THE BEST POLICY. Write your boy friend a letter, Dale W., and ask why he dropped you so suddenly. Perhaps he is hurt because you accused him of something he did not do. Be honest with him, and if he is any sort of a he-man he will be the same with you.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT. **Alice B.—*Please* stop worrying about that algebra! It is much more important that you be happy and healthy than to worry yourself sick and spoil your natural pleasures over poor marks in an uncongenial subject. Explain your trouble to your teacher, and see if she can't help you.**

ORCHIDS TO A BRAVE HEART. Dear Ruth B. Your letter is so brave and intelligent that I want every other girl who has any major blemish on her face to know what a good sport you are, and that you have a boy friend sincerely interested in you despite it. For I am sure this basketball player of yours really likes you. The deformity of your lip can be overcome by plastic surgery. You must submit to the operation and not be afraid, for one of the blessings which has come out of this cruel war is a new skill in giving people fresh faces. I believe you will be glad all your life if you have this necessary thing done. And you must be happy that even before it was done, a fine boy has tried to make friends with you. He obviously has had his feelings hurt by those two other girls, and is probably timid about trying to make a new girl friend. Give him a little encouragement, but don't listen to so-called friends like the girl who is trying to discourage you. One of my best friends was born with a hare-lip and still has it. She also has a handsome and devoted husband, who sees what a lovely soul she possesses.

NOT TOO HARD. **Helen S. Listen, cuteness, don't get mad at your boy friend, simply because he talks with your best girl friend when he can't see you. Probably they sing your praises.**

AUNT NINA'S PARTY RECIPE. A hot idea for hot days. Take cold leftover vegetables such as carrots, peas, beans, etc., rinse in cold water, drain and mix with mayonnaise and use as thick filling for white bread sandwiches. Make plenty of sandwiches for each person, and serve with a cup of hot cocoa or coffee. Then for dessert use plain cup cakes, the centers of which have been scooped out and filled with chopped pecans. Pour maple syrup over each cake and serve.

FRANK SINATRA

gives you his

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by FRANK SINATRA

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TOMMY DORSEY

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WISHING ON A STAR

From page 11

promised to get her Van Johnson's the next time I see him."

At fifteen, and working side by side with the fabulous stars of Hollywood, Miss P. has lost none of her illusions. Now she was carefully observing the "Who's Who" in the Metro commissary so as to make a full report to Nancy Lee in her weekly letter.

"Isn't Gloria De Haven beautiful!" she remarked. A slight flush of excitement rosied her pretty cheeks as Miss De Haven passed by and stopped to tell Jane, "how much I enjoyed your picture." To be sure that incident would be reported, in capital letters, in the news to Nancy. And the fact that Greer Garson had also said "howdy" certainly would not be ignored either.

"I never dreamed of becoming a movie star," Jane confessed, over a chocolate malt and melted cheese on rye. "I remember when Nancy and I obtained Joan Leslie's autograph when Miss Leslie made a personal appearance in Portland. We were so thrilled. And recently, when I found myself on a benefit program in Chicago with Miss Leslie, she remembered me.

"If Nancy could share this excitement of living in Hollywood," she continued, "it would be such fun. As it is, I get lonesome. I've always gone to public school, and back in Portland we have our own gang of kids for school parties, picnics, show dates and fudge sessions. But going to school at a studio limits your acquaintances. In my class there's Butch Jenkins and a few others—all of different ages. At church I smile in the hope of getting better acquainted with girls of my own age. But when they know you're in the movies they seem timid."

"I really think it would be wonderful to know some nice boys and girls to go with me to the movies. I love to go to a hot dog stand afterwards and have a hamburger with onions and relish, and, well—the works," said Jane. "Not being eighteen, I can't go to the Palladium or dancing places, but I am looking forward to the day. I love to jitterbug and to rhumba. I've taken lessons in both, but I only dance at school or at the studio," she concluded pensively.

Being suddenly uprooted from home and friends, and transplanted to the magic soil of Hollywood has its moments. According to Jane, there are moments when it is too, too wonderful to believe, and others, when she'd take the first train right back home to be among familiar faces.

"I am very proud of this," she said, displaying a smart little gold identification bracelet. "Mr. Mayer gave it to me."

This is how it all began: Jane arrived in Hollywood with her parents for a summer vacation. Jane's major interest was seeing Hollywood and collecting movie stars' autographs. It was suggested that Jane audition for Janet Gaynor's "Hollywood Showcase" radio broadcast. She did, and received an ovation.

Before the end of the program, studio talent scouts were backstage offering contracts.

"The next day I was signed to appear on the Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy program," Jane recalled. "I told Mr. Bergen how much I had enjoyed his vaudeville skit when he played Portland. It was so exciting just meeting him, that I forgot to be frightened to sing."

Next, Jane was in Mr. Mayer's office at Metro to talk about a contract. Then she remarked, "I think this office is the longest room I have ever seen," Jane had said. "I didn't think I could ever walk clear across it, I was so nervous. Mr. Mayer laughed and said, 'I know someone in this room who is more nervous than you,—your mother.' That made Mother laugh and pretty soon I was singing 'A Little Bit of Heaven' and Mr. Mayer seemed pleased."

Two months later Charles Rogers borrowed Jane and the rest of her professional career is another one of those amazing stories that can only happen in Hollywood. Autograph fan one day—movie star the next.

"Van Johnson is wonderful," she said. "All of the girls want to brother Van. He is such a sweet boy and not at all conceited. He usually eats his lunch at our dramatic teacher's studio on the lot. One day he shared a fruit salad and some toast with me. Nancy was in ecstasy when I wrote to her about it. 'To think you've had lunch with Van Johnson,' she wrote. According to Nancy that is the most important thing that has happened to me in Hollywood, even if it was a pure coincidence!"

Jane began singing on a children's radio hour in Portland. When she was eleven she began her vocal lessons. She was voted "Oregon's Victory Girl".

The Powells live in a nice little house in Beverly Hills. They have no maid and Jane helps her mother with the dishes. She can cook fried chicken and she tidies her own room. She'd like chocolate pudding at every meal, but now that she's a movie star she's "figure conscious," and foregoes the pleasure.

I am glad that I am fifteen—almost sixteen. It's fun—or it will be, once I get acquainted," she laughed, "At least I'll wish. And wishing seems to come true!"

SO YOU WANT TO BE A SONGWRITER

From page 17

the melody I tried to make it sound as though Bix had written it,—as though he were improvising on his cornet.

I started fooling with tunes when I was just a kid. I started singing the melodies of the day and then experimented with them in the same manner a hot saxophonist or hot cornetist might play. Soon it became second nature to improvise. In time some of these improvisations became the basis for new melodies. This is how "Stardust" was composed. I was whistling, and suddenly improvised an arpeggio which was the opening strain. It was written first as a modern jazz tune, not a ballad. I finished composing it on an old battered piano in "The Book Nook", a hangout where our bunch used to gather for cokes and sodas on the University of Indiana campus.

Art Weissman made this marvelous candid shot of Danny Kaye and Frank Sinatra as they crooned a duet to the delight of the guests at a Hollywood party.

All the fine tunes are in the piano keys waiting to be found. You think all the good ones have been written, and then up comes somebody with a completely new idea. A knocked-out number like the Duke's "Sophisticated Lady", or Cole Porter's "I've Got You Under My Skin." Or you yourself stumble across something new, something that rings the bell both for you and for people all over the country. Then you get enthusiastic again and realize those keys are a bottomless fund of melody.

Lyrics are something else again.

If you've written a piece of music, it should say something if it's good. It should bring an idea to your mind or to your collaborator's—if someone else is doing the lyrics. Conversely, sometimes a fine lyric will inspire a fine piece of music.

I think you have to have a special kind of heart and soul to be a good lyric writer, there are so amazingly few good ones. Just a pretty little poem about someone you love or someone who threw you over, isn't good enough. A song poem must have the feel of the music and of rhythm. Poems with monotonous meter are hopeless.

Of all the thousands of lyrics which have been sent to me in the mail, only two have been ideas or poems I could use—"Blue Orchids", and one of my newest songs, "My Christmas Song For You".

If you're working with a collaborator, you have to figure out your own best working plan. I've worked more often with Johnny Mercer than with any other lyricist. Usually I work the tune out first, and then he does the lyrics. But that isn't always the case. One day Johnny came to my house, full of enthusiasm. He wanted to write a song called "Lazy Bones." It hit me just like that, too. In twenty minutes, actually, we had written the song complete—lyrics and music.

Probably the lyric is the toughest part of song writing because the words must fit the melody. The English language is fairly limited in singable words with good vowel sounds. The lyricist is faced with the problem of making these same few words (which have been used ad nauseam) form a simple but exciting new message.

Now you have found that little opening bar or two, developed and improvised it into a song built around sound basic pattern lines, and you have words that seem compatible with the music's message. The next thing is to try it out with a band, to see if it sounds as good with a band as it seems to on the piano at home. There are high school bands, college bands, even local bands in town who sometimes will try out a piece if it seems fairly good to them when they look it over. If you are so interested in music that you have formed your own band, that's the perfect set-up, since you can use that as a proving ground.

If the song meets with your approval and sounds good with a band, it's sure to be heard and liked by others. Word of it will get around. You can't hide a really good song. It will find its way to the publishers no matter where you live. The idea is to keep on writing until some day you hit that song which in spite of everything will rise to the top of the success heap.

It's difficult to say what kind of song will click. Anyone can write a song, but not everyone can write a good song. No one can say what makes a song popular or what people are going to want next year. I think after the war, our music is going to become more exciting than ever. Each year songs grow more elaborate. Because of the many countries the boys have visited, they'll come back educated to a lot of new sounds. The flavor of other music is bound to creep into ours.

Too, the younger generation is getting such a fine musical education through various mediums that they appreciate music far more than any previous generation, both jive and classical music. They're harder to please in music, which is good. It makes for musical improvement. I've an idea a lot of new music is going to come from young writers—the hep gang that's 'gatoring the bands today.

Music is something that's constantly in demand and always will be. People won't ever stop singing. Every month new song writers are being "discovered", and it's usually found they've been plugging along for some time before they burst on the horizon of the Hit Parade.

So write as many songs as you can, write them as well as you can, and if they're good, they'll be found. The doors to success in the field are wide open.

FUDGE FACE

From page 7

cried. "What you need is a sudden new interest in life."

Pamela fluttered her eyelashes. "You mean—like a hobby or something? No—" she shook her head—"all I'd be interested in collecting is enough sugar for a batch of fudge."

"Not a hobby," said Georgia impatiently. "Bobby."

"Bobby?"

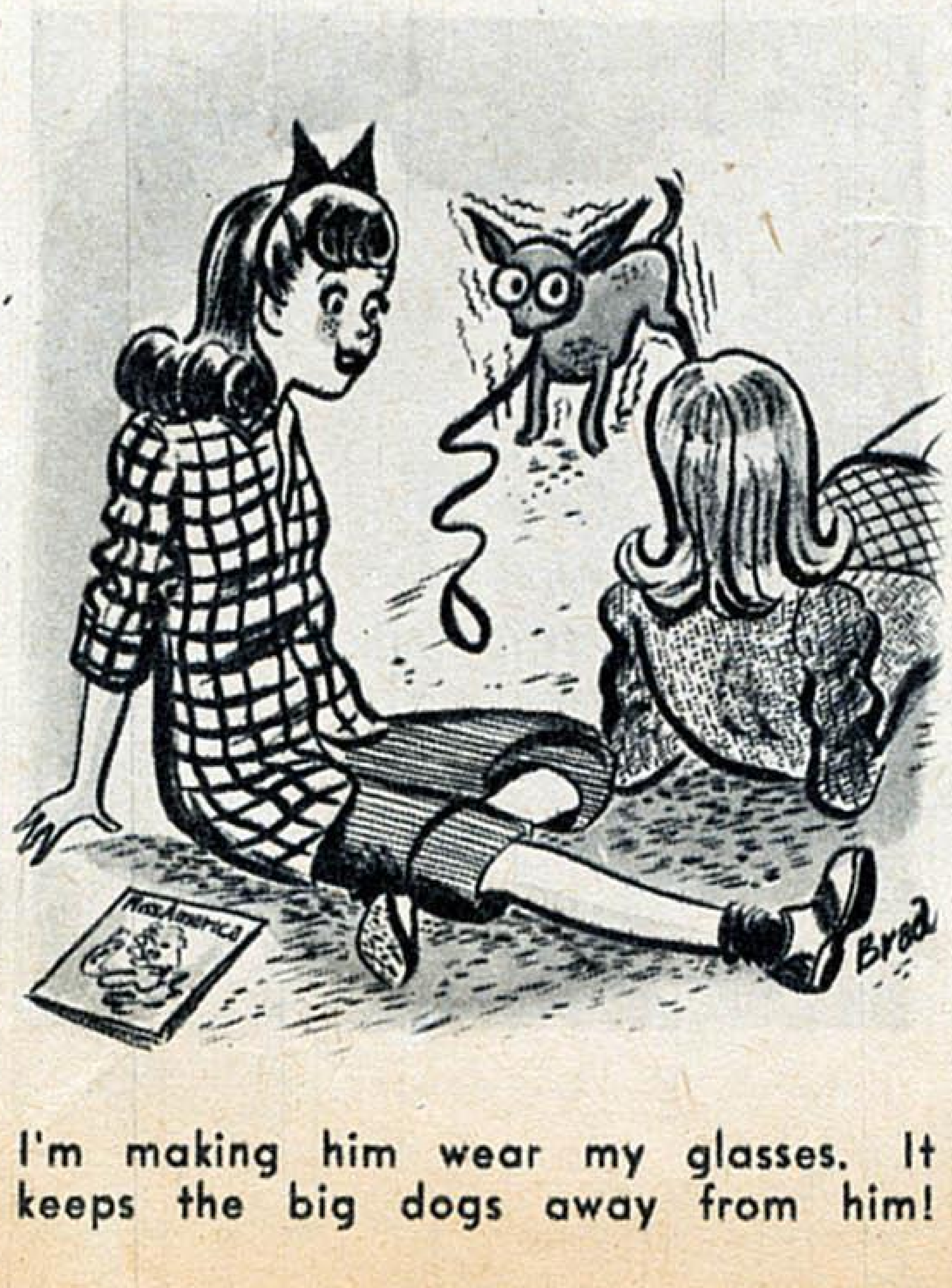
"Bobby Venice!" Georgia was triumphant. "That slick new boy with the marvelous chin. He ought to be able to take your mind off earthy things like fudge if anyone can. Ah me!"

Pamela perked, just slightly. A faint gleam appeared in her blue eyes. She cast a careless glance in the mirror across the counter, didn't mind what she saw. Maybe—

"But," she said slowly, "what makes you think I could interest him?"

"Because," Georgia informed her, "he's already put out feelers. I mean, he's asked several people about you. It seems—" she giggled—"you intrigue him. All the rest of the slick chicks have practically mobbed him, and you've been remote. He thinks you're too, too mysterious, with a secret sorrow or something."

Pam pursed her lips, smoothed her unruly curls, adjusted her beanie more becomingly. "I wonder—" she said thoughtfully, "if a new boy friend really



I'm making him wear my glasses. It keeps the big dogs away from him!

could take my mind off fudge."

"It's worth a try," said Georgia. "Oh, well worth it."

"Anything," said Pamela, "to sooth my anguished spirit."

Looking forward to that first exciting date with handsome Bobby Venice distracted Pamela's mind from the pressing matter of fudge for almost forty-eight hours, a record. When Saturday night arrived finally, so did Bobby Venice, looking like a fugitive from Hollywood.

Pam introduced him shyly to her father and mother.

"We're going to the symphony, Pamela dear," said Mrs. Jordan, eyeing Bobby approvingly, "but if you want to come home for a snack after the show, Nancy will fix it for you."

"I'm looking forward to meeting Nancy after the show. By the way, I think you'll like the bill. 'The Chocolate Chums' are on."

Pam gulped. "Wh-who?" Her high spirits parachuted. Only a moment ago, she'd been so—so carefree, almost happy . . .

"Haven't you seen them yet? They're a new comedy team."

"Oh," said Pam distraughtly.

"Hey, what's the matter? You mean you've seen them and don't like them?"

That had done it. The mention of chocolate. Visions rose to haunt her. Pans of rich brown liquid bubbling fragrantly on hospitable stoves, cooling luxuriously in pans of water, cradling golden lumps of butter and jewels of vanilla. Fudge beaten by energetic spoons. Fudge, unprofaned by knife, gleaming provocatively on platters. Finally, thick squares of fudge. . . . Pamela swallowed convulsively. . . .

Bobby Venice was waiting anxiously for her reply, his nice brown eyes slanting down at her from under his hat brim.

"Oh, it was just—" she stammered foolishly, "just that your mentioning chocolate reminded me of fudge. You see, before the war, every Saturday night, I used to make fudge—"

"Honest?" said Bobby Venice enthusiastically. "So did my sister. Dot, the one who joined the Waves. I used to help her beat. Gee," he said wistfully, "I wish you could have tasted it—rich, creamy stuff—"

"With walnuts?" asked Pam tensely.

"Sure. What's fudge without walnuts? She used to mold it into kind of a loaf, then we'd slice it like bread. Mm."

Pamela swallowed at this skillful word picture.

"Did your sister put the milk and sugar on, let it come to a boil, then add shredded chocolate?"

He nodded. "That's the way."

Pam sighed. She was beginning to like Bobby more and more. It was plain they were kindred spirits.

He went on reminiscently, "I used to eat half a platter at a sitting. Dot ate the other half. Only she had to fortify herself with crackers and lemonade to do it in one sitting."

Pamela nodded. "After the first half dozen pieces or so, the roof of your mouth gets sort of dizzy and then—" she stopped, nearly undone by these delicious memories, mentally drooling.

Bobby smacked his lips quite audibly. "Gosh, what I wouldn't give for a big plate of fudge right now!"

Pam said despairingly, "But it takes sugar—"

"Yeah."

"And there isn't any, not for fudge anyhow."

"Look!" he said. "Let's skip the show. Maybe we can snick some sugar off our friends and relatives. A few spoonfuls from each person would soon add up to a couple of cups."

They tried Bobby's mother. She was understanding, but firm. "Sorry. I need what little sugar we have for baking, son."

They approached their friends, at first with a certain delicate finesse, wheedling; progressed to arguments and near-threats. They met only rebuffs. Vanquished, they ended up at Pamela's house. The movies were practically over by now. Maybe they could put some records on and cut a rug or two—try to forget life's cruelty.

Nancy Sykes, the cook, was in the kitchen when they arrived, just pouring herself a cup of coffee. Looking up, her gaunt face, with its irregular eyebrows, softened into a smile.

"Home a'ready? Want a bite?"

"Yes!" said Pam. "We do want a bite. My friend is simply expiring for a batch of fudge and we thought perhaps—"

"Now, don't start that again," said Nancy sternly. "You know your mother doesn't want sugar wasted on candy making."

"But Nancy—"

"Please, Mrs. Sykes—" began Bobby charmingly.

The charm made no impression. Nancy was beyond the age. "*Miss* Sykes," she sniffed. "No sir, don't you young folks think you can get around me." Grim-lipped, she ladled three spoonfuls of sugar into her coffee.

Three spoonfuls! Pamela swallowed. Just for bitter old coffee. Then, somewhere, a bell rang in her mind, a light flashed. That was Nancy's own private sugar bowl. Nancy must have a personal supply somewhere—probably, Pamela surmised, sneaked, a little at a time, from the family sugar budget.

Pamela nearly dragged Bobby out the kitchen door.

"Here!" called Nancy. "Don't you want no snack?"

"Not," called back Pamela, "if we can't have fudge. No, thank you, we'd rather starve."

MEET MARITA

MISS AMERICA has a wonderful treat in store for you starting in your August issue. Pretty, vivacious Marita Helmis, whose every hour is devoted to making the teen-agers' lot a happier, lovelier and more perfect one, will write a monthly column. It will be filled with lively wordage about girls in the news, outstanding work being done by teen-agers, latest fads, banter about boys—in short, the kind of department that will bring you in close touch with things concerning you, you and YOU. Marita has oodles of handy hints—so watch for her column. We can promise you loads of fun.

Pamela whispered, "Look, go on in the living room, and start playing jive records. I've—I've got an idea I want to work on.

Careful not to creak the stairs on the way, Pamela climbed to Nancy's room at the end of the long hall, opened the door.

It was dim inside. She didn't dare turn on a light. The reflection on the trees outside would be visible from the kitchen. Pamela picked her way carefully, avoiding the cook's rocker and sewing basket, footstool and radio. She had to be especially quiet because the room was right over the kitchen.

Stooping, she peered under the bed. Nothing, as far as she could discover. Well then, the closet. She poked feverishly among shoes and dresses. Hangers clinked—she froze. What if Nancy discovered her here? Maybe—maybe she'd be mad enough to give notice, even. Pam's mother would never get over it, never.

She was almost tempted to give it up, but the thought of fudge spurred her on. Rising on tiptoe, she reached her hands among the hat boxes on the closet shelf. Nothing. Discouraged, Pamela shut the closet, heard the blare of music sweeping up the stairs. Bobby Venice, obediently playing records, trying to be happy though hungry. There was a boy for you. Real courage.

And she had to go downstairs empty-handed. Her hunch must have been wrong, after all. Nancy didn't have any put away. . . . Going out, Pam tripped over a lamp cord, caught herself—sat breathlessly in a slip-covered armchair. Suddenly she was prompted to reach under the chintz skirt.

• SHE gasped as her fingers poked something hard, unyielding.

"Jeepers! Sugar!" Excitedly, she knelt and dragged forth the sack, nearly twenty pounds of the heavenly stuff. Pam embraced the sack. Surely—surely Nancy wouldn't miss just a little of it—just two cupfuls.

Picking up the heavy sack, Pam staggered out the door toward her own room. She could turn on a light there, extract the sugar, then return the sack.

It was then she noticed. She'd paused a moment to catch a triumphant breath, and her shoes grated queerly. What—then, with sinking heart, she knew. The sugar sack had ripped, probably when she'd lifted it. Glancing back, she saw a telltale trickle of white leading all the way from the cook's room. Jeepers!

She'd have to get it all cleaned up before Nancy came upstairs. No telling when that might be. Sometimes Nancy came up early, sometimes she stayed down in the kitchen until late. Pamela's throat felt like sandpaper. She felt floaty in the middle. *Now* she'd done it!

In the living room, Bobby Venice was putting on another record when Pamela stammered out the catastrophe.

"I'll have to clean it all up. It'll take a while, I guess," she said apologetically. "You know how sugar is underfoot—the whole family would know. I'd be in the doghouse absolutely the rest of my life." Her blue eyes were large and tragic. "You—you don't have to stay if—" her chin trembled—"if you don't want to—"

"Sure I'll stay," said Bobby Venice nobly. "Come on—two can do it quicker than one."

Holding his hand over the hole in the sack, Bobby carried the sugar back to Nancy's room. That was the simplest part. Holding her breath, Pam snaffled spoons and knives from the buffet drawer in the dining room, in an agony lest Nancy overhear. But she didn't, thank goodness.

Bobby scraped. Pamela spooned. They both scrubbed. Every time they thought they were through, they discovered another trickle of white, or their shoes scraped revealingly. Pamela's back ached. Her wrist had a crook in it. Her eyes blurred from trying to see granules of sugar in the dim hall light or with no light at all in Nancy's bedroom.

Once Nancy came to the foot of the stairs, called up.

"Pamela! Are you there?"

Pamela didn't answer. After a moment, they heard Nancy mutter, "Guess they've gone out," and the hall light went out, leaving them blacked out up there. Then they heard Nancy clumping back to the kitchen, and sighed with relief.

"Well," said Bobby, straightening, "I guess we're through."

"I guess so," said Pamela wearily, trying to unkink her neck.

"What'll I do with this sugar we scraped up?" He looked down at the bowl in his hand. "Jeepers, there's just about two cups. Say, just enough for—"

"Throw it away," said Pamela. "It's too dirty to use."

Fifteen minutes later, in a booth at Duffy's, while they were waiting for the waitress to take their order, Georgia Miles came over from another booth to say hello.

"Pam!" she said excitedly. "Guess what? Duffy's starting to serve hot fudge sundaes again—starting tonight. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Order, please," said the waitress, arriving.

Pamela and Bobby Venice grinned at each other, then they started to laugh. Georgia looked hurt. The waitress smiled dimly, patiently.

"I'd—I'd like a—a ham sandwich, please," gasped Pam, between shouts of mirth. "With a dill pickle."

"But Pam!" protested Georgia. "Don't you want a hot fudge sundae?"

Pam shook her head. It was marvelous. She didn't want a hot fudge sundae. She didn't want any fudge at all—well, for a long time. She was a free girl again. She was cured.

"Make it two ham sandwiches," said Bobby. "And coffee."

"Sugar?"

"No sugar for me," he said, lifting his eyebrows inquiringly at Pamela.

"Nor for me," said Pam. "Uh-uh!"

ROMANCE AND RATION BLUES

From page 29

miss me?"

"I'm not going to miss you," Jinny's mother laughed, "because I'm going with you."

A half hour later she kissed Jinny goodbye, and put three ration books in her hand. "There you are, baby. If you have a rib roast for dinner, save the bones for your daddy and me. Give my love to Gloria, and tell her I'll see her when I get back."

Jinny did three jive steps on the kitchen linoleum, grabbed her mother's shopping bag from its hook, and dashed out of the house to hop onto her bike. She was off to market.

She would have a rib roast. Mummy had thought she was so smart, running off like that because she had crabbed about a casserole dish. Well, she had a cook book, a stove, the ration books, and a brain. She would have a dinner that would shoot that old gag "Don't you know there's a war on?" full of holes.

When she came out of the market with a pound of butter in her bag, tears were streaming down her face. Three times in the last half hour, "Don't you know there's a war on?" had been said to her.

"Hey, Creampuff, do I see pearls on your gills?" Johnny was drying her cheeks with his handkerchief. "It's time to meet Gloria's train. On the way you can tell me who biffed you."

"Oh, Johnny, don't joke," Jinny wailed as they hurried to the station, pushing their bikes between them. "I wanted a wonderful welcoming dinner tonight, and I've not enough points to buy anything decent."

"But looky, Cooky, don't you know there's a —"

"Don't say it!" Jinny snapped. "I don't see why there's not enough food for people."

"I guess the kids in Europe agree with you." Johnny's voice was sharp. "I saw some pictures of them in the newspaper."

Jinny didn't look at him. "Here comes the train." She put her hand on his arm, but kept her eyes lowered. "Will you look out for Gloria this afternoon? I haven't even bought the dinner, and I've got to cook it."

"Your mother sick?"

"No, she went off with Daddy to teach me a lesson in rationing."

Gloria was gorgeous. Her suitcase was real alligator. She had gold bobby pins in her hair. But under her arm she hugged a shoebox with the string dangling.

"This," she trilled, "is the remains of my lunch. I didn't want to take a place in the diner away from some boy in uniform, and I saved the food I didn't eat because we can eat it later."

Jinny flushed brick red.

Johnny grinned, and tucked Gloria's hand under his arm. "Jinny, if you'll let Gloria ride your bike while you're marketing, I'll show her the town."

Jinny's hands were fists and her teeth were clenched when she saw Johnny and Gloria ride off on their bikes side by side. The elegant alligator bag was balanced on Johnny's handlebars. The shoe box was on Gloria's.

"I'll show 'em," she vowed. "I'll prove I know there's a war on."

While she worked in the kitchen the whole afternoon, all Jinny could think about was that Johnny had been mean to her, and because she'd wanted a nice dinner when children in Europe were starving.

The table looked nice when she'd finished with it with the emerald green leaves of the plant she had brought from the sunroom, and the flames of candle stubs she had found in the pantry, and the red tablecloth and paper napkins her mother kept for summer picnics. In a kettle on the stove wienies were steaming, and the buns were crisping in the oven when the gang burst in the front door.

SCHOOL
REPORT CARD
Brad

Lucky in love — unlucky in cards!

"Where's Gloria?" Johnny yelled, then stopped and sniffed the air. "Do I smell roast beef or turkey with giblet gravy, Miss Virginia Ann Blake?"

"I'll show him!" Jinny said to herself a dozen times while she was dishing up wienies, splitting rolls, watching the pound of butter disappear like magic. "Twenty points! They don't have to put it on so thick or so often."

Gloria was wonderful. She counted everybody's wienies, and wouldn't let anyone have more than three. She ate two, and gave her third to Johnny, as well as half her slice of apple pie from the delicatessen. Gloria started everybody singing, "We ain't gonna eat no more, no more. We ain't gonna eat no more."

But it was Johnny who herded the kids into the living room. It was Johnny who turned on the radio and rolled the rugs back. It was Johnny who danced the first dance with Gloria.

Jinny slipped through the swinging door into the kitchen. She was making sure all the stove burners were turned off so no gas was wasted. When she stooped to see about the oven, she sank into a heap on the floor. She wasn't crying. She was just getting used to knowing she'd lost Johnny to Gloria.

"Hi, Honey-pie." A hand came down on her shoulder, turned her around, and pulled her up on her feet. Johnny grinned at her. "The feed was swell, Jinny. You're just the little manager I'm going to look up when I have me a home of my own some day."

Jinny twisted her finger in the cowlick standing straight up on Johnny's red head. "And you're the boy I'm going to grow up for, and if rationing lasts that long I'll have a respect for it."

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